5 FR. IN PARIS 50¢ 2/6 IN LONDON

HARPER'S BAZAAR

NOVEMBER
1930

NEW YORK FASHIONS

FROM THIS ONE LIPSTICK . . .

natural color individually your own

TANGEE

Tangee *Lipstick,* $1. The same marvelous color principle in *Rouge Compact,* 75¢ . . . *Crême Rouge,* $1. *Face Powder,* blended to match the natural skin tones, $1. *Night Cream,* both cleanses and nourishes, $1. *Day Cream,* a foundation cream, protects the skin, $1. *Cosmetic,* a new "mascara," will not smart, $1. *Look for the name TANGEE on the package, and patronize the store that gives you what you ask for.*

How demure it looks in its somber gunmetal case! How innocent! But touch it to your lips, you Blonde one of great fame . . . you Beauty of the titian hair . . . you sparkling eyed Brunette!

At first nothing seems to have happened. Then slowly, into your lips begins to creep that rose-blush color that is Nature's own! Gradually there appears the glow of perfect health . . . of lovely youth.

For this is the magic of Tangee . . . it is never exactly the same on any two users but takes on just that exquisite shade of color required for your individual complexion. Should you want more color, a second application will give the desired effect.

Tangee never gives that artificial, greasy, make-up look. It never rubs off. Once on, it is there to stay through a long active day. And Tangee has a solidified cream base, so that it not only beautifies but actually soothes and heals.

THE GEORGE W. LUFT CO., 417 Fifth Avenue, New York

TIFFANY & CO.

JEWELERS SILVERSMITHS STATIONERS

DIAMOND JEWELRY

The Range of Choice
Is Extensive

MAIL INQUIRIES RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION

FIFTH AVENUE & 37TH STREET
NEW YORK

When "NO-TRUMP" wins

With a strong evenly distributed hand you bid no-trump—and win. You are twice lucky if the prize is Humming Bird Full Fashioned Hose. They win on the no-trump principle, too. Their *best* point is that they have so *many* good points. They are a little longer, a little finer, a little more trimly tailored than most stockings. Their colors are a bit more sophisticated and exclusive, and their wearing quality *more* than a bit superior.

Pleasing varieties of styles, textures and shades are shown in stores of the better class at moderate prices.

Painting by McClelland Barclay

Humming Bird
FULL FASHIONED HOSIERY

DAVENPORT HOSIERY MILLS, Inc., Chattanooga, Tenn.
NEW YORK OFFICE . . . . 385 Fifth Avenue

PICOT TOPS • • TAILORED FRENCH HEELS • • DULL TONE AND PLAIN TEXTURES • • CHIFFON, SERVICE SHEER AND SERVICE WEIGH

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Perfection in Detail

THE SPECIAL ORDER SALON

numbers among its patrons, those smart New York women who express their individuality in their clothes . . . who want fashions created especially for them . . . and who demand as their due, perfect fit, fine hand-workmanship, and understanding personal service.

FORMAL AFTERNOON GOWNS

DINNER OR EVENING GOWNS

TWEED SUITS WITH FUR

CLOTH COATS WITH FUR

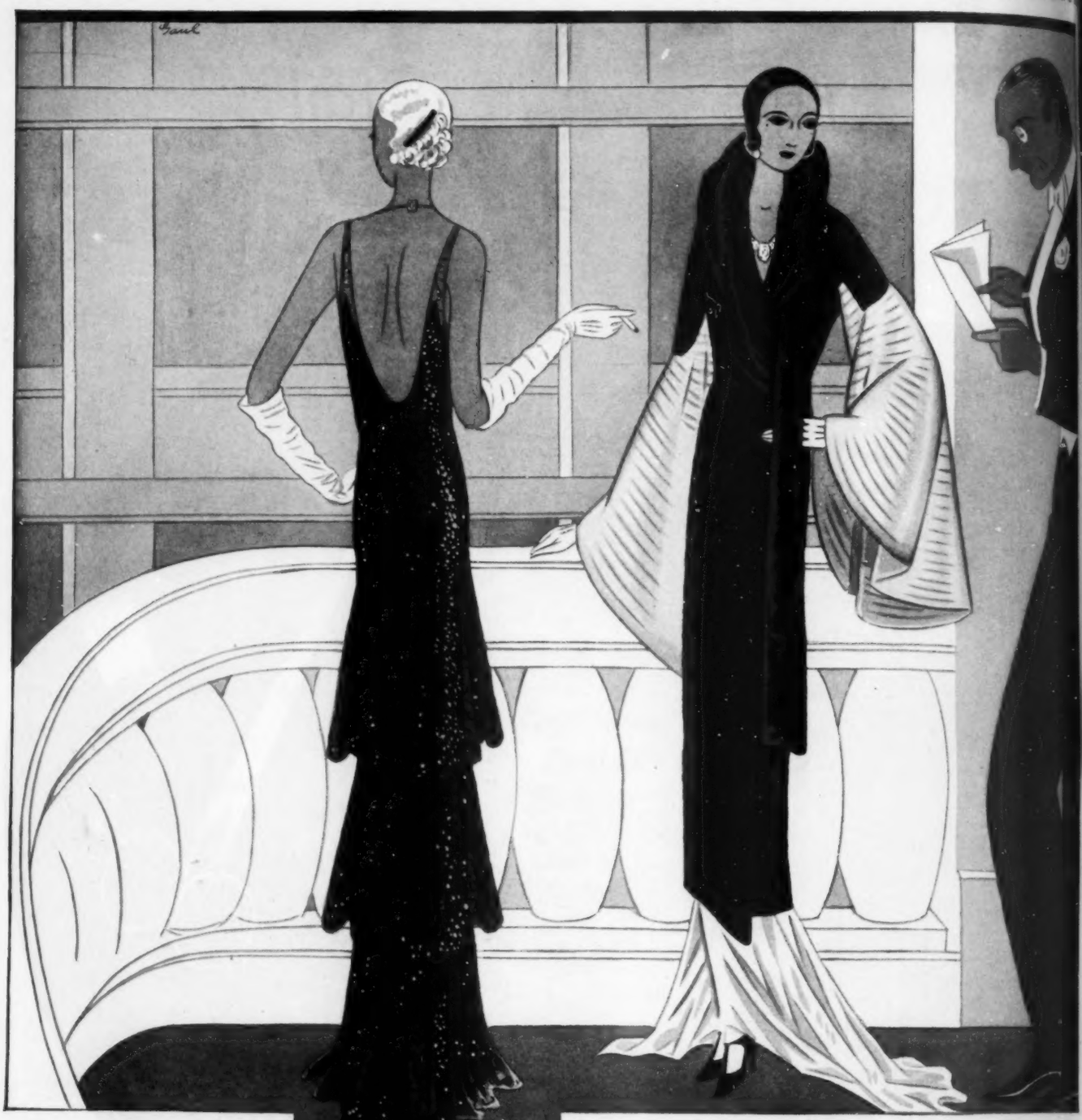
A special talent of the Special Order Salon is to execute your orders more speedily than you would believe possible.

SPECIAL ORDER SALON—FIFTH FLOOR

Franklin Simon & Co.

A Store of Individual Shops

FIFTH AVENUE, 37th and 38th Streets, NEW YORK



BONWIT TELLER

FIFTH AVENUE AT 56TH STREET

NEW YORK

PHILADELPHIA

PARIS LONDON

In this season when formal affairs are brilliant events and elegance is the mode, it is necessary to choose one's evening clothes at a shop where every fashion is a distinctive picture.

Wraps . . . Fifth Floor

Gowns . . . Sixth Floor

BONWIT TELLER
FIFTH AVENUE AT 56TH STREET
NEW YORK

PHILADELPHIA PARIS LONDON

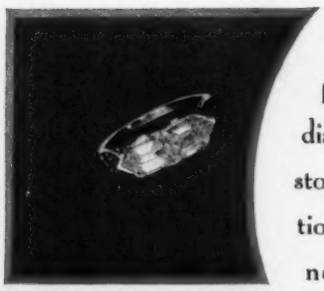
SHOES

There is a new formality for dancing feet being introduced by Bonwit Teller . . . such as the dance sandal sketched in either silver or gold kid with a satin saddle . . . usually tinted the color of the gown.

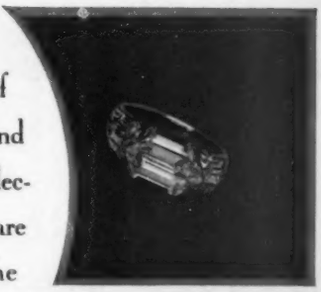
SANDAL 22.50
TINTING 2.00

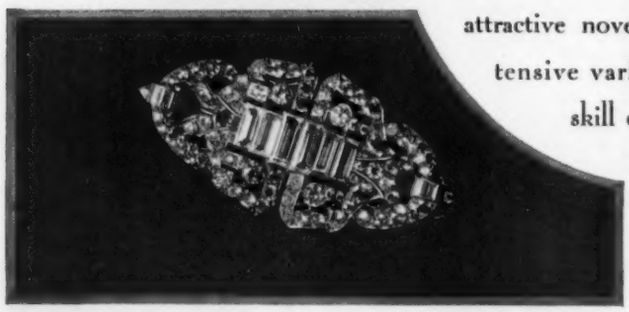
SHOES . . . Second Floor

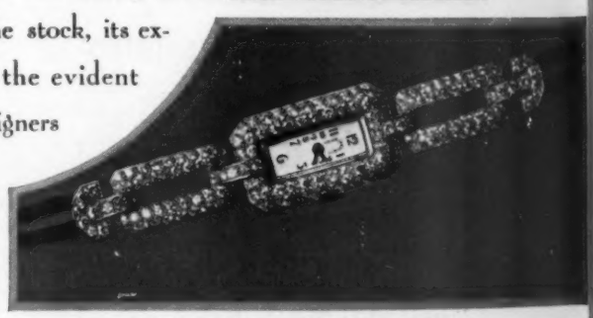
Caldwell



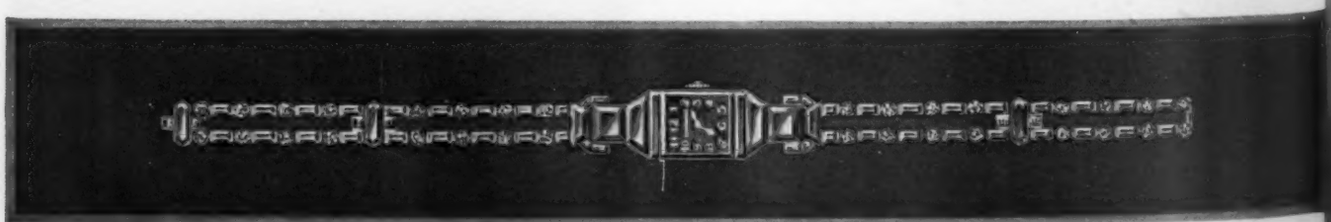
The opportunity for beautiful effect presented by judicious combination of diamonds of unusual shapes with round stones is fully utilized in the Caldwell collection. The beautiful examples here shown are new Caldwell creations indicating the attractive novelty of the story, its extensive variety and the evident skill of its designers







J. E. Caldwell & Company
Philadelphia



B. Altman & Co.

Fifth Ave. at Thirty-Fourth Street, New York

•

EVENING FASHIONS

ARE INTRIGUING IN THEIR SPLENDOR

Gowns and wraps designed to express the gaiety of the evening with youthful charm and with distinction.

Black velvet and ermine in a luxurious full length wrap $650

Satin gown, enchantingly demure in the new manner of youth $110

EVENING FASHIONS • FOR WOMEN and MISSES • on the THIRD FLOOR

Let FRANCES DENNEY *keep your skin youthful and lovely*

HERBAL PREPARATIONS

No matter whether you are twenty, or thirty, or forty—if you covet a lovely, fine-textured skin, FRANCES DENNEY can help you.

MISS DENNEY . . . after years of study here and abroad . . . has created Preparations and Treatments to correct any skin faults. Also to keep your skin healthy and active.

Herbal Cleansing Cream: Inexpressibly soft and doubly penetrating, it melts quickly into the deepest pores . . . gently removes all impurities . . . and leaves the skin fresh and clean $1, $2, $3.50, $6

Herbal Texture Lotion: A deep-pore liquid cleanser . . . and exceedingly effective in refining the skin and reducing enlarged pores. It removes oiliness *but does not dry the skin* . . . . . $1.50 and $2.50

Herbal Skin Tonic: Freshens and invigorates the skin by stimulating active circulation through the facial network. Should be used after cleansing with Herbal Cleansing Cream . . . . $1 and $2

Herbal Oil Blend: Very dry skin responds gratefully to this soothing Preparation. It is a deep-tissue builder . . . and marvelous for that "worn" look caused by the stress and strain of modern life $5

Herbal Astringent Cream: A soft, fluffy cream with astringent qualities. A thin application protects the skin and serves as a splendid base for powder . . $2.50

All MISS DENNEY's Preparations are available through selected stores in each city. If you will write to MISS DENNEY in Philadelphia, she will be happy to send you additional information about her Preparations and Treatments.

DENNEY & DENNEY
PHILADELPHIA—NEW YORK

A GOWN by Sally Milgrim implies much more in its authorship than merely faithful adherence to the Paris-sponsored Mode! This resplendent, yet divinely simple Evening Creation, of citron and gold brocade, for example, can claim individuality on the very sufficient ground that it is created not copied. In the perfection of its lines — in the discretion of its treatment — the gown is truly representative of Original Evening and Daytime Collections of Gowns, Wraps, Suits and Furs by Milgrim.

MILGRIM

6 WEST 57TH STREET · NEW YORK

Chicago Cleveland Detroit Miami Beach

SALYMIL • Exquisite perfume accompaniment of Smart Fashions by Sally Milgrim

THE DROOPIEST CHINLINE WAS ONCE AS YOUNG AS YOURS

No one is born with a double chin — we all start life with a clear-cut, brave young chinline. Nor does time change the basic structure of our chins. Then why do some women develop the heavy, droopy underchins that make them look middle-aged?

It is because they neglect to keep their facial muscles firm and strong. And unless you give your face and throat proper care, you may develop a double chin, rapidly! Don't let that happen. A drooping underchin adds years to your appearance. And if you already have a double chin, don't let it stay with you. Start to correct it today!

Dorothy Gray evolved simple, successful treatments for preventing double chins, and for correcting them. You can easily follow these successful treatments at home, in just a few minutes each day.

The Dorothy Gray preparations which have proved so effective in the Dorothy Gray salons are sold at leading shops everywhere. Write or ask for the Dorothy Gray booklet on scientific home care of the skin; it is yours for the asking.

When next you're in Paris, enjoy your regular Dorothy Gray treatments at the newest Dorothy Gray salon, a lovely old house charmingly situated at 34, Avenue George V, just off the Champs Elysées.

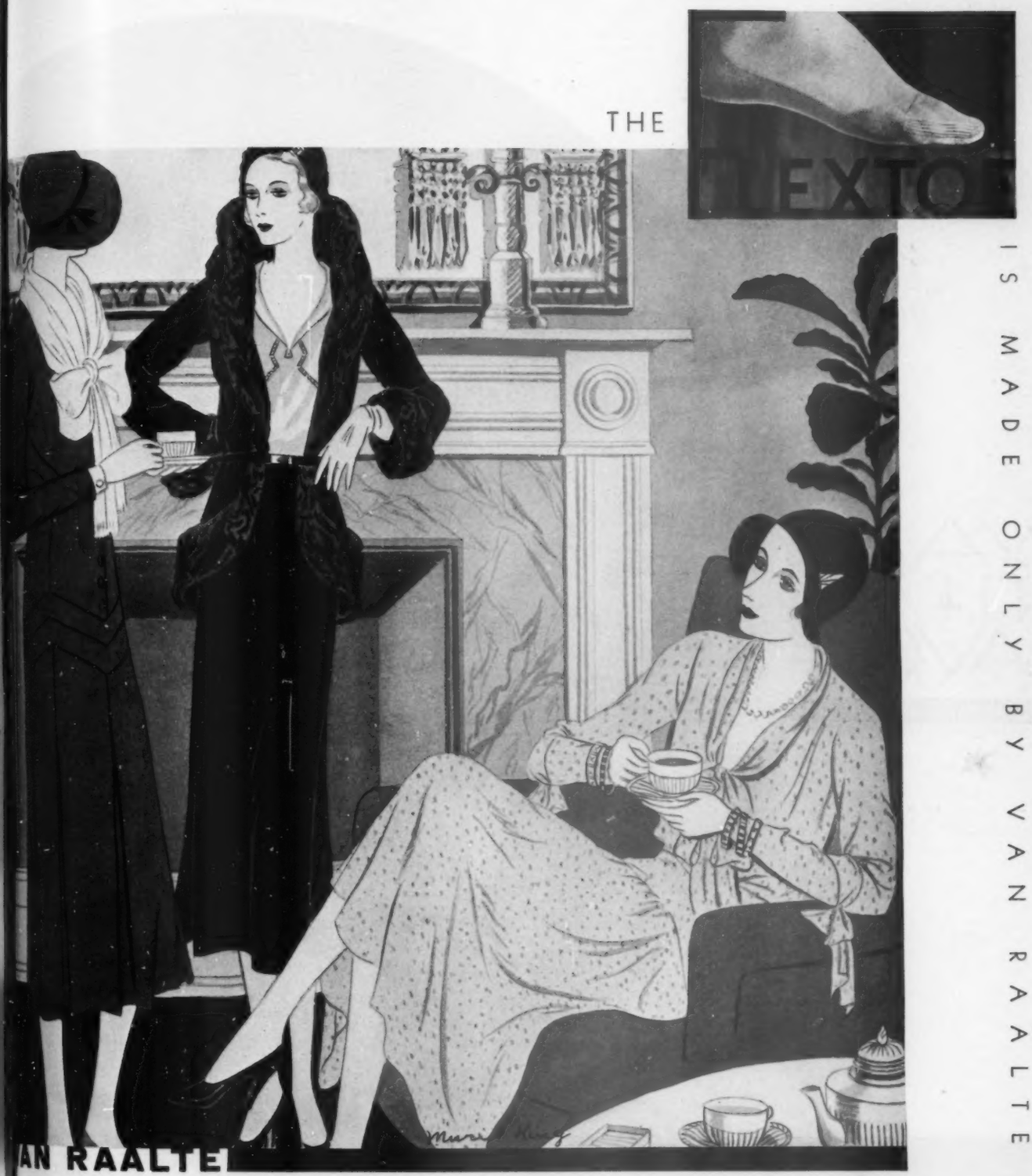
DOROTHY GRAY

Dorothy Gray Building

683 Fifth Avenue, New York City

PARIS CHICAGO LOS ANGELES SAN FRANCISCO WASHINGTON ATLANTIC CITY

©D.G. 1929



EXQUISITE ankle is essential to the new formality. Van Raalte stockings are delicate and subtle of texture. ey come in a diversity of shades . . . in the correct tones of the season. Thunder for wear with black . . . rocco, as dark as bitter chocolate . . . Mole . . . Nutria . . . Mink . . . Baum Marten . . . names that are scriptive and simple to remember. All have the Flextoe foot, Van Raalte's own creation, which, by an ingenious d dainty web-insert at the toe, achieves a sleekness of ankle fit such as you have never known before. Illusion Lustrous, at your favorite shop. $3.50 to $1.50. "Because you love nice things."

IN THE MOOD OF ELEGANCE

SAKS
fifth
AVENUE

This Glamorous Season

FIRST NIGHTS . . . and the opening of the opera . . . parties . . . and parties . . . and the woman of fashion chameleon-like in her chic . . . borrowing it from all the ages . . . finding it, inevitably, in the collection of evening fashions at

SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE
New York Chicago

"Patches" . . . a slipper of velvet, in the new evening colours . . . or dyeable crepe de Chine. 22.50

"SHOES BY SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE"

SAKS fifth AVENUE

"Threads" . . . a slipper of glazed faille . . . in black or dyeable white. 18.50

Threads and Patches

THIN THREADS OF SILVER . . . patches of silver and gold and black . . . on two of the most delightfully frivolous evening shoes of the season . . . so very indicative of the feeling of romantic picturesqueness in the new mode.

SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE
New York Chicago

L'Ardente Nuit

A NEW PERFUME
THIRTY-FIVE DOLLARS
THE BOTTLE. TO BE
HAD ONLY IN THE
MOST EXCLUSIVE
SHOPS

CORDAY

PERFUMES OF LASTING FRAGRANCE
15 RUE DE LA PAIX · · PARIS

TOUJOURS MOI · ORCHIDÉE BLEUE · FEMME DU JOUR · QUAND? · L'HEURE ROMANTIQUE
. . . IMPORTED BY LIONEL, 20-22 WEST 57TH ST., NEW YORK . . .

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The World's finest collection of SABLES

•

Russian Sable, from deep forests where the sun never penetrates . . . rich, dark, soft, a jewel for color, Fashion's classic, to which all other furs are second choice... Revillon Frères have the finest collection in the world » » » Every hand that touches the making of such a coat is the hand of an artist, trained in the Revillon Frères tradition that stretches back two centuries, guided by eyes that know their Paris as they know New York.

Revillon Frères have recently established a Salon in Chicago where their complete New York collection is displayed.

Revillon Frères

NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 54th St. » » » » CHICAGO, 919 N. Michigan Ave.
LONDON PARIS

DRESSES BY

CHALMYR

for the

in-between SEASON

▲ A Flat Crepe Caracul Trimmed Dress for Afternoon Wear

▲ Black Sunday Night Flat Crepe Trimmed in Ermine

CHARMING frocks for under-the-coat wear. . . . . and for those occasions when easy formality gives additional zest to smartness

●

. . . . .These shops show dresses by CHALMYR

Algona, Iowa
Cloak Shop
Athens, Ga.
Michael Bros., Inc.
Atlanta, Ga.
Leon Frohsin Shoppe
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Kaufmans
Bluefield, W. Va.
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Martins
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Charleston, W. Va.
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Chickasha, Okla.
The Peoples Store
Cincinnati, Ohio
Jenny Co.
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Rella, Inc.
Columbus, Ohio
Mrs. Eugene Gray
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Sanger Bros.
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Klines
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W. H. Bruen & Co.
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Hixons
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Kaufmans
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F. A. David & Sons
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Louise Shop
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S. Silverman
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New Orleans, La.
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B. F. Sisson
Philadelphia, Pa.
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Pittsburgh, Pa.
Kaufmann's
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Froklich Style Shop
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Reibs
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Taylors
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Mary Murch Shop
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W. Frankfort, Ill.
The Fashion Shop
Winnetka, Ill.
Aimee Shop
Wichita, Kans.
Wallenstein & Roffman, Inc.

●

If there is no Chalmyr shop near you write direct to HERBERT & COOPER, 1412 Broadway, New York City

PIERCE ARROW

Fifteen years ago, Myron Perley painted the Pierce-Arrow portrait shown in miniature above. Time's changes are interestingly revealed in the artist's 1930 portrayal of the same scene, alongside.

THERE are deep and personal gratifications in Pierce-Arrow ownership which have no counterpart in the possession of any other motor car, however fine.

A Pierce-Arrow, for example, commands a gracious right-of-way wherever it moves. It meets always a certain prideful recognition which America reserves for things that are particularly fine—and that are its own.

There is reassurance, too, in the knowledge that one's automobile has *individual character*—a quality so inherent with Pierce-Arrow that it is apparent in every phase of the car's distinguished performance, in every line of its slender beauty and grace.

The fame of Pierce-Arrow goes back to the beginning of quality automobiles. The name has always borne the distinction of belonging to *America's finest motor car.*

THREE NEW GROUPS
of STRAIGHT EIGHTS
132 to 144-inch Wheelbases
$2695 to $6250 at Buffalo
(Custom-built Models up to $10,000)

PAINTING BY CAROLYN EDMUNDSON

FOR AFTERNOON . . . WHEN THE FORMAL OCCASION (OR EVEN THE INTIMATE LITTLE AFFAIR) REACHES A TRULY OLYMPIAN PINNACLE OF IMPORTANCE . . . THE SATIN DRESS IS PARTICULARLY FAVORED. SLEEK, SUAVE, SOPHISTICATED . . . IT SCALES THE TOPMOST HEIGHTS OF FASHION WHEN MADE OF STEHLI SATIN.

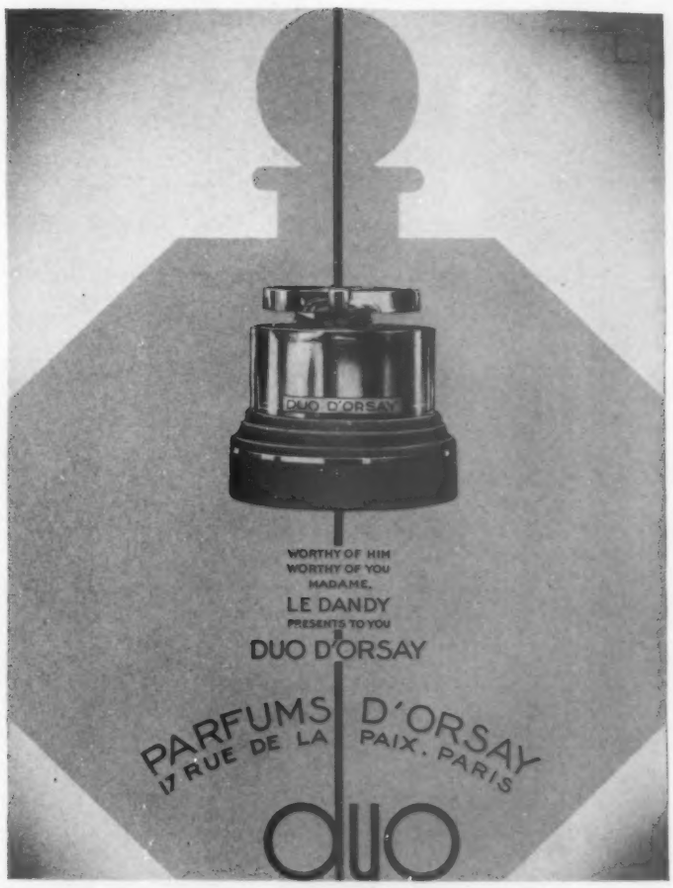
Stehli Silks

Copyright, 1930, by Stehli Silks Corporation, 200 Madison Avenue, New York: London: Paris: Zurich.

YOU CAN BUY STEHLI SILKS BY THE YARD—OR ALREADY MADE UP IN THE DRESSES AND ENSEMBLES FEATURED BY SMART SHOPS.

Le Dandy d'Orsay

The contribution of Paris to the exotic requisites of the connoisseur.



Duo d'Orsay

The romance of yesterday blended with the sophistication of tomorrow.

The Mark of Quality

"The wind doth blow and we shall have snow" . . .

. . . and the hooded clouds, like friars,
Tell their beads in drops of rain.
— *Longfellow*

It rains on the umbrellas here,
And on the ships at sea.
— *Stevenson*

In winter, when the dismal rain
Comes down in slanting lines.
— *Alexander Smith*

How it pours, pours, pours,
In a never-ending sheet!
How it drives beneath the doors!
How it soaks the passer's feet!
— *Rossiter Johnson*

Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,
Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight: the whited air
Hides hills and woods, the river, and the heaven,
And veils the farmhouse at the garden's end;
The sled and traveller stopped, the courier's feet
Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit
Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.
— *Emerson*

. . . but who cares, when Firestone makes such flatteringly feminine footwear to keep out all the snow and slush the weather man can send!

There are two reasons why Firestone gaiters are so good-looking . . . they come in the correct colors to harmonize with winter ensembles . . . and they actually fit your shoes as your shoes fit your feet!

FIRESTONE FOOTWEAR COMPANY, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

. . . three-snap or concealed talon closing . . . in mocha, brown, gray, black, two-tone mocha, two-tone gunmetal

Firestone Footwear

"Reigns when it rains"

Copyright 1930, Firestone Footwear Company

ONE EXPERIENCES A NEW PLEASURE

● Imagine the delight in finding the Sheerest Stockings in the new Darker Shades . . . clear, even-toned . . . smooth as the perfect complexion. Thank "Supre-Twist" for that (and for the much longer wear). For the subtle glow, the aura of smartness, thank Windsor's Dull Patina. Give full credit to the Loquet (look at Hem and Seam) for eliminating Fabric Tears and Garter Strains. Neatly Inconspicuous, as the picture at the right shows—but invaluable as a safeguard. Loquet is found only in Windsors—patent applied for.

● Correct New Shades to complement every basic Costume Color for Morning, Afternoon, Evening and Sports Wear . . . Selected by two Resident-stylists of Paris and the Windsor Color Committee . . . If you've been seeking Better Stockings—try some Windsors. Forget the cost. It's nothing compared with the Satisfaction. Windsors sell as low as $1.35 for Service Chiffon and up to $3 for Ultra-sheer Chiffon. At Smart Shops and Stores almost Everywhere.

Look for the

LOQUET

Look at Hem and Seam

Eliminates Fabric Tears due to Garter Strains in this vulnerable area. An Extra Safeguard found only in Windsor Stockings.

Windsor

SUPRE • TWIST

FINE HOSIERY

Copyrighted 1930. Windsor Mills, Inc. 389 Fifth Avenue, New York and Philadelphia.

SHE MUST WEAR

Gloves

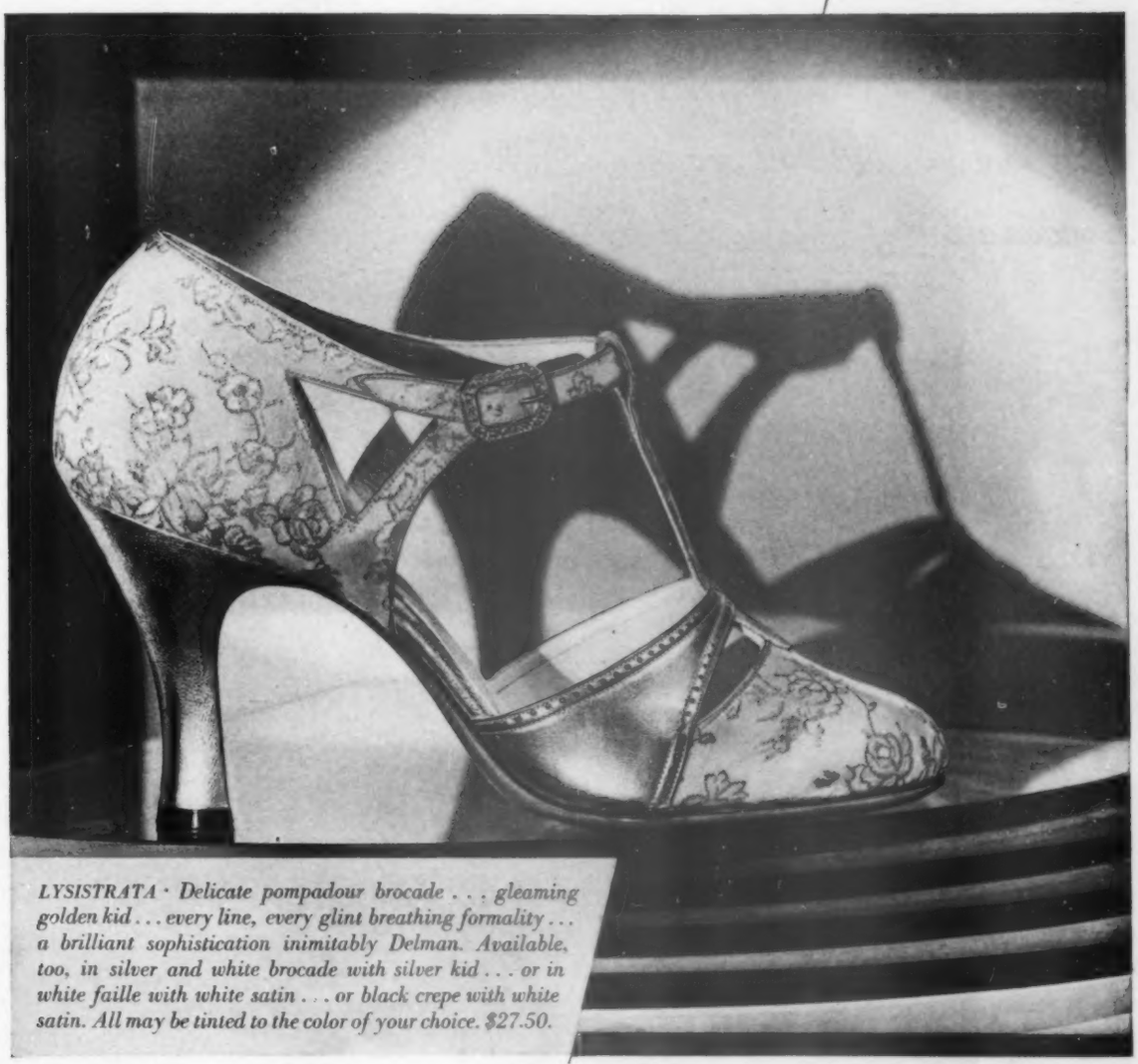
GLOVES for opera and theater . . . gloves for restaurant, ballroom and supper club. Sixteen button, if she crushes them below the elbow; twenty button, if she wears them above. Gloves of supple, powdery suede or delicate glacé . . . the choicest skins that Fownes could buy, for they will touch gleaming satin and precious furs. Rubies worth a little fortune may encircle them, or diamonds, whose white fire demands perfection for its background. . . . Gloves by Fownes are subtle, patrician, authentic.

The first Fownes Gloves were made for the royal house of England, more than a century and a half ago. The high tradition established then has never faltered. Today these gloves are worn throughout the world. . . . And if it's a Fownes, that's all you need to know. Fownes Brothers & Co., Inc., Paris; London; and 354 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

Fownes evening shades are especially lovely this year. Subtler than the pastels of other seasons, scarcely more than white with a tinge of color, we have called them Bonbon Tints. Ask for Water Lily Green, Pink Perle, Sky Blue, Orchid and Peche, in sixteen and twenty button lengths.

FOWNES

Mass-made . . . . or Hand-made . . . which



LYSISTRATA · Delicate pompadour brocade . . . gleaming golden kid . . . every line, every glint breathing formality . . . a brilliant sophistication inimitably Delman. Available, too, in silver and white brocade with silver kid . . . or in white faille with white satin . . . or black crepe with white satin. All may be tinted to the color of your choice. $27.50.

Delman

IN this mass-production age, most shoes are produced in vast quantities . . . . many to a single mould. But for those women who would indulge their taste for distinction and avoid the common product of the unfeeling machine in everything they wear . . . . there is the true individuality of the hand-made . . . . It may be surprising to you to know that Delman Shoes, fashioned by hand entirely, are decidedly not beyond reach. For as little as $15, one may choose a new Fall Opera Pump. Or, make a selection from the many styles at 18.50 to 22.50

DELMAN SHOE SALON
558 MADISON AVENUE · NEW YORK
WASHINGTON · SOUTHAMPTON · PALM BEACH · MIAMI BEACH

San Francisco, Ransohoff's · Chicago, The Blackstone Shop · Los Angeles, Bullock's-Wilshire · Boston, L. P. Hollander Co. · Memphis, Levy's Atlanta, J. P. Allen Co. · Cincinnati, The Smith-Kasson Co. · Minneapolis, Napier's Booterie · St. Louis, Famous-Barr Co. · Omaha, Napier's Booterie Nashville, Loveman's · Columbus, C. C. Winan Co. © *1930 Delman, Inc., N.Y.*

More than a gift, and more than a perfume . . . an occasion for offering fragrant gaiety to the lady who wears her soft frocks and her brilliant manner in the modern mood. Three such perfumes from London are now available at a few smart American shops.

ENGLISH ROSES:
A pure, perfect flower essence.

No. 29:
Casual and poised, a light bouquet.

BEAU GESTE:
The spirited sportswoman's own.

All in beguiling crystal bottles, blended and sealed in London . . . available only in the original bottles . . . two hundred to twenty-five dollars.

Introductory size, ten dollars

In New York
Saks-Fifth Avenue
Franklin Simon & Co.
B. Altman & Co.

In London
Harrods
Asprey, Bond Street
Prichard & Constance
(King's Chemists)
Perkins & Co.
(Prince of Wales' Chemists)

C. W. DAVENPORT, *Importer*
366 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

MOLINELLE
London

PORTRAIT OF A LADY IN A JAECKEL COAT

We admit that Persian lamb—the fur of utter sophistication—is difficult to handle but it is the smartest fur in the world when manipulated by a great designer. The lady above is wearing a model of Russian inspiration by H. Jaeckel & Sons, 546 Fifth Avenue.

IT WON'T BE LONG NOW

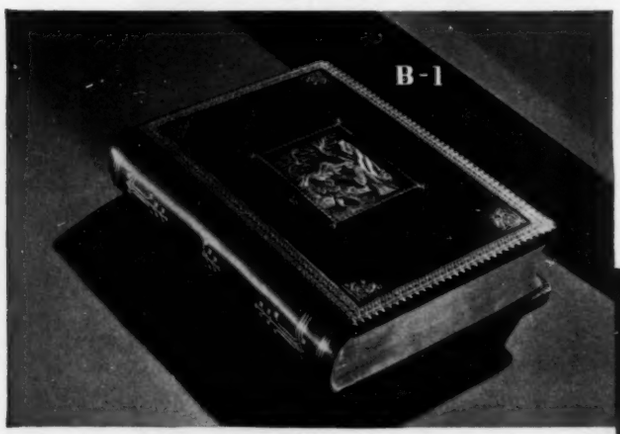
YOU simply dare not trust a calendar, these days. There *ought* to be ample time, in almost two full months, to effect the gracious and proper observance of Christmas. But hours disappear into each other . . . short days are quickly weeks . . . and before you really know it, the bright event is upon you!

And so far as gifts are concerned, the matter isn't altogether to be helped by early shopping. Perhaps the wisest plan is to decide well in advance just what those gifts will be—and *then* to purchase quietly and at your leisure.

Each year, a great many people of taste and judgment, who own and treasure lovely things themselves, choose to give articles of fine leather to those for whom they hold a real affection. And if, by some chance, you could see the pieces they select . . . a collar box, in ostrich skin . . . a case for precious jewels . . . a writing set, with inserts wrought of Cinnabar . . . you would find a great many of them imprinted with a tiny golden keystone R. Th symbol, placed upon every article of fine leather ma ufactured by C. F. Rumpp & Sons, Inc., is the witne of a high tradition.

Throughout eighty years, this establishment has e deavored to sustain the principles of the founder. He b lieved, and members of the same family now believe, th quality and workmanship must be the first considerati And because the finest materials go into these beautif gifts, and the talents of highly skilled craftsmen give the their being, you may accept them simply as the best.

C. F. Rumpp & Sons, Inc., manufacture fine leather goo of every description, excepting luggage. At better departme and leather goods stores, jewelers, haberdashers, station



A-1 . . . a card box of fine leather, with an inlay on the top of either red Cinnabar or jade. The box contains six gold pencils, twelve packs of cards, and six score pads. There are many other lovely designs, available with six or eight packs of cards.

B-1 . . . a dictionary, Webster's Collegiate Edition, beautifully printed on India paper and bound in black leather with an inlay of red Cinnabar. There is an alphabetical index. The book may also be had in several other bindings, with or without the inlay.

C-1 . . . a leather-covered Preference chest of cedar wood, for table use, with four compartments for cigarettes. Interchangeable labels (20 brand names) furnished with each. Available in many leathers, with or without jade or Cinnabar inlays, or Florentine gold tooling.

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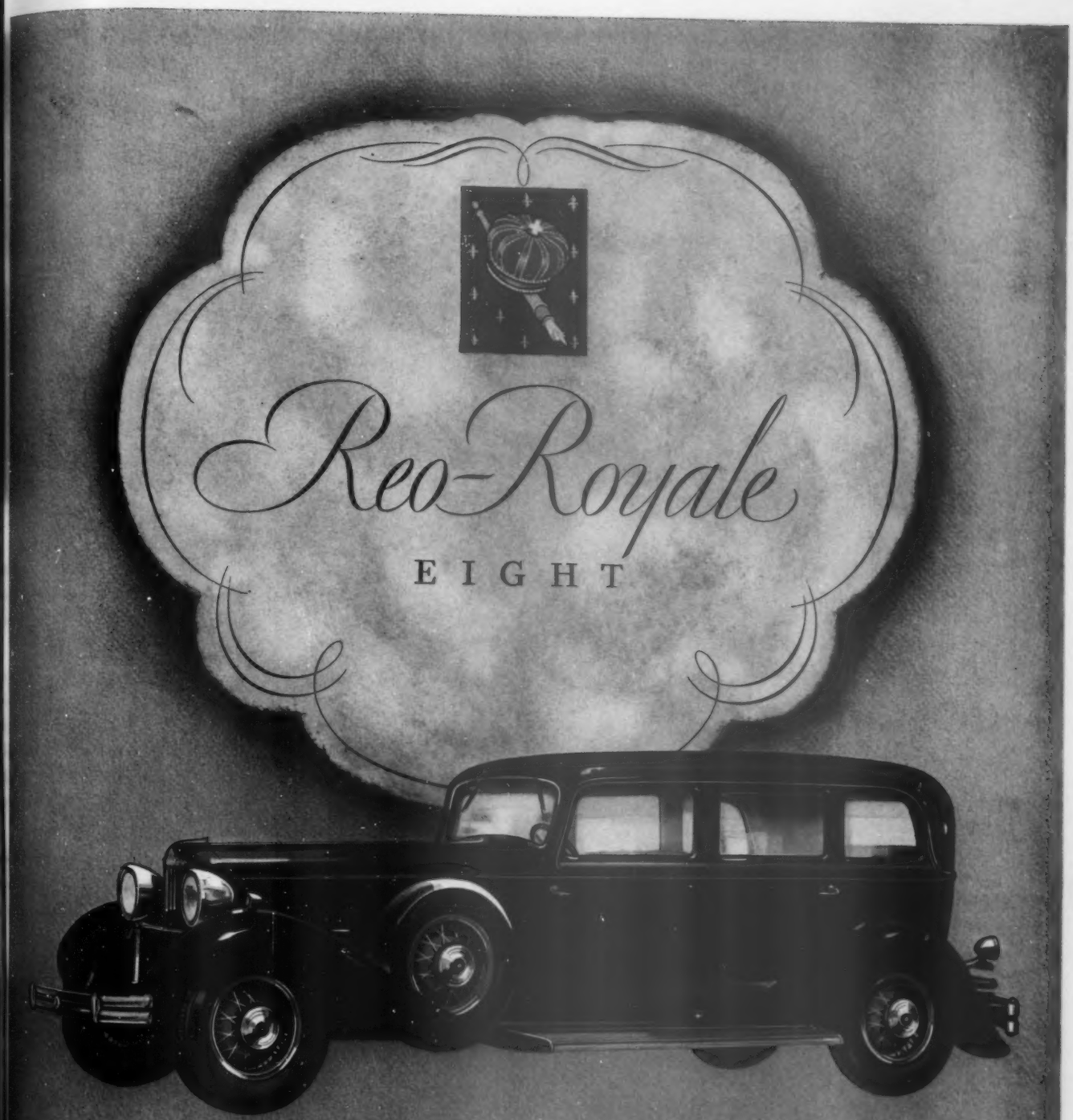
ESTABLISHED 185



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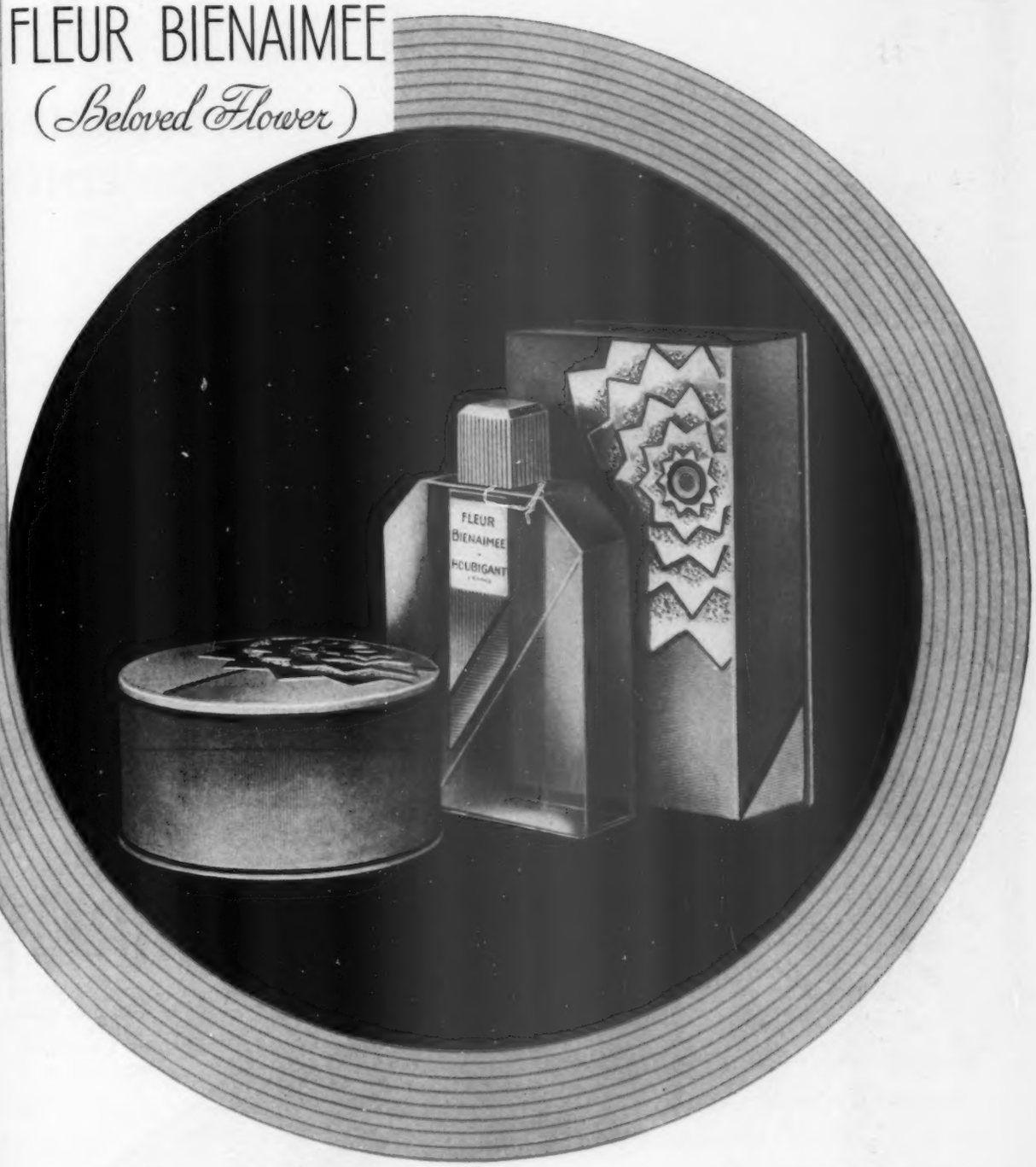

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Nor can words describe that rare and elusive goodness—that tempting tastiness—of Schrafft's candies.

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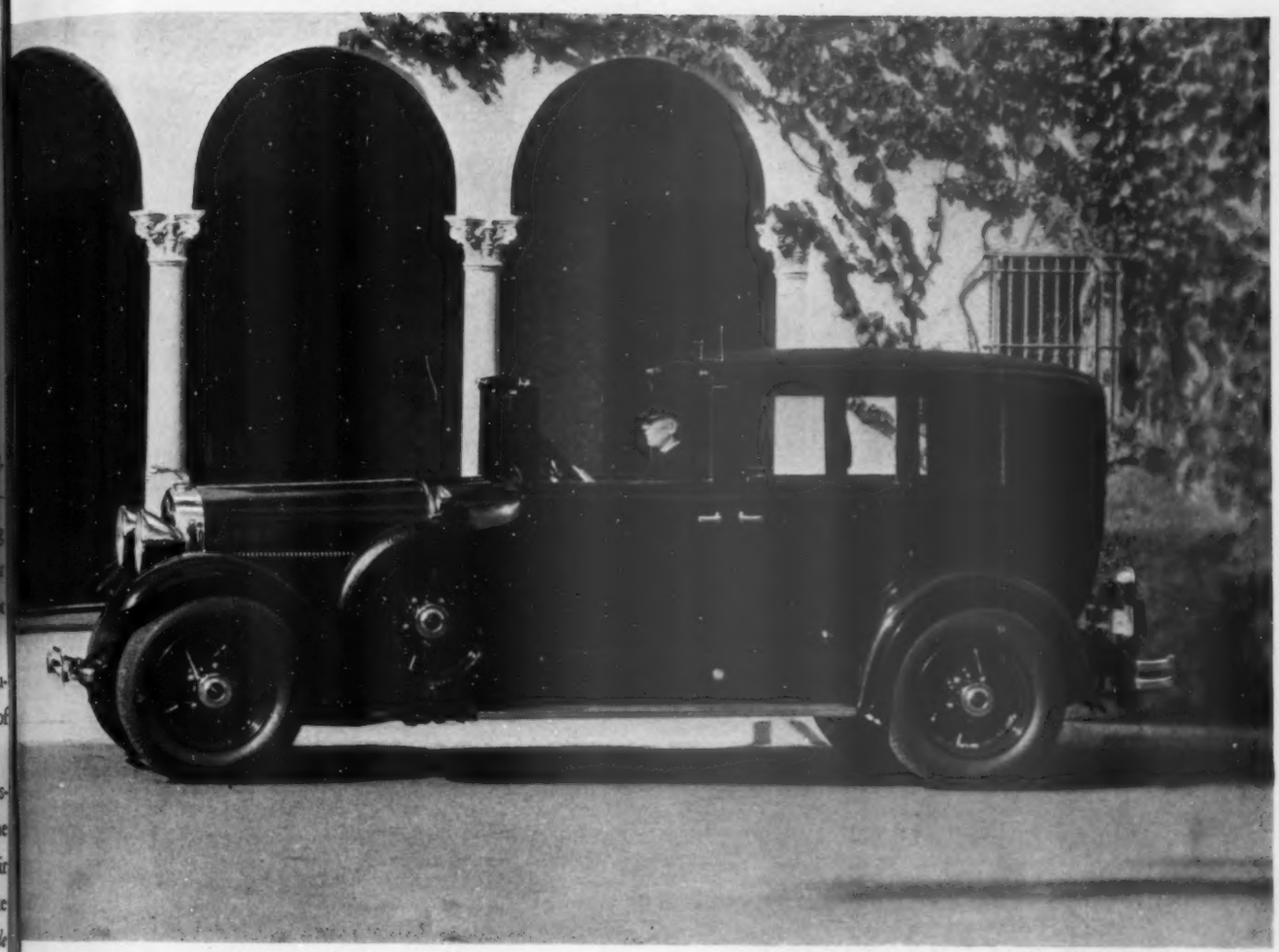

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Refuse substitutes — buy nationally known and trade-marked goods.

An evening dress with moulded hip line and bell-shaped skirt — created in pale emerald Skinner's Crepe Satin. Tiny straps hold the low decolletage. A graceful scarf drapes the shoulders and ties in front.

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Harper's Bazaar's GIFT to the GIVERS!

Right into the midst of gift list-making and brow-wrinkling comes Harper's Bazaar for December, with its amazing solutions!

Here are names. Names of perfumes that will thrill the heart and represent acknowledged prestige; names of shops whose delivery cars and whose packages are as smart as the presents that snuggle within; names of companies that suggest impressive gifts—a trip to some enthralling place—a coveted car—precious jewels, or furs just as precious.

Here are pictures. Pictures of gifts for a hostess to enhance her hospitality; pictures of games and amusements; pictures of impeccable gifts for men; pictures of inspired presents for children.

And then, just because Christmas is a day that does come and does go, there are lovely fashion pages to remind you that clothes happily go on forever, and sprightly fiction pages for your relaxation between engagements.

The pages containing a wardrobe for a cruise will either precipitate you into your favourite clothes shop, or your favourite travel agency, or both.

So you see—Harper's Bazaar will be both an aid and an antidote for your Christmas shopping. A gift to the givers!

Certainly she has graciousness, beauty, and savoir faire. And certainly she has scintillating gaiety and wit. But more than that she seems to have an ethereal something... a something that almost eludes description. Perhaps it is her perfume, Lenthéric's Miracle... if we're not betraying a confidence.

Lenthéric PARIS

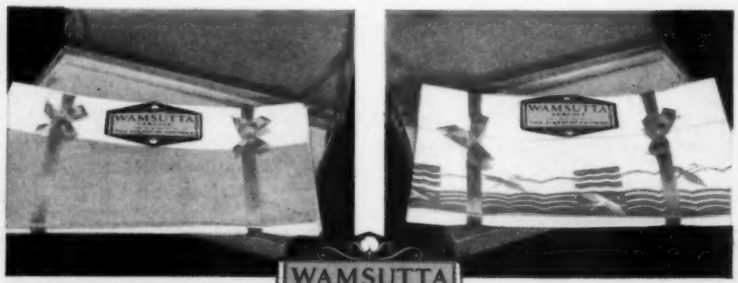
Ses Parfums

These boxed sets make gifts of real distinction

WAMSUTTA PERCALE sheets and pillow cases make just the kind of gift that people recognize as being unmistakably nice and thoughtful. They're so beautifully fine and smooth to the touch, and so lovely looking in their ribbon-hinged green and gold boxes. And they're such satisfactory things to fill the gaps in almost anyone's linen closet or to furnish a guest-room bed in smooth, luxurious comfort for years to come.

The special Christmas sets of Wamsutta Percale are made up with either two sheets and two pillow cases in a box or simply a pair of pillow cases. But you have your choice of seven pastel colors, ColorWoven borders, or hand embroidery to make every set different if you want to.

You'll find you can check off a surprising lot of names on your Christmas list with Wamsutta Percale sets, quite reasonably, from your point of view, and quite delightfully from theirs. For making a gift selection of Wamsutta Percale sheets and pillow cases, a wide variety of styles awaits your choice at your favorite department store.



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FOR *Formal Wear* RUSSEKS-*Fifth Avenue*

Suggests Luxurious

Celanese Brocaded Moire

Copy of Patou. Flared godets make a graceful skirt, and looped bodice back suggests a bolero. *Left*

Copy of Goupy, with characteristic strap-back decollete, and double bustle-bow of the 'eighties. *Below*

Russeks-Fifth Avenue

When your evening gown is fashioned in glowing pastel tones of Celanese Permanent Moire, richly brocaded in a flower design, it is sure to dance its way to distinction in the most sophisticated company. It will be marked for attention not only for its beauty, but for unique practical qualities—always associated with Celanese. For these modern fabrics have a natural, luxurious body, free from all loading . . . they do not shrink or stretch, and are not harmed by dampness or perspiration . . . the moire markings remain *permanent* through repeated pressings and cleanings . . . and the colors are unusually fast.

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grooms your figure to smartness....

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MisSimplicity, a clever new Gossard foundation, skillfully controls the figure to a smart, smooth outline. The diagonal "cross-pull" of the straps that button in back, flattens the diaphragm and abdomen, slenderizes the waist and uplifts the bust to a natural curve .... And when you wear MisSimplicity you'll feel a new poise, for this ingenious garment persuades your figure to correct posture!

The photograph shows a "MisSimplicity" design of fine peach batiste and hand-loomed elastic, with modified uplift bust of matching lace—lightly boned in front .... Model 1892.

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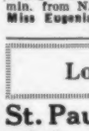

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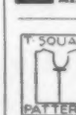

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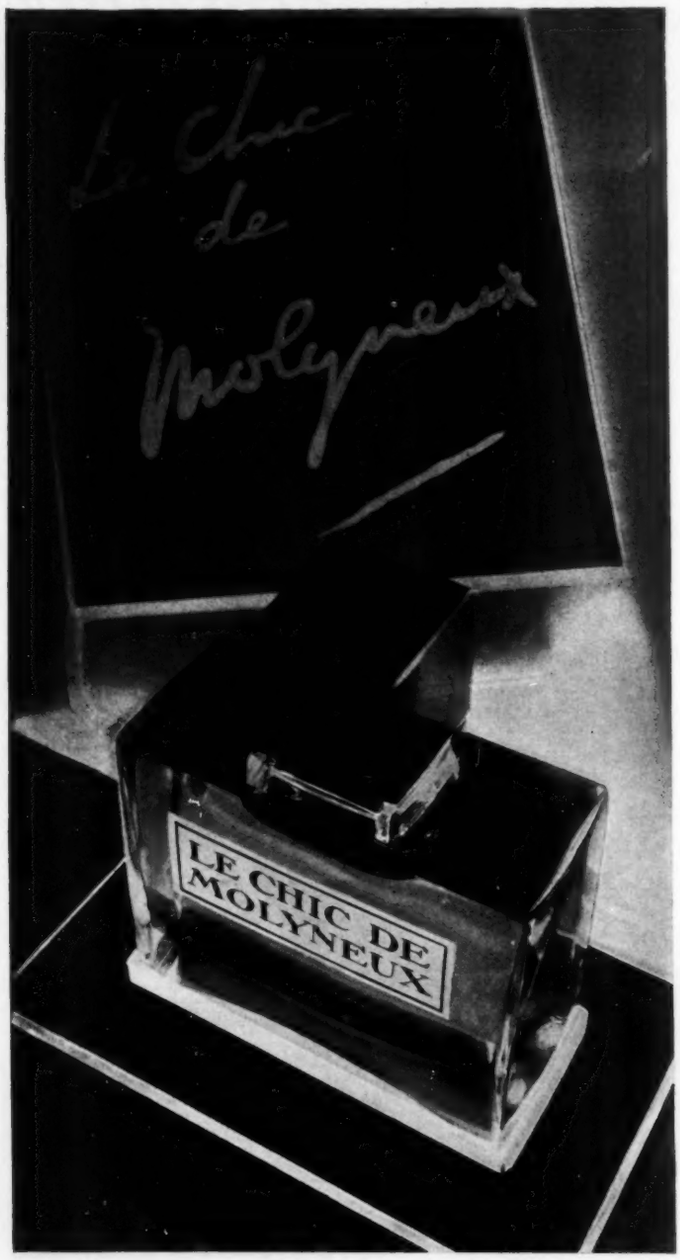

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BLACK — *Even in the average "good" fabric, nothing is as difficult to find as true black. Only the best fabrics can take a black beside which other blacks look gray or rusty. Rich, deep* **Black,** *always found in* Forstmann Fabrics, *tops the Fall and Winter mode.*

GREENS — **Moscova, Laurelite** *and* **Boxwood** *are three charming new shades which interpret the strong feeling for green in its most flattering guise. Among them you are certain to find exactly the color which the mode and your own taste prefer.*

BROWNS — **Africana, Afghan,** *and* **Kolinsky** *are a trio of new "midnight browns," created by* Forstmann *which have established a definite color trend of extreme fashion significance. They are shown in some of the smartest coats and suits of the season.*

BEIGES — **Blue Fox** *is very new . . . just the tone of the fur from which its name comes.* **Arabesque** *has a subtle, tawny undertone that is most effective.*

REDS — **Rosana,** *with a mellow wine cast;* **Redwine,** *somewhat brighter, and* **Oxheart,** *a lovely cherry red, express perfectly the tendency in red this Fall.*

GRAYS — **Phantom** *is that marvel among grays that captures a warm, soft tone.*

BLUES — **Pirate, Corsair** and **Marina** *comprise the famous* Forstmann *group of youthful blues you are hearing much about this season.*

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"Phyllis was at the hunt ball, too, looking more stunning than ever . . . just back from Paris and full of plans for her winter in Sydney. I never see her without thinking of what Jack wrote when he met her in Hong Kong that time . . . a modern Diana, leaving a faint trail of lavender."—From the letters of an English traveler at home.

BY APPOINTMENT TO H. R. H. THE PRINCE OF WALES

Three steps to a Lovely Complexion.. A Delicate Soap, A Famous Cream, A Caressing Powder

FROM early morning until late afternoon she may hurry after the swift Belvoir hounds, but in the evening she will look as if the English drawing-room were her only natural environment. Her glorious, roseleaf complexion is loveliest in the formal mood.

But the English woman leads an active, crowded life. She has no time for elaborate (and fantastic) rites of beauty. Nor any need. One simple, effective treatment guards her famed complexion—the Yardley treatment. Soap and cream and powder. That is all. And you, an American woman, will find the same exquisite pleasure in the use of Yardley's.

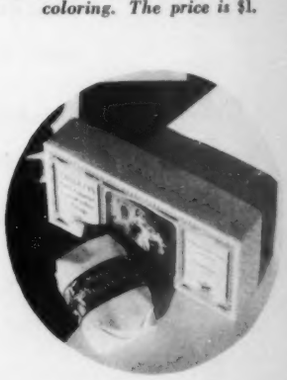
English Lavender Soap is for the initial cleansing of face and neck. Yardley's English Complexion Cream melts into your pores to loosen all the clogged impurities. Then you wipe it away with cotton dampened in Yardley's Cleansing Lotion (or other astringent). A second layer nourishes the tissues while you sleep, leaving your skin clear and refreshed.

In the morning, use English Complexion Cream as a powder foundation. A generous coat should be smoothed on, the skin absorbing as much as it will. The surplus is removed *with water and an ordinary face cloth*. Then, Yardley's English Lavender Face Powder is applied over the invisible film left by the cream, and you go out looking your very best. Our booklet, "Complexions with an English Accent," is free. Would you like a copy?

Yardley & Co., Ltd., 33 Old Bond Street, London; 452 Fifth Avenue at Fortieth Street, New York City; also Toronto and Paris.

Yardley's English Complexion Cream, to cleanse, nourish and protect your skin. It is also used as a powder foundation, and can be washed away with water. In an exquisitely designed pot, $1.50.

Yardley's English Lavender Face Powder in four skilfully blended shades to accentuate the charm of your own coloring. The price is $1.



Yardley's English Lavender Soap for bath and complexion. Bland, cooling, cleansing, refreshing. Box of 3 cakes, $1, or 35c a cake. Guest size, 20c a cake. Bath size, 50c a cake.

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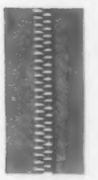
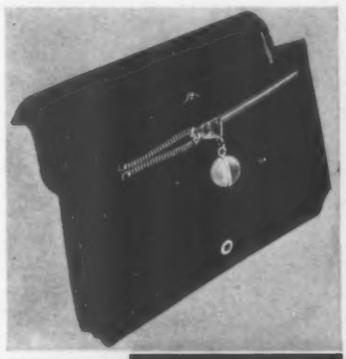
Smart women consider the informal charm of Yardley's English Lavender "the lovable fragrance," in perfect taste for all occasions. $15 to $1 in various-sized bottles.

THE RACKET IN ROW 13

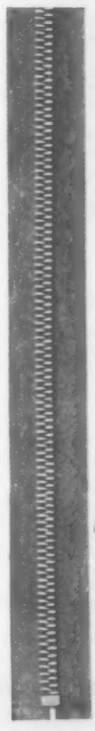




This TALON-fastened inside pocket is an invulnerable jail for valuables. Bag from B. Altman & Co., New York.

The apogee of smartness is this TALON-fastened evening bag of white velvet from Saks—Fifth Avenue, New York.

Made of suede, there is chic as well as convenience in this TALON-fastened bag from James McCreery & Co., New York.



THE show was progressing fa-ously. The handsome tenor had reached a high, soft and tremu-s note . . . when suddenly, e came a frantic and audible minine whisper:

"George! . . . George! . . . I pped my bag and it just *flew* n! My compact was in it and sure it rolled out . . . will you k that man over there to look for please? Heavens! . . . where *is* usher!"

We leave the rest to your imagi-ion, gentle reader. We will tell u, however, that our hero, George who led the gallant searching rty—went straightway to the rest shop and purchased for wife a new handbag. And u can wager that he chose e that had a Talon Slide Fastener on it, or at least one that had a Talon-fastened security pocket inside!

A Talon Fastener completely foils all escapades of valuables from your bag or purse. Put things in, close the fastener, and you'll find them there when you want them. A Talon-fastened bag can't come open accidentally—even if you drop it!

Talons leave no loopholes, no gaping corners — and they're so convenient! They open in a jiffy, close in a flash. They never jam. stick, rust or pull apart—and they actually improve with use!

You'll find them on handbags that are smartly styled and superbly made—and you can tell the genuine by the name TALON on the pull-tab. Look for *that* by all means!

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He is on the moors on the 12th, and the salmon he killed on the Borgie is the record for Sutherlandshire. But his prowess afield is polo, and elsewhere, a gift for knowing the right thing.

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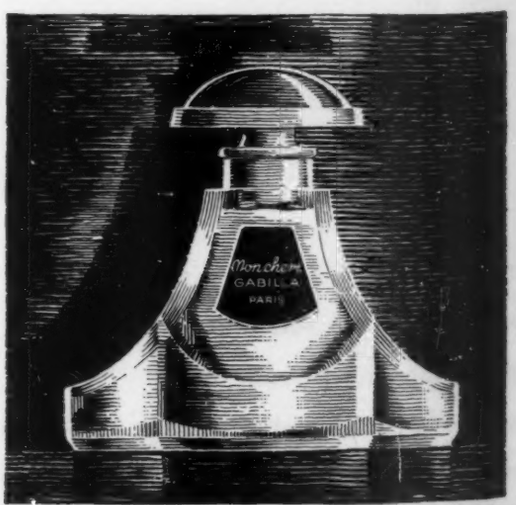
Women know that a man rarely can tell at a perfume counter what it was that affected him so.



Mon cheri

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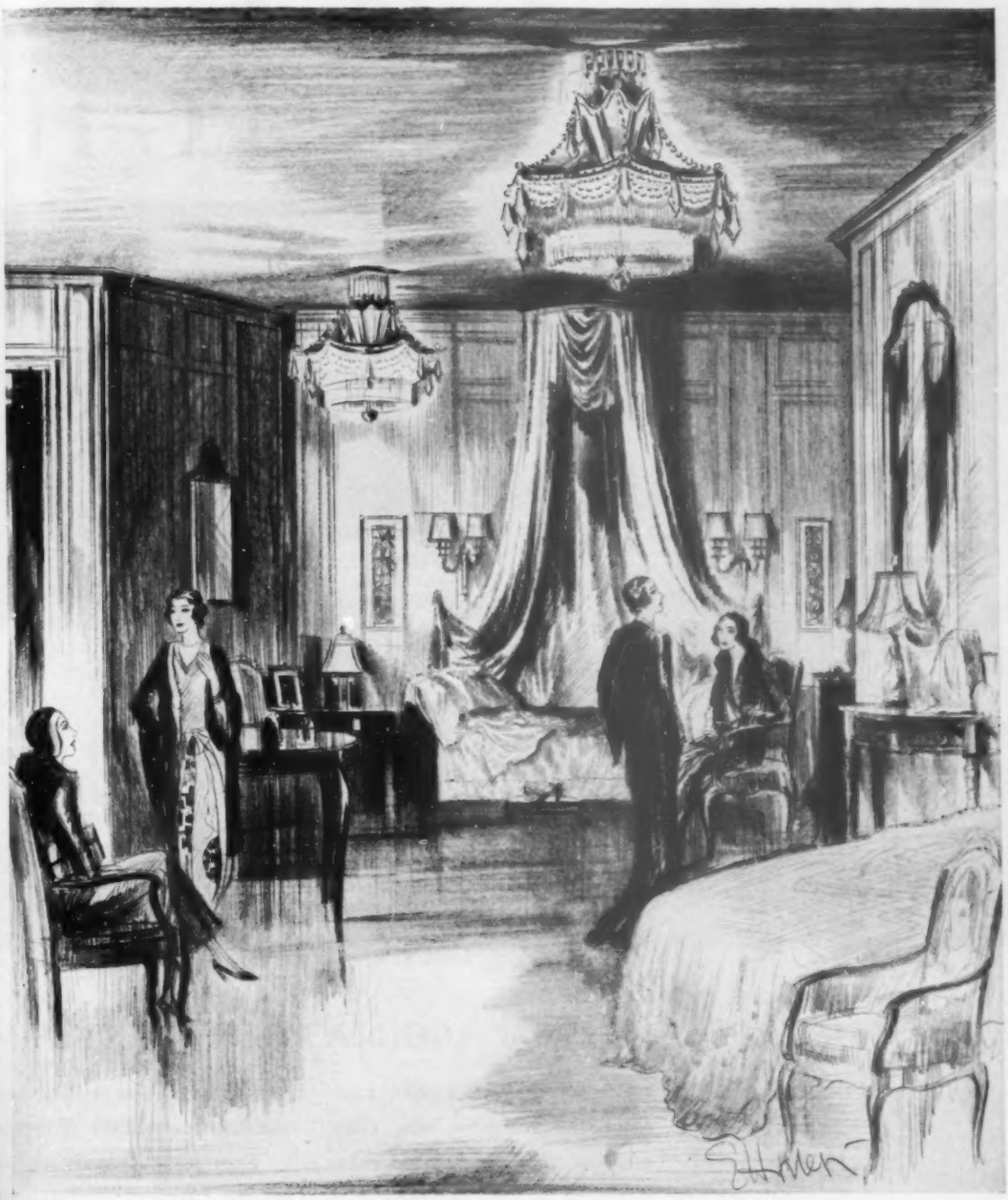
An Impression
of Romance en Negligee

AT BERGDORF GOODMAN . . . ON THE PLAZA



This is a tea-gown season! The negligee and lingerie room foams over with French things . . . tea-gowns to give one the air of fairy princess or daring young witch . . . pajamas the colour of peach or blue dawn . . . beguiling French lingerie, mere wisps of beauty embroidered on nothing! . . . exquisite trousseau night gowns . . . breakfast-in-bed jackets . . . light, warm travelling robes. Perfect as Christmas gifts for a friend . . . or one's appreciative self!

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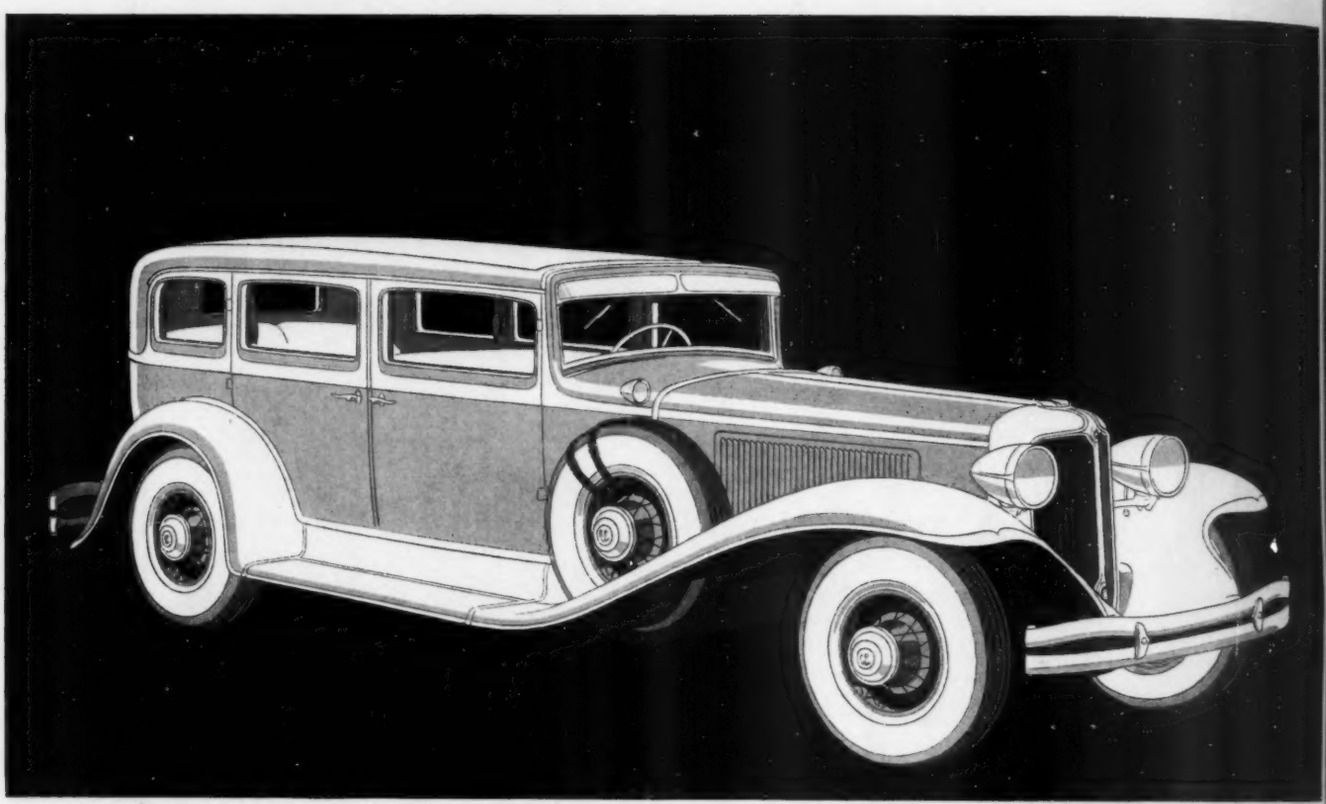
CHRYSLER
STRAIGHT EIGHTS



CHRYSLER STRAIGHT EIGHT SEDAN, $1525, F. O. B. FACTORY

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The smart motorists of America are practically unanimous in admiring the low, sweeping symmetry of these new Eights—everywhere acknowledged to be the fashion-plates of the motor car world.

These new Chrysler Eights are extremely low, yet have ample head-room. Their low center of gravity enhances their beauty and smartness, and also assures the greater safety inherent in this design.

All women who drive these new Eights testify to a new sense of security at high speeds—not only the result of balanced lowness, but due also to marvelous smoothness and steadiness of the performance.

They enjoy, too, the unique advantages of the Chrysler 4-speed transmission and quick, quiet gear shift—with the driving pleasure of *dual high* gears—one for sprints in traffic or for climbing hills, and the other for gliding swiftly over the open road.

These new Eights are far advanced with their all steel bodies and safe-and-sure weatherproof internal *hydraulic* brakes—and they are likewise notable for their exceptional gasoline and oil economy.

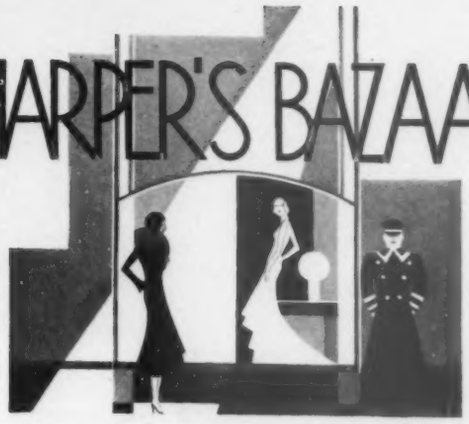
Most appealing and surprising of all are the moderate prices—constituting value that challenges all comparisons.

CHRYSLER EIGHT — *Coupe $1495; Sedan $1525; Convertible Coupe $1665; Roadster $1495. Six wire wheels, $80 extra. Sport Roadster (including six wire wheels and trunk rack) $1595.*
CHRYSLER IMPERIAL EIGHT — *Five-Passenger Sedan $2495; Close-Coupled Sedan $2595; Seven-Passenger Sedan $2695; Sedan-Limousine $2895. All Imperial prices include choice of six wire or demountable wood wheels, trunk rack and bumpers. All prices f. o. b. factory.*

Chrysler Eight and Chrysler Imperial Eight closed cars are factory-wired for immediate installation of Transitone, the pioneer automobile radio. Other models will be equipped on order.

HARPER'S BAZAAR

New York Fashions Number



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Study of Children at the Piano by Anton Brue

CHILDREN WITHOUT TOYS

SLIM, GALLANT, UNTRIED . . . fresh as new rose petals . . . they put their toys aside. Yet before them still stretch several more years of childhood. It is, perhaps, the most difficult time of all. Now more than ever they must have plenty of just the right thing to do . . . and worthy friends. Their sensitiveness, their eagerness to live poignantly, must be sympathetically dealt with. The substance of reality must be adroitly exchanged for the discarded toys.

And it all will be a little easier if they have been taught how to partake of the "good life" . . . swimming vigorously through the cool sea . . . putting the zest of health into the swing of a racket . . . savouring the clean orderliness of modern clothes . . . and strolling pleasantly through the glamourous gardens of creative culture.

This last does not mean that they have to be poets, painters or great musicians. It means, to take music for an example, a pleasant familiarity with gay melodies, with the spirit-stirring work of immortal genius, with all the myriad cultural influences of a fine art.

True, it may seem, at first glance, expensive to substitute a superb piano for a toy. But a first-rate environment will definitely help to produce a first-rate person. And the Steinway is so perfectly and soundly built that it will serve your children's children when the time comes . . . yet it can be obtained now on a deferred payment plan that will not burden even the modest income. The Steinway will do more than assist you children through their most difficult time to a sane and beautiful life. It will give them an attractive accomplishment that will help them to make friends. It will permit them to develop their talents, unhampered, on what is both the strongest and most perfect instrument. And it will subtly connect them with a glorious tradition . . . for virtually every great musician from Wagner to Rachmaninoff has used the Steinway.

A new Steinway Upright piano can be bought for a total as low as $875

As the Steinway is made in New York City, this price naturally, must be "plus transportation" beyond New York and its suburbs.

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THE INSTRUMENT OF THE IMMORTALS **STEINWAY**

Odds and Ends of Fashion

STOCKINGS are definitely darker. As we predicted, so long ago, the leg is being snubbed into a less prominent, more becoming position in life. There is no denying that dull hosiery has satisfactory wearing qualities. There is a story going the rounds of a woman who wore and washed the same pair daily for thirty days, and at the end of that period, they say, the stockings were in excellent condition.

DULNESS of surface seems to be increasingly popular in many respects. Transparent velvet is following the trend and has reduced its gleams to modest ones in some cases. Bianchini's Alaska, that lustreless white satin we saw so often in Paris at the time of the August collections, has a close sister in a Celanese fabric of the same dead-white, camellia-like surface. One sees in it a possible Palm Beach favourite, as well as evening dress use.

NOT for a long time have we seen so much velvet. Both transparent and Lyons types are well represented in autumn wardrobes, for formal afternoon, formal suit, and evening wear. The romantic type of dress which has made its reappearance this season lends itself admirably to velvet's luxurious richness.

THERE is a note of scarlet running through the autumn mode, like the clarion call of salvia which heralds the frost in our gardens. One sees it in lace for evening, in wool and silk crêpe for daytime, in coats, restrained by Persian bandings. Agnès sponsored scarlet or geranium reds for hats to be worn with black coats for this autumn and winter.

IF GREEN is trying to your skin, and if brown turns your natural colouring to naught, if you are one of those rare people who look forlorn instead of smart in black, turn to the rich, warm reds, which are yours to choose from, all the way from persimmon to lees of wine, and cheer yourself and other people.

FUR-TRIMMED coats and suits are ubiquitous. Otter and Hudson seal have been revived for trimming. All the krimmers, Persian lambs and caraculs are used; ermine, both black and white, lends its age-old distinction to otherwise simple garments. Sable and fox, and their substitutes—flying squirrel and hare—fold and swathe us in their beautiful softness. Galyak lends itself to flat, gleaming lines and accents of smartness.

SHORT fur coats have arrived in hordes. What could be more practical for our New York climate than a garment which keeps us deliciously warm, yet allows us absolute freedom when in motion? Have a long fur coat, if you will; there are days when it is absolutely necessary, but experiment with the joy of a short jacket and I am sure you will not willingly be without one in the future.

FUR-LINED coats are on the increase. Imagine lining a short black woollen jacket with ermine! That is what has been done this season, thus achieving a daring chic. Shaved lamb lines tweeds, or caraculs obligingly lie flat against cloth coverings, tailored into unperceivable suppression on the inside of many a coat. Furs quite new in the dress field are employed to give added warmth to the suit. So cunningly have the centimetres been calculated that Madame is as slim in these coats as though they were silk lined.

ALL in all, clothes have become more sophisticated and at the same time easier to wear than last year. Hours are stressed more strongly, detail is important. We have grown further and further away from the naive uniforms we wore two years ago and they now seem monotonous and uninteresting in retrospect. In fact, the simple flannels of the poor are a thing of the past.

KATHLEEN HOWARD

WORLD LEADERSHIP

We have frankly aimed to make an assortment of chocolates unmatched in America. We really believe that who leads America in fine assorted chocolates leads the world. We invite your critical testing and tasting of Prestige Chocolates.

Whitman's

In one-pound, two-pound and three-pound sizes —$2 a pound.

PRESTIGE CHOCOLATES

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THE PREROGATIVES OF A LADY

AT a time when the word "lady" is on the verge of becoming obsolete; when every circumlocution is resorted to in order to evade its use; when its rare employment precipitates a half-smile of superiority and sophistication, some of us are moved to restore the sceptre to a precarious royalty: to replace the lady on her throne.

Reluctance to maintain privileges inherent to her state has brought the lady to impending disaster. Atrophy is the inevitable penalty of disuse, and prerogatives not exercised lose their efficacy. A king who does not wield his sceptre is soon no longer a king, and ladies disinclined to employ their prerogatives are about to forfeit their ancient power.

Like genius, a lady can evolve from the most unexpected and improbable of sources; for, although a background of race and breeding tends to produce a greater percentage of this rare commodity than less discriminating and fortunate circumstances, it remains a fact that a lady is not of necessity born to her high estate. The bright fact of herself often simply and inexplicably happens, as surprisingly as a John Keats. She defies definition, moreover, quite as utterly as does genius, of which she is, perhaps, a delightful and infinitely human form. Certainly they have much in common, the lady and genius: both are in advance of their generation; both are symbols of an ideal toward which civilization is plodding; and both are unprovable but unquestionable realities.

The lady has always been a *raison d'être* for the intangible values of civilization. She has always been a personal fact of dignity, charm and inherent beauty; a being toward whom most of our poetry, our music, our philosophy of the beautiful has been consciously, or unconsciously, dedicated. She is a manner rather than a code. Her quality reveals itself less in what she does than in how she does what she does.

Those of us who shudder at the use of the word "respect," must recognize the fact that many expressions that the past two decades have branded as futile and obsolete are about to reassert themselves. Ancient, thousand-headed dragons which we thought we had annihilated because, with our little modern swords, we cut off one head, are again upon us, completely resuscitated. Respect is one. Romance is another. Both are embodied in the word "lady."

Without doubt, today's interpretations of romance and respect are different from yesterday's. Far from being inferior, however, they are potentially far greater. The respect one grants to an equal is based on comprehension, and may be a far more desirable offering than the erstwhile genuflexion before a not too secure pedestal.

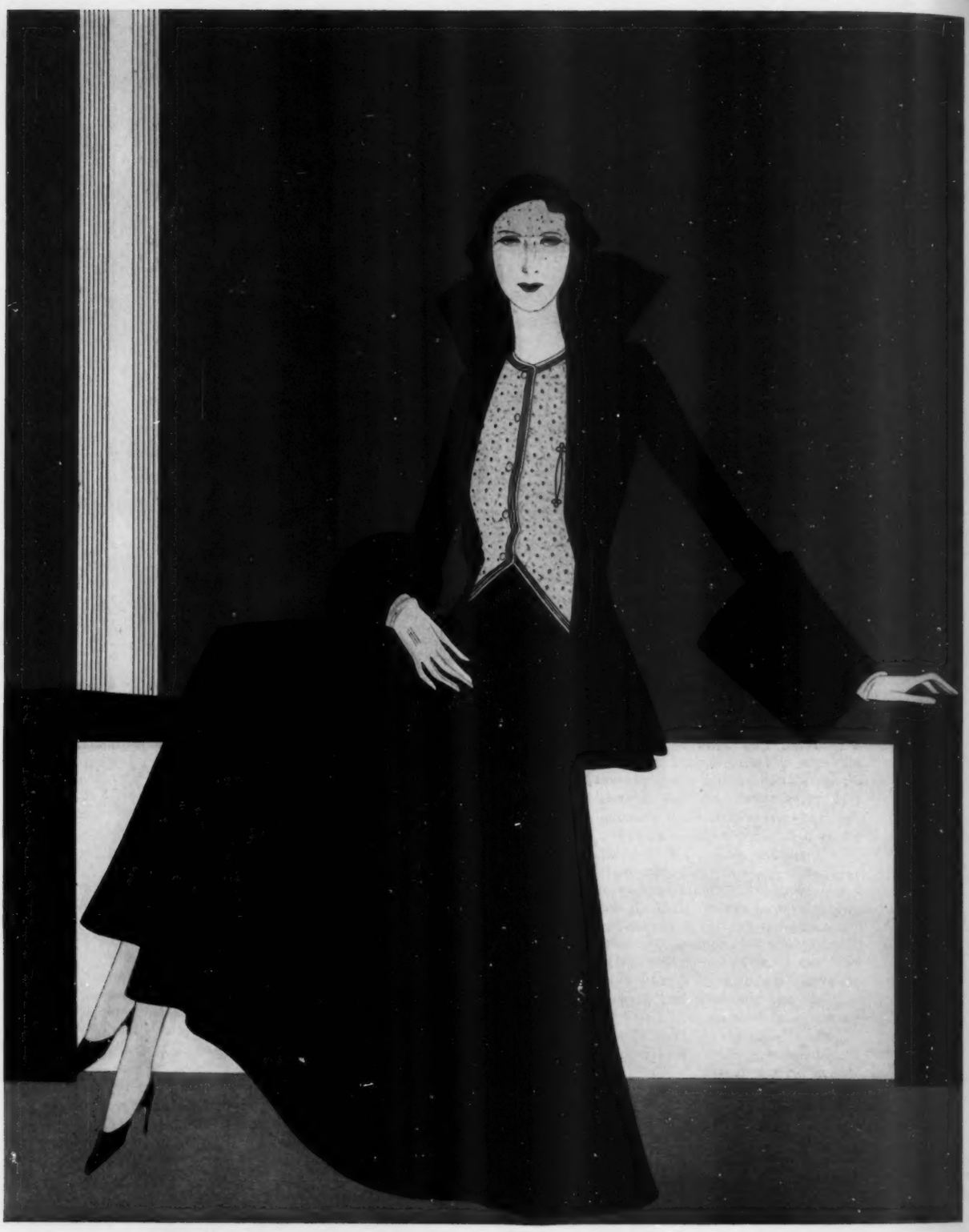
But, while the stage is set for the lady, while her rôle has greater possibilities than ever before, alas! she has not heard her cue.

She has permitted the drawing-room, once her very court, to fall to the level of a man's club into which she in magnanimously allowed to enter. In the ballroom, formerly her other court, she has accepted a secondary place. There the cut-in system has removed her primary prerogative—refusal. Not only has her "no" been the lady's basic right, but her discriminating "yes" has been the key-note of society's security and survival.

Society in its most limited sense represents, at its best, the peak of civilization. That it has fallen into such casual and unbeautiful ways is dangerous to the civilization to which it is answerable. The responsibility is the lady's. Let not the contemporary lady, with her new status as an enfranchised woman, unthinkingly sacrifice her ancient privilege. Let her take the reins of social control once more into firm but gracious hands. Let her strike again the note of dignity and charm which is hers by right both of tradition and contemporary necessity. In brief, let the lady resume her ladyship.

A lady—is it a title to be lightly given over?

GERTRUDE CARVER



Suzanne Talbot's afternoon costume in the manner of Louis XV. The skirt and coat are of black crêpe marocain with a collar of Persian lamb which may be worn buttoned high. The blouse is red brocade with triple lines of black braid. The tricorne is a stitched black felt with a veil. From Bergdorf Goodman.

Drawings by Malaga Grenet

Formal and romantic is the brimmed hat in black velvet by Florence Walton. At the front is an important bow, the brim turned up under it and the crown shirred. Saks-Fifth Avenue.

NEW YORK CALLING

How we have Selected or Developed Paris Fashions on this Side of the Atlantic

By Kathleen Howard

MOST distinguished is the Suzanne Talbot ensemble from Bergdorf Goodman, drawn on the opposite page. The woman who wears it might have her portrait painted in it, without fear of its ever looking ridiculous, so subtle a blend of historic costume and 1930 interest is typified in its silhouette.

It is intensely interesting to see what our New York shops have imported from the great Paris collections. Hattie Carnegie buys with great skill and has a collection remarkable for its smartness, beauty and exquisite taste. Here you may find the best that Paris offered, and Miss Carnegie's own delightful creations.

Bergdorf Goodman has a large collection, both in the ready-to-wear and made-to-order departments. Their negligée department is delightful and Madame Vionnet's masterpieces are to be found there. Jay-Thorpe, among a wealth of beautiful gowns, has interpreted Lanvin's gold lamé gown in black or white velvet, and you will find it in the colour pages, drawn by Bolgar on page 62. The pink slipper-faille gown from Milgrim is a New York designed gown, the original in black with pink dots. Stein and Blaine show you a quantity of their own models, as well as imports, and we chose the velvet wrap as a richly useful evening coat. Any shade you wish, of course. Distinctly individual, though more than wearable, is Lenief's gold brocade frock from Saks-Fifth Avenue. The material is fascinating in its brilliant fineness of design.

Green, as you know, is one of the (*Continued on page 56*)

Redfern combines two important features in this black cloth coat: dolman sleeves and bloused back. Persian lamb trims the collar and cuffs. The hat of black reversible felt has a small pressed motif on one side. Both from Altman.

Bruyère cleverly interprets the practical, warm coat in a svelte silhouette, on straight lines. The Persian lamb top ends in V points at the waistline, yoke-like; the skirt is of black cloth. Felt and Persian lamb béret. Bonwit Teller.

For the smart woman's informal daytime costume, Bruyère incorporates a black velveteen tunic with a black and white diagonally woven tweed skirt, flared. The same tweed is repeated in the felt-trimmed Agnès hat. Saks-Fifth Avenue.

THREE WAYS TO BLACK MAGIC

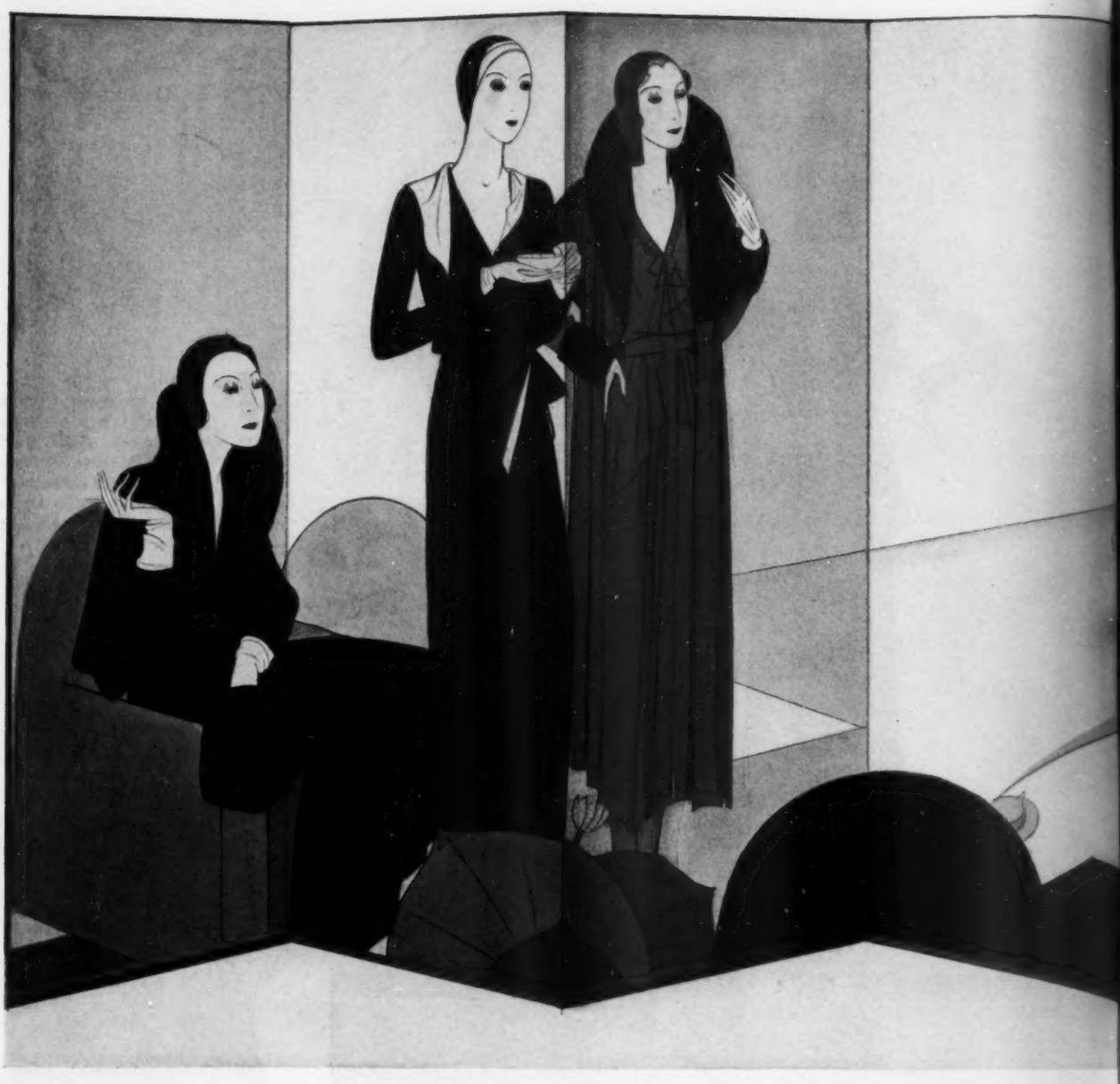
Drawings by Malaga Grenet

A formal afternoon coat of wine-coloured ribbed cloth, Vionnet. Kolinsky is employed in the luxurious collar, continues down the front and bands the important belled sleeves. Alphonsine hat of brown velvet. Franklin Simon.

Two-piece black ribbed jersey dress, Chanel. Silk stitching edges peplum, skirt, and is carried out in sunburst treatment to emphasize fitted contour of the top; white piqué vestee. Black felt béret. Best and Company.

Vionnet's persimmon red cloth coat and matching crêpe dress. The coat has a narrow banding of Persian lamb all round and is quite Cossack in line. The dress features bias cutting. Black velvet hat, Alphonsine. Lord and Taylor.

THE 1930 FLAIR FOR FLARES



MODERN AFTERNOON SILHOUETTES

A short black Persian lamb coat is Stein and Blaine's adaptation of a Redfern model. Note the caped sleeves and the muff.

Black and coral costume from Nancy. The dress, by Vionnet, is of flat crêpe; the béret, Reboux's, employs a Rodier fabric.

Patou's suit and hat in his new shade, astrakhan beige, the dress wool crêpe, and the wool cloth coat krimmer trimmed. Jay-Thorpe.

winter colours. Blue, yellow, dull, high keyed, light, dark, all the greens are out, parading for our pleasure. The drawing in colour, by Baz on page 59, shows three green examples. Of course, you may change the colour, when you order, to your favourite one. The simple crêpe frock from Dobbs is young, young, young. If the older woman craves its simplicity, she would find it ideal for wear under one of Lanvin's spangled jackets, for Sunday nights. Very young, also, is the chiffon frock from Best on page 58. I saw it in Paris in a polka-dotted chiffon, but we have drawn it in white as it is particularly adapted, interpreted thus, to the charming young person. Two coat types are shown, one of lamé, three-quarter length, and one, more enveloping, in green transparent velvet. This latter shows the draped skirt, one of the season's novelties. The white velvet dress from Bonwit Teller should be particularly slenderizing in its long lines and new, low peplum.

The two drawings on page 68 illustrate for you two types of informal dinner or Sunday-evening gowns. In America we are apt to dine so often, informally, with friends, that life is unthinkable without this type of dress. The lace one from

Drawings by M. Fromenti

ON AN ANTIQUE SCREEN

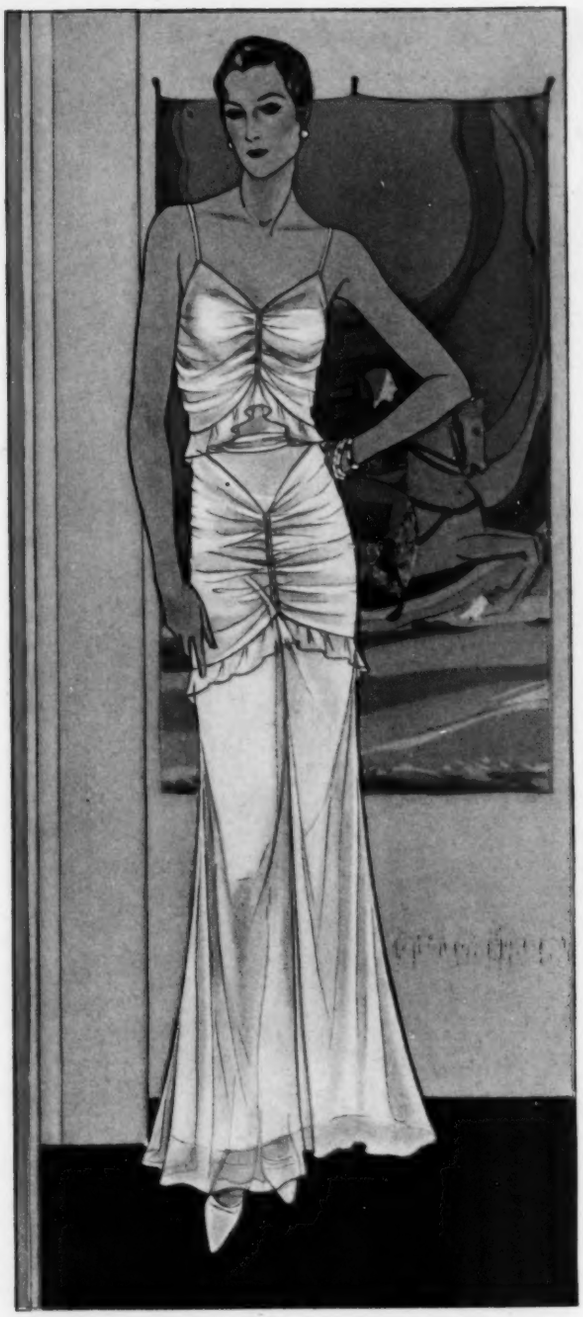
A long black velvet dress with Alençon lace at the neck and in the sleeves has a fitted line. Patou black felt hat. Hattie Carnegie.

A Paquin black velvet frock with plastrons of shirring and point de Venise ruffles. The hat, black felt, is by Agnès. Imported by Carnegie.

Hollander is particularly feminine and flattering and they designed the hat especially for us to complete the ensemble. Kurzman has the darkest blue or black chiffon frock on the same page, a frock of a thousand uses. Worn with a big black hat its graceful simplicity is as suitable for the young girl as it would be for the older woman.

The two drawings above, by Fromenti, give you hints as to the possibilities of velvet, in Miss Carnegie's two gowns, and offer you a charming grey ensemble in Patou's new beige, from Jay-Thorpe. Stein and Blaine have lived up to their reputation in the Persian lamb jacket ensemble, which will be found an ideal street costume for New York winter wear. Nancy makes Vionnet's black marocain success, which you may tie as closely or as loosely as you will round your waist. Trim it in coral, white, turquoise, or what shade you desire.

Hostess gowns are offered us in luxurious or practical types. All the many versions are to be found in New York, ranging from the more exotic romantic style, as shown in Joyce's lamé coat on page 61 through Vionnet's classic charm, and Louise-boulanger's floating lightness of touch, (*Continued on page 66*)



The sophistication of the white chiffon dress, left, is belied by little ruffles and shirrings quite in the Victorian manner. The back décolletage develops the shirring theme quaintly. Dress by London Trades, imported by Best and Company.

Bonwit Teller sponsors Lanvin's white panne velvet dress, below. Around the hips is a plaited ruffle, and plaiting is a feature of the skirt. Note the strass bands crossing in the centre of the draped neck and the formal square-cut train.

WHITE FOR EVENING: SOPHISTICATED OR YOUTHFUL

Drawings by Ben-Hur Baz

Lucile Paray resorts to cartridge tucking as the sole trimming of an intricate coat, left, in green-gold lamé. Emphasis is given to the bolero by the standing collar and by the strikingly odd sleeves. The hemline is significant. From B. Altman.

The importance of drapery is demonstrated in the green transparent velvet wrap in the centre, a Paquin creation. The collar and cuffs, beige fox, are cut in a novel way. Plastrons of shirring form part of the design. Imported by Franklin Simon.

Very jeune fille, and excellent for dancing, is the almost tailored dress from Dobbs, at the right. Of crêpe romain, it is a most wearable shade of pale green, accented by an emerald-green buckle. The stitched skirt plaits are released below the hips.

THE WEARING OF THE GREEN IN THREE NEW VARIATIONS

Drawings by
Joseph Bolgar

BLACK CARACUL IS DISTINGUISHED

Black moire caracul is deftly draped in this distinguished afternoon coat by C. C. Shayne. The circular flare at the front of the skirt, the deep empieced sleeve and the luxurious silver fox collar are noteworthy. The black velvet turban with a jaunty bow, by Maria Guy, comes from Mignon.

MADAME DINES CHEZ ELLE

At the right is a pair of Patou pyjamas showing Spanish influence. A black transparent velvet bolero is lined with lamé: gold, mulberry, green, rose and yellow in a fruit design. The silhouette is effective in its low flare and fitted hips. Imported by Bruck Weiss.

Louiseboulanger designs in pink and gold, for the ultra-feminine type, the hostess costume at the right. Pink and gold lamé swathes the hips and is used in the foundation, the bodice is pink chiffon, the skirt gold embroidered tulle. Saks-Fifth Avenue's Salon Moderne.

Eugénie blue and silver lamé makes the long and almost tailored coat of the formal negligée at the left. It fastens at a high waistline with a single simple jewelled ornament. The underslip, which is molded to the figure, is of grey lace, instep length. Emmett Joyce.

Vionnet's inspired bias cutting of materials is exemplified in the pale pink pyjamas from Bergdorf Goodman at the left. Contrast is introduced by combining satin and crêpe romain, joined with hemstitching. The separate, translucent skirt ties on at the waist.

The regal Lanvin gown above is presented in white velvet by Jay-Thorpe. A shirred, fitted bodice acquires unique charm from its draped neck and the puff giving it the new tunic line. The train adds a note of formality to the lines of the skirt.

THE MODE GIVES

In the important long evening wrap, centre, Molyneux trims purple-blue velvet with a standing collar and deep cuffs of ermine. Of interest are the two rows of shirring pressed in the velvet. Waist-length bolero. Stein and Blaine.

Lelong entitles a stately Burgundy velvet dress "Fleurs du Mal." Interest centres in the back. Truly fin de siècle is the bustle-like bow and the draping which shows an underskirt. Long, flaring panels, at the sides. Bergdorf Goodman

Drawings by Joseph Bolgar

PRECEDENCE TO THE GRANDE DAME

Milgrim cuts a pale pink slipper-faille with silver dots to make a bouffant dress with amusing pannier panels on either side of the skirt. At the base of the deep back-décolletage is set a bow where the shoulder-straps meet. Bodice of Basque origin.

Lenief creates a tunic dress in an elaborate lamé, gold and varicoloured. The width of the shoulders and the flare over the hips are swagger, while the scalloped train and uneven hemline are graceful. Salon Moderne of Saks-Fifth Avenue.

". . . . And Your Gloves, Madame?"

GLOVES for every occasion are increasingly important this season. If you are a tailored person, and love to wear a strong, practical, weather-defying glove with your morning tweeds, number one from Saks-Fifth Avenue will be useful. It is in brown capeskin and is a Meyers glove. Number two is a twelve-button yellow chamois, long enough for the fashionable wrinkle and ample enough to pull up over your cuff—a Fownes glove from B. Altman. A brown mocha glove from Bonwit Teller is numbered three. It is stitched, to give it body, and its flaring trumpet mouth is new but discreet. Black gloves are a comfort, and we have shown you two in mocha. Number four, from Altman, is the conservative type, stitched with white—a Fownes glove.

Number eight is from Saks-Fifth Avenue and the stitching on the back, as well as the gentle flare at the wrist, gives it variety. There is much of this hand-stitching in gloves this year, and number five, from Saks-Fifth Avenue, shows a version of it in brown, outlining a yellow chamois glove. From this same store is a brown suède glove with one large pearl button, excellent for afternoon wear. The long off-white glacé glove, number seven, is from Best's and is a Meyers glove.

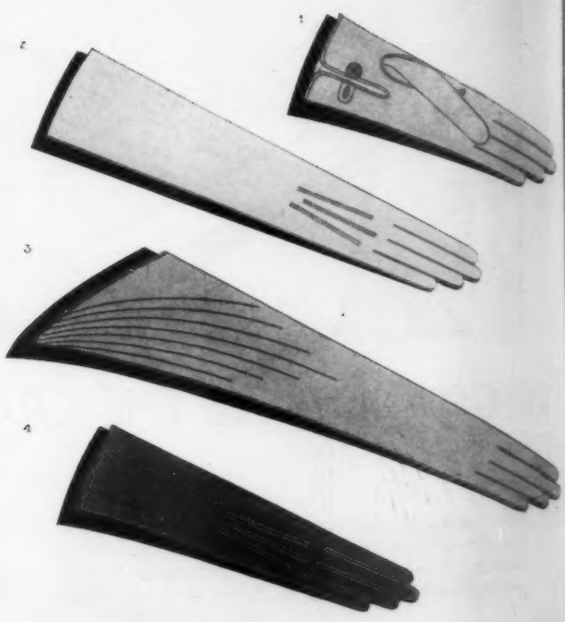
Gloves were given much importance in Paris at the August collections. The new note, in general, was the importance of the flare for daytime wear. Madame Schiaparelli and Suzanne Talbot both are enthusiasts of this chic note. Their gloves are of heavy mocha or antelope, hand-stitched, bought a half size larger than usual and pulled loosely up over the dress or coat cuff in that casually smart way. Nothing is more vulgar than a glove which is too tight, they both say. Talbot indulges in most imaginative glove flights. She showed georgette gloves, matching the gown, shirred above the elbow with elastic. Elbow gloves of black satin were worn with black gowns. Furred gloves matching the suit's trim in their gauntlets; tweed cuffs of the same tweed as the frock on black antelope; dark blue, green and red gloves for daytime; silver kid, loose and coming above the elbow, were some of her fantasies.

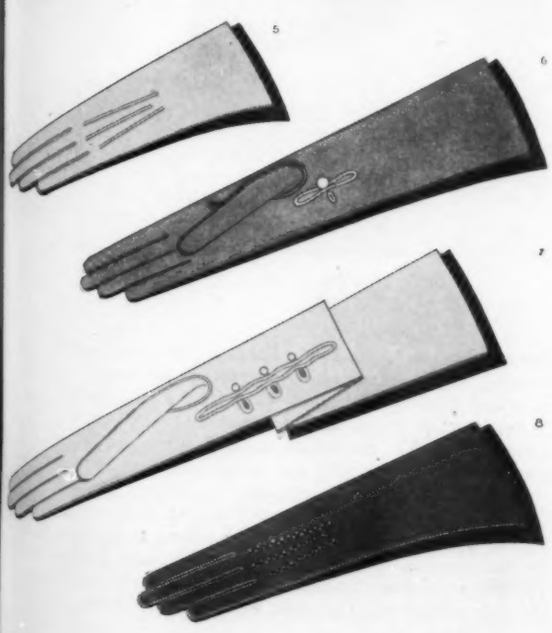
Schiaparelli showed heavy tan glacé gloves, longish and hand-sewn, the cuff, *bien entendue*, pulled over the dress cuff in her favourite way. Her well-established white doeskin, hand-stitched in black, favourites, she constantly wears herself.

Lanvin showed black seal tops to black gloves, and brown antelope with deep, striped, wool-tricot gauntlets. Patou stitched points of ermine on his black mocha gloves, to carry out his ermine and black ensembles. Pink orchid suède gloves were shown at Lenief's, with evening dress. The cuffs were almost at the shoulder. Lelong showed Alexandre gloves, without side seams, which slenderize the hand, it is claimed. The long black or brown suède gloves with pointed calla-lily tops, like those from Bonwit Teller, were shown at Maggy Rouff's. Callot had tatting gloves of silk thread in grey or black for evening; also pigskin gauntlets for morning; black suède, long, for evening, with a spangled cuff at the elbow, and fur-trimmed antelope for street wear.

Now as to the hats on these pages. The black suède Descat hat is from Nancy. The detail of the top is impossible to show in a drawing, but is very smart. The two Alphonsine hats are from Kurzman. The chenille turban is descended from a gob hat and comes in several shades. It may be adjusted to just the line you like. The brimmed hat on this page is in green felt and has borrowed its cheerfully becoming brim flare from the Tyrol.

Drawings by Florence Blecker

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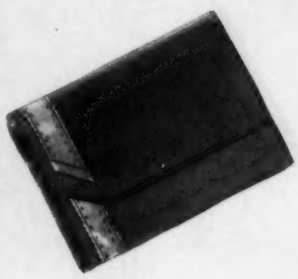
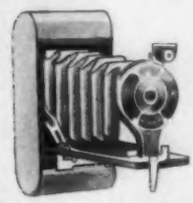
FROM THE NEW YORK SHOPS

Suzanne Talbot's shirred black velvet mandarin hat with a green button and a veil. Saks-Fifth Avenue.

Patou's astrakhan beige soleil hat with a shell and pearl ornament. From N. Gibson Clark.

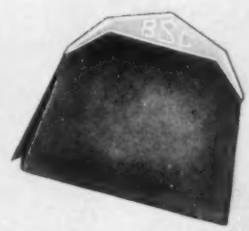




Kodak Petite is one of a new series of Eastman cameras made in pastel colours.

In the ensemble walking pump and handbag from Delman, black calf is used to trim black suède.

Vionnet's pale blue crêpe Elizabeth, and silver and blue lamé dinner pyjamas. From Lord and Taylor.



Nat Lewis engraves a monogram on the reverse side of the prystal frame of a suède bag.

to Patou's sombrely practical velvet pyjamas. There is a great charm in these garments designed to be worn in one's own home, and it is possible to find just the type to express your personality by visiting the different stores.

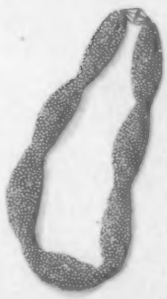
On this and the opposite page you will find some accessories and other things from the New York shops.

There is a fashion of matching your bag to your shoes, an example of which is shown from Delman. He has many such ensembles. The Nat Lewis bag is delightful with your own initials engraved on the top. Turquoise necklaces have found a welcome and the one of tiny beads from Bonwit Teller is sure to please. The blue chiffon and silver pyjama from Lord and Taylor has Vionnet's own lovely line and could not fail to be becoming. Quite extraordinary cutting lends distinction to Stein and Blaine's white satin wrap from Patou. Interlined it would make an exceedingly smart and warm evening coat for winter. The fur hat from Bruck Weiss can be made in galyak, black or white, the tassel added or suppressed. It is a flattering and clever creation.

Page 55, drawn by Grenet, shows you two of Vionnet's marvellous coats. Never have her clothes been cut to fit as well under the arms as they do this year. The wide bell cuffs on the coat from Franklin Simon were a distinguishing note of her new collection. The older woman will welcome

A carved coral clasp, barrel-shaped, closes this black suède bag from Bonwit Teller.

Maria Guy's shallow black wool georgette béret with a little veil. From Mignon.



A new Vionnet necklace of turquoise beads with a silver clasp comes from Bonwit Teller.

A Cossack hat which is made in either black or white galyak with gold tassels. Bruck Weiss.

Patou's white satin wrap with dolman sleeve is trimmed with ermine. From Stein and Blaine.

Sandalari's gold kid slipper has silver kid sunburst stitching. From Jay-Thorpe.

Drawings by Veronica E. Kelly

the long lines of the new coats, becoming to mature figures.

Black velveteen for a jacket and black and white tweed for a skirt form a novel combination, as the Bruyère ensemble from Saks-Fifth Avenue shows, on page 54. It is outstandingly smart and new in effect.

Clothes are easier to wear this year. The one criticism seems to be that it is still difficult for the older woman to find clothes for herself. Personally, I think Madame Vionnet's models are admirably adapted to the mature woman. The fuller figure has always interested her and she designs, constantly, with it in mind. With a cleverly chosen corset, the waistline, perhaps, dropped *à la* Chanel to the hip-bone, Vionnet's draped lines, the slenderizing vogue of black, the richness of velvet's dignity, it seems to me the older woman has much to aid her this year. The peplum, cunningly placed, will help her; Molyneux's straight jumper blouse, split at the sides to allow the belt to appear in front *only;* longer skirts, darker hose, the permitted total absence of belt, the bloused back, sponsored by Patou and modified by New York; the brimmed hat; the added sleeve importance, which takes away from the bulk of the figure by making it look contrastingly unimportant; the softness of real lace touches on black afternoon frocks, all these leads should hold many hints for the older woman.

Drawings by Joseph Bolgar

"Minaret," Lucile Paray's formal frock in black chiffon, has a banding of fox around the hips to emphasize the silhouette. A diminutive bolero is ultra-feminine with little ruffles at the cuffs of its short sleeves. Roses clustering at the waist are ornamental. It is imported by Kurzman. The synthetic ruby ring and the wide ruby and diamond bracelet are from the same house.

Lanvin creates a dignified dress of cocoa-coloured Chantilly lace. The flowing sleeves are medieval in feeling as is the long, tucked bodice with its draped neckline. Worn with this is a dashing new tricorne of felt faced with brown velvet and trimmed by a shaded ostrich plume. The hat and the dress come from Hollander. The beige moire opera pumps are by Shoecraft.

CONTRAST IN LINE AND HUE

It Started by being a "Wrong Number"— Then Fate Ironically Took the Line in Hand

"2388"

by ELISABETH FINLEY THOMAS

THE bell of Angela Perkins' private telephone rang loudly. She picked up the receiver. "Hello," she cooed in her most ingratiating telephone accents.

"Is this Delavan 2744?" boomed a strong barytone on the other end of the wire.

"I think you have the wrong number," said Angela politely.

"Sorry," apologized the barytone.

She hung up reluctantly. It was the tea hour and she was bored. The voice had appealed to her. No doubt its possessor was at this moment making an appointment with some other woman. In a few moments, under the mellow light of a pretty lampshade in a delightfully cozy drawing-room . . . . The bell rang out again sharply. "Is this Delavan 2744?"

"No," said Angela. "Evidently the operator has again made a mistake."

"I'm not so sure. Would you mind telling me your number?"

"Not at all." Angela was amiable. "It is Delavan 2833, a private wire."

"Delavan 2833." The cadence was almost rhythmic. "Do you believe in numerology?"

"In what sense?" A little shiver, not altogether unpleasurable, had run down her spine. Angela loved adventure. This stranger was trying to "pick her up." How fascinating! "In what sense?" Her voice was without indignation.

"In the sense that numbers may direct fate. Mine is Hindekooper 2388. The same figures changed about. Coincidence, you see! One shouldn't disregard hunches. Don't hang up. I'm bored. Be generous. Spare me a few minutes before you dress for that dinner dance."

"How do you know I'm going to a dinner dance?" she simpered.

"Where else would an adorable young thing like you be going at this hour? I know by your voice you're adorable, and, of course, you love dancing."

"Don't you?"

"Rather! I'm nuts on jazz. Fancy, we may meet at the same party without my recognizing you—unless you choose to give me your name!"

"I don't," Angela laughed. "'A voice on the wire.' How much more romantic. We'll leave it at that. It will keep you guessing!"

"What do you say to taking a bet that I'll recognize you whenever and wherever I see you?"

"Done," Angela played up.

"I'm sure I even know the kind of frock you'll wear. You are a tulle girl, all fluff and spangles, blonde like a Christmas angel."

"Guess again," flirted Angela, safe on the end of her wire.

"More the Spanish type, eh? I don't believe you. Your voice is blonde and young as spring. You are a Botticelli. I'm as certain as if I could see you. Tell me I'm right!"

EVENING ON A ROOF-GARDEN

WE found the garden nearest to the sky,
And as the gentle, starlit evening came
We waited, knowing not the how nor why
Of life that moves to meet a planet's flame.
The darkness crept around us swinging wide
The moons of Jupiter within its net;
And stillness fell upon us like a tide
Of peace that we could nevermore forget.

I have no skill to measure with a word
The moments captured from that evening's mood;
How speak of silence one has never heard
Before nor since? How name it ill or good?
But I can tell how stars I knew by sight
Refused to shine for me until that night.

Ruth E. Hopkins

"Well . . ." began Angela deliberately.

"Of course, you're blonde, and an ash blonde at that," the voice laughed out. "You're Botticelli with the plus of the twentieth century. Do you autograph the picture?"

"I admit . . ."

"There, I knew it!"

There was a moment's pause. She knew she ought to hang up, but she also knew she didn't want to. There was not a chance, of course, of his identifying her with her number or getting her name. The telephone company was discreet in the matter of private wires.

"I must really go now," she said finally.

"Hold on! Don't cut me off yet. You sha'n't escape me like that. Mind you don't forget my number, Hindekooper 2388."

"You don't imagine I am going to call you up, do you, Mr. 2388?" she coquetted.

"One can never tell. Though I imagine you won't get the chance. My wire will always be busy calling *you*. Till tomorrow!" He had hung up. Till tomorrow! The barytone had been positively velvety.

All the next day she wondered if he would call. By six she found herself listening nervously for the bell.

"Whirr! Whirr!" She fumbled as she unhooked the receiver.

They talked for half an hour. He was every bit as amusing as the day before; most intriguing, really. She flattered herself that she kept up her end. Several times he laughed out at her sallies. This sort of rendezvous was thrillingly novel.

During the ensuing weeks he never failed her. Punctually at the stroke of six the well-known voice would announce whimsically: "I've come to tea. One lump please! My waistline you know!" and then would follow a delightful séance of bantering chatter.

Gradually, from the mass of his allusions, she built up a picture of Mr. 2388. Although he never spoke specifically of a profession, she deduced, from the fact that he never called up during business hours, that he must be a man of affairs, possibly a publisher. His references to the classics were unusual for a man of thirty. She had learned his age, after having herself confessed to twenty-three. Much to her delight, she discovered that he was a sportsman. She adored all-around men.

"You'll be going down to Belmont tomorrow, I suppose?" he said one day.

"Yes, I'm motoring out with friends," she lied glibly. She was not going to Belmont.

"Let me give you a tip, little girl. Put your money on Flashlight."

Next afternoon she sent for the earliest edition of the evening paper that would report the race. Flashlight had won.

Mr. 2388 did (*Concluded on page 122*)

Mme. Naes, sunning at Biarritz in a Jean Patou costume. A hint for Palm Beach wear.

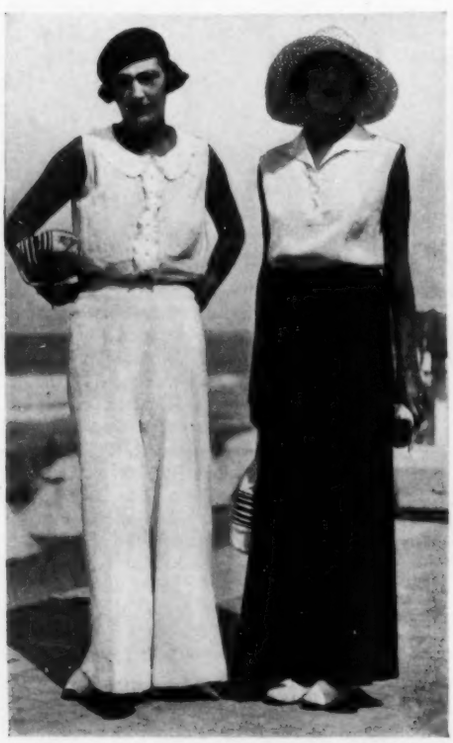
Comtesse de Muñoz in an unusual costume from Augustabernard. Snapped at Biarritz.

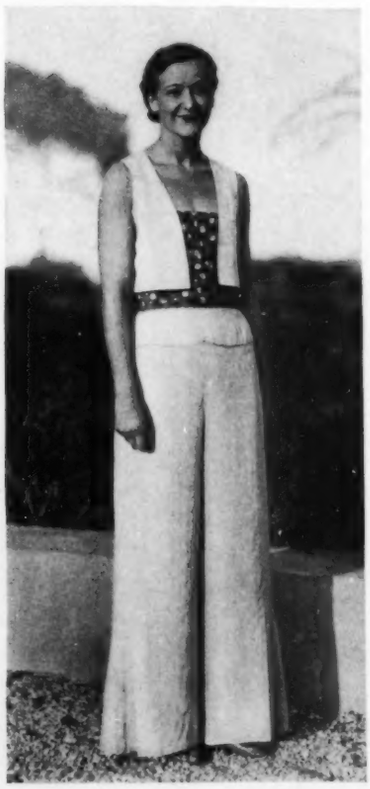
Grand Duke Dimitri and his wife, Princess Illinska, at Biarritz.. Gown by Lanvin.

Photographs by Seeberger

NOTABILITIES AT THE BEACH AND THE BALL AT BIARRITZ

Mlle. Misson (left). The Marquise de Paris (right) in jersey pyjamas like a full skirt.





Mlle. Sturm wearing a beach ensemble with a bolero. The costume is from Jane Règny.

SMART AMERICAN DEVOTEES OF POST AND PADDOCK

Miss Dorothy Davis at the Westchester-Biltmore Steeplechase Association hunt race.

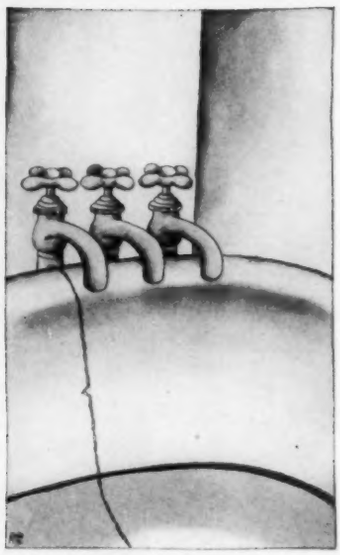
Mr. and Mrs. Lee H. Reid at the Westchester-Biltmore hunt race, Bowman Park, Rye, N.Y.

Miss Florence Loew and Mrs. Richard Trimble, Jr., at the Meadow Brook Cup Race.

Mrs. Sidney S. Whelan crossing the paddock at the Cup Race at Meadow Brook, L. I.

Mrs. John W. Mackay and Mrs. Clifford Brokaw, snapped at the Meadow Brook Cup Race.

Photographs by Fotograms



Cold water Becomes a Gay and Cavalier CASUS BELLI in this Rollicking Tale of a King of Finance

SIX INCHES OF WATER

by OWEN JOHNSON

BRONSON BULGER never had known a breakdown because Bronson Bulger had never known defeat; when he rested, he rested on his laurels. At the age of fifty-two, having floated a forty million dollar loan for a South American republic, acquired the final link in the utility chain he had been three years in forming, and having swallowed up and digested three subsidiaries needed for a mid-western combination of steel mills, he had decided to relax and take a ten days' holiday incognito in southern seas. He was accompanied, by command, by his college chum, Mr. Charlie Waggestaff, better known as the most popular bachelor in New York, who was booked for the week-end two months in advance and entertained his hosts and their dinner guests four nights a week with his imitations of popular actors and actresses, a night on the radio, variations on any given theme, and his impersonation of the Culpeppers of Virginny. He was addicted to puns, doggerel and parodies on light opera refrains, sung and illustrated. He was popular with everyone, including old ladies, tired business men, babies, dogs of no discernible pedigree, and hard-worked livery-stable horses. Furthermore, he disliked calling people by their last names.

Bulger was built like a bison, with a boulder head sunk in the granite foundation of his shoulders. When he shook hands playfully, his victims twisted on their toes. Charlie Waggestaff was plump, portly, and never exercised except mentally. He looked like Friar Tuck and his rapid darting little eyes were as keen as his ears. As a matter of fact, Bronson Bulger had likewise a lively sense of humour and enjoyed a prank or a practical joke. But this humanizing quality was unsuspected by his most intimate friends. The requirements of the higher banking insist on a glacial façade, just as formerly a family doctor (and the prejudice still obtains on the continent) sported whiskers to inspire respect and confidence. When, at a dinner party, an exotic flower of fashion, seeking a safe investment which could be counted on to rise one hundred points in six months, sought to improve her opportunities, the Chinese eyes in the wise old mandarin face immediately set in a cold fishy stare, the lips took on the grip of a bulldog, and there was conveyed instantly the impression that Mr. Bronson Bulger's astral body had been removed to the colder regions. When this happened in the smoking-room among the rougher sex, the effect was ossifying. Even Waggestaff, who would take liberties with a bishop, would have hesitated to consult his friend on the elementary secrets of the multiplication table. Needless to say, all arrangements for the trip had been made by Mr. Bronson Bulger without consultation.

"We're not going to any howling fashionable hotel, Charlie," Bulger announced from his steamer chair on the first day out. "We're going to a charming old-fashioned English inn, no dancing, no music to chew on, delightful view, delightful furnishings; a few agreeable people carefully selected. You will have to restrain some of your natural instincts."

"Do we rock?" Waggestaff enquired.

"What do you mean by that?"

"Sounds like rockers on the front porch. A mile after each meal. Any bar-relief?"

"I've heard that before."

"I'm not trying to be witty; I'm worried. What's this Garden of Eden called?"

"Cambric Hall."

Charlie Waggestaff's glance turned with a flutter of suspicion. "Say it again."

"Cambric Hall. And the proprietor's name is Droome."

"Why didn't you tell me that before I got on the boat? Are you ill, Rhino?" said Waggestaff, giving his friend the college nickname. "Are we going to a sanitarium?"

"Don't you like it? I do. Sounds quaint and hospitable—feeling of good cheer."

"To Cambric Hall
We hasten all
To seek a pot
Of Cambric tea."

"That's better. Well, tomorrow we'll be there. You're going to enjoy yourself while I tramp around the peninsula."

"Why so?"

"Every joke is new to a new audience."

"Are you going to be human," said Waggestaff resentfully, "or am I going to face that frozen expression of yours that looks like the outside of a cashier's cage?"

"Me? I've waited ten years for this chance. I'm going to frolic like a boy again. What do you suppose I imported you for?"

"You might give me a tip on the market," said Waggestaff to test his sincerity.

RALPH BARTON drew the pictures

Mr. Bulger remained an hour, battling his way to a final victory, before in his terrific concentration he awoke to find himself entirely surrounded by women.

The glacial blank started to settle but yielded to a smile. "I'll do better. I'll pay you ten dollars a joke."

"You will?"

"Only it's got to be new."

"Why, Rhino, Wall Street would never believe it."

"And one dollar off for every old one."

Waggestaff shook his head.

"Wall Street is always right," he added sadly.

Bulger grinned. "I'll credit you one on that," he said, taking out his note-book. Then he got up and no one being around, indulged in a double shuffle, slapped his friend on the back with a heartiness that rocked the steamer chair, and tried unsuccessfully to shake hands.

AT THREE o'clock they landed under a sky of unbroken blue, and rolled lazily over white roads, through white somnolent villages to a delicious bay where, half-hidden in palmettos and cedars, they had their first view of Cambric Hall.

Mr. Crouch was already fidgetting at the steps, a thin straight line that broke at the neck and allowed the head to wobble. Percy, the coffee-coloured butler, and Jupiter, the chocolate assistant, possessed themselves of the bags and led the way to a charming suite where cambric curtains stirred coolly against a distant ripple of blue waters and green islands.

"Well," said Bulger, stretching out his arms languidly, "pretty good?"

"Perfect!"

Mr. Crouch knocked gently and glided noiselessly into the room.

"Mr. Droome is not feeling very well this morning, I regret to say, and has requested me to welcome you to Cambric Hall in his name," he began in a pale voice. "I trust that you will have a pleasant and restful stay here, gentlemen. The rules and regulations you will find printed on your bureaus. You will forgive my calling your attention particularly to two established customs of Cambric Hall, the reasons for which you will realize, I'm sure. Mr. Droome insists that guests be on time at the hours indicated for the repasts. Then there is another thing about which Mr. Droome is most particular. Six inches of water is all that can be allowed for each bath."

"How much?" said Bulger, in a sort of a bark.

Mr. Crouch's eyes sank to the knees under the shock. "Six inches, Mr. Bulger. We depend entirely on our rain water."

"Can we make it eight inches for one and four for the other?" said Waggestaff, jocularly.

The question had never before been presented to Mr. Crouch's meticulous Britannic deliberation. He hesitated and then said firmly: "Mr. Droome would prefer, I am sure, a strict adherence to the rule. We do not supply any wines or liquors ourselves, but you may order anything you desire. Jupiter will attend to that." He considered a moment, and after a dubious glance at Waggestaff, concluded, "You won't mind if I add one thing more. At Cambric Hall gentlemen always dress for dinner. It's an old English custom, you know."

"How distressing," said Charlie Waggestaff. "Evening clothes. Dear, dear! Can we rent them here?"

"I beg pardon," said Mr. Crouch, taking a step backward.

"That's meant to be funny! When do you serve the cambric tea?"

Instantly a thin smile slit Mr. Crouch's parchment cheeks. He raised a bony finger and shook it playfully.

"Naughty! (*Cont. on page 128*)

Waggestaff immediately placed one hand over his mouth and, closing his fingers over his nose as a flute player, began an imitation of a static-ridden radio.

CHANEL

DEMEYER

THE GRACEFUL ELEGANCE OF STIFF SATIN,
CERISE-COLOURED, EFFECTIVELY COMBINED
WITH SABLE IN A GOWN AND SHORT COAT

CALLOT

BROWN VELVET JACKET TRIMMED WITH RED FOX. WORN WITH A YELLOW FAILLE GOWN

BE WISE AND BEWARE

Advice on Selecting Practical Clothes for Winter

by BARON DE MEYER

18 rue Vaneau, Paris.

ALICE, my of late much-neglected cousin, has been heard from again. (She generally writes at this time of year.) Her letter always means to me the advent of winter, the renewal of women's wardrobes; in fact, the everlasting change in styles.

Though I'm never really inclined to reply to a maze of questions and queries, I generally do, thereby killing two birds with one stone (the fact being that my letters to Alice generally find their way into Harper's Bazaar).

To reproduce my cousin's letter would be hardly worth while, my answer being quite sufficient. It starts with: Alice—be wise. Form practical plans. As you say yourself, times are hard, so be careful.

Whatever you do, beware of the many freak styles. There are few Paris collections which don't contain quite a number.

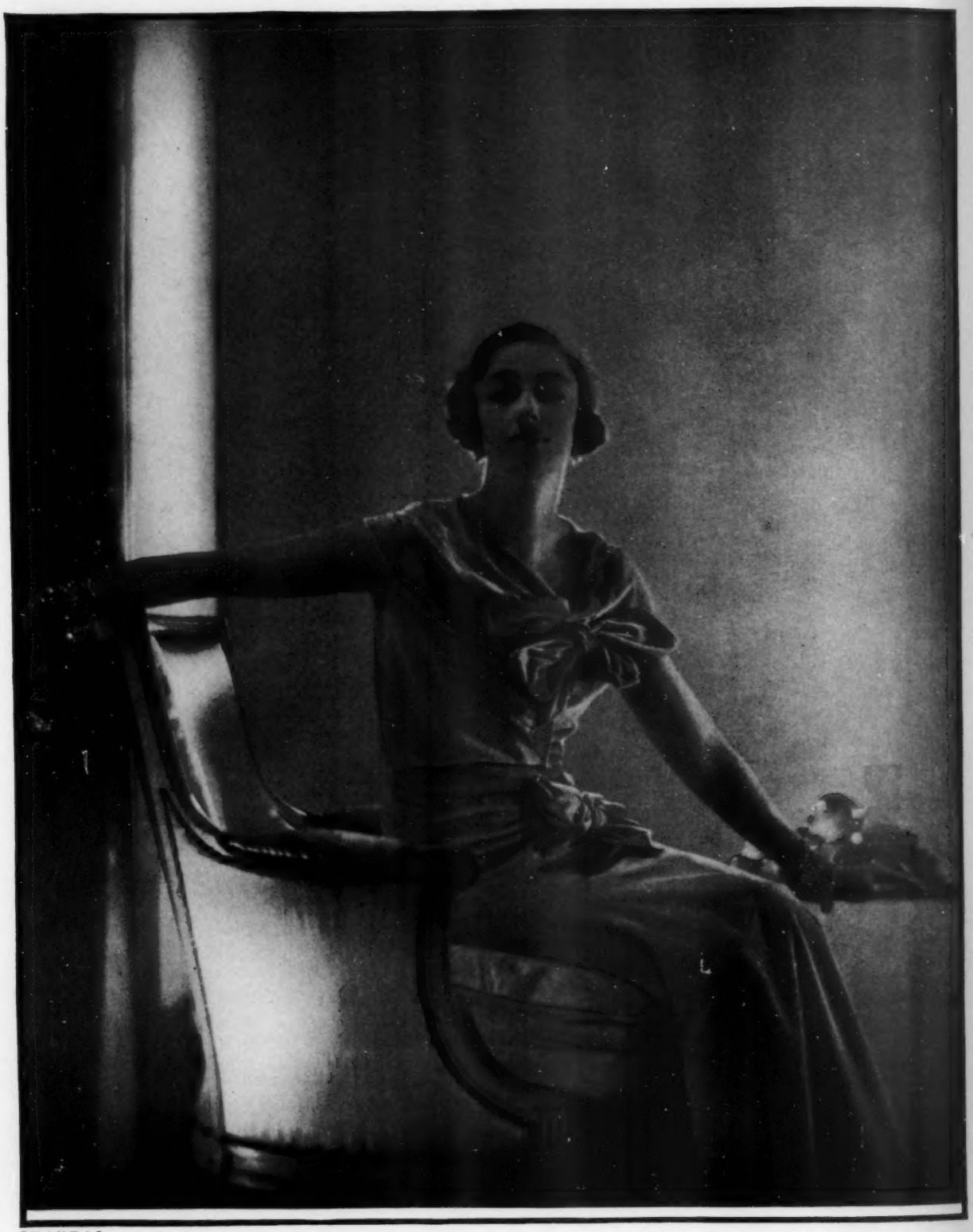
Skirt lengths, alas! are quite disconcerting; the uneven hemline making much too early a reappearance, as does the rising-in-front movement. Though such skirts are shown in the best houses, somehow the best women don't wear them (not at present, at least). "Too much like the ones I've just given my maid—last year's clothes," is the general verdict. "Looks as if I'd asked for them back."

As to walking skirts, they are worn to somewhere between knees and ankles, though for afternoon wear they're much longer, a good many reaching down to the ankles; only, of course, when meant for indoors. When obliged to go out in such clothes, no one attempts to walk or board a taxi. Unless an automobile waits at one's door, one changes into more practical garments. So much for the present.

For next spring everything is, as always, uncertain. For instance, the sports skirt, which a year ago seemed too long and is too short now, is sure to look absurd next season. Anyway, my dear, decide for yourself; an inch longer or shorter does not matter at all. What matters is good proportion.

For the evening I advocate floor length with nothing trailing at the back or the sides.

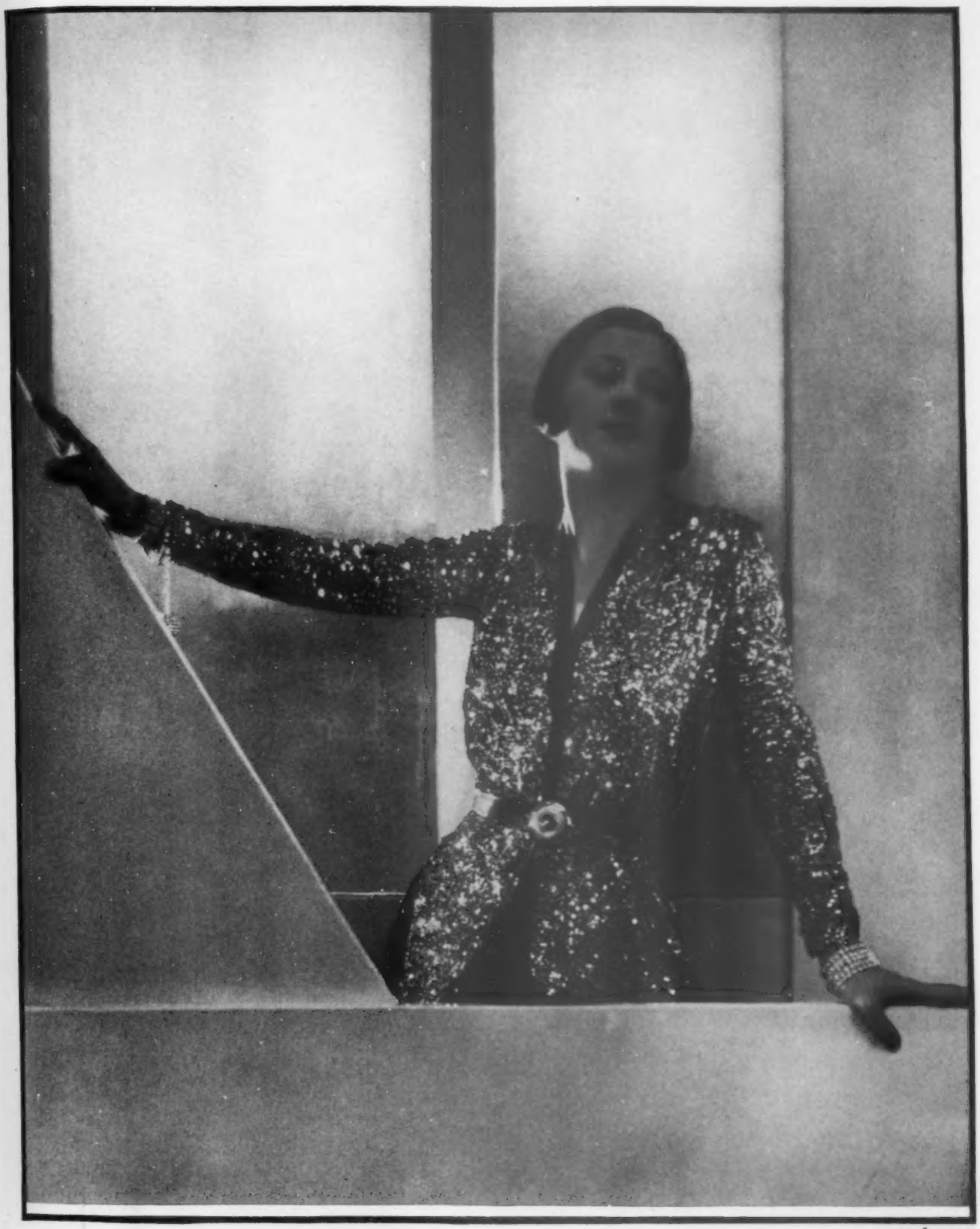
As to the waistline, do not for a moment imagine that its present normal location is an (*Continued on page 80*)



CHANTAL

DEMESSER

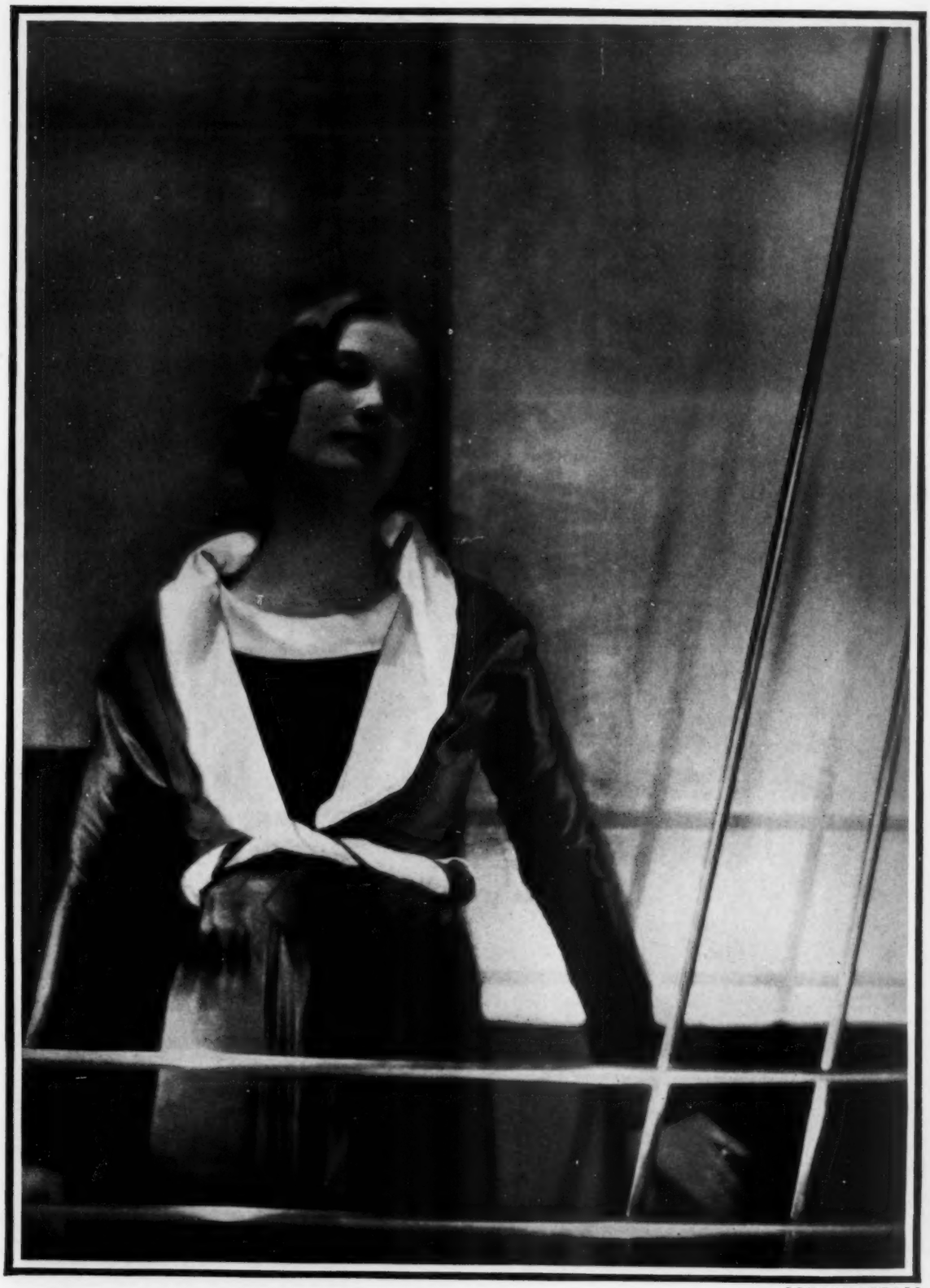
PRINCESS BELOSSELSKY, WEARING AN EVENING GOWN OF PINK LYONS VELVET, NAIVELY YOUTHFUL WITH ITS FICHU AND TWO VELVET BOWS



CHÉRUIT

DESMESS

A GLAMOROUS LITTLE SPANGLED JACKET FOR SUNDAY EVENING HAS GAY RED, BLUE AND SILVER SPANGLES ON A BLUE BACKGROUND



SCHIAPARELLI

DESMESER

THE UNQUESTIONABLE CHIC OF BLACK AND WHITE EFFECTIVELY EXPRESSED IN A "SUNDAY EVENING" GOWN OF REVERSIBLE SATIN

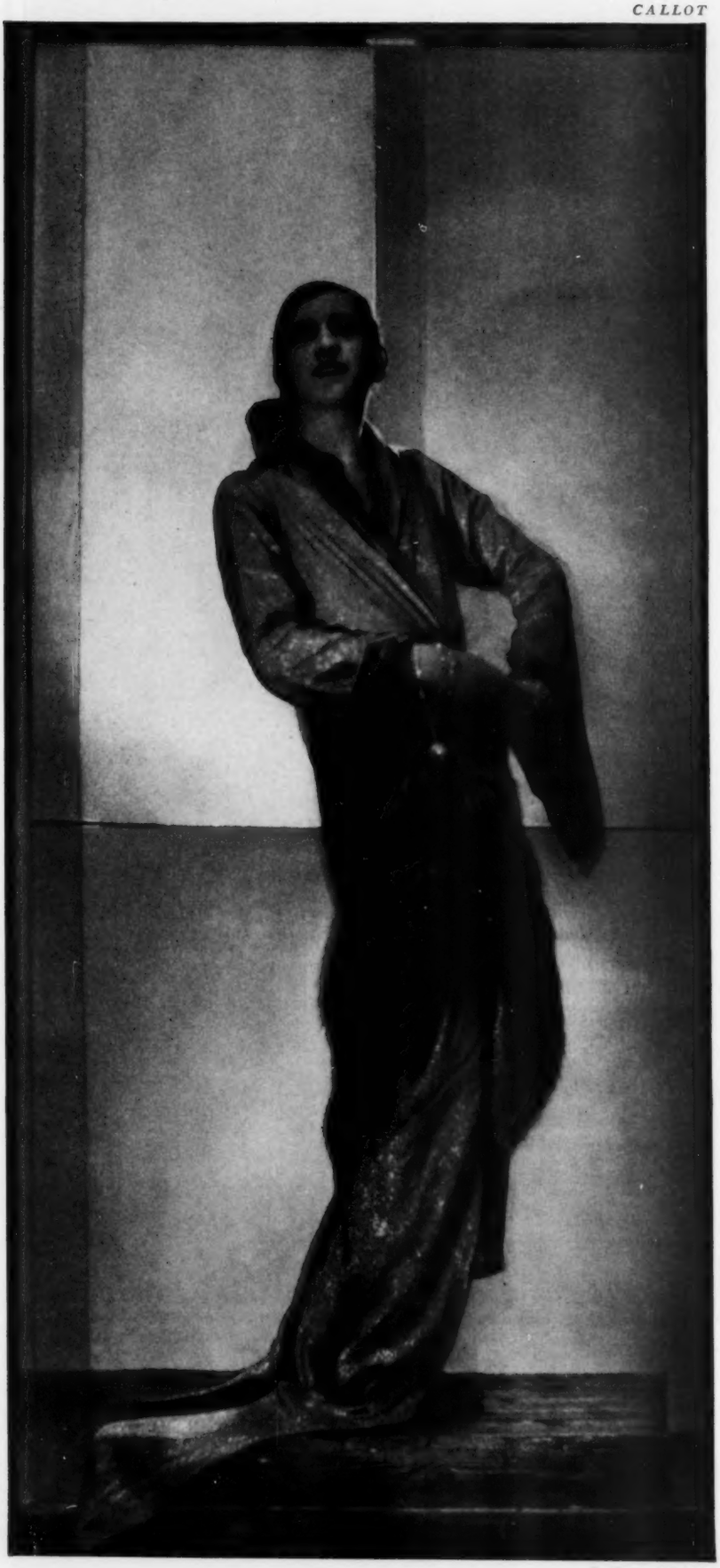
SUZANNE TALBOT

DEMEYER

A GREEN AND GOLD BROCADED WAISTCOAT, PERSIAN IN ITS INSPIRATION, WORN WITH A SUIT OF MAROCAIN AND A TRICORNE HAT

DEMEYER

CALLOT



AN EVENING ENSEMBLE WITH LONG, FLOWING LINES, MADE OF LAMÉ BROCHÉ IN VIOLET AND BLUE, AND TRIMMED WITH SILVER FOX

immovable institution. Three distinct variations already are being featured this fall: the really normal, the almost Directoire, and the belt placed on the hip-bone. The latter is a Chanel decision. A boon for clients who rule, "No normal waistline for me. I am neither tall nor slender." So, Alice dear, there is no reason for anyone not suiting her own build.

A further piece of information is that the really high waistline has so far been sponsored only by one important house. It remains, as yet, to be seen who is likely to follow.

A real handicap against the adopting of Directoire styles is their being called picturesque, a term not, at present, hall-marked as smart.

Important, my dear Cousin, when starting out to buy your winter outfit, is to have a definite colour scheme in mind. This, in view of what you call hard times: Get one good winter coat, and two or more dresses, treating all of it as one individual ensemble. Do not attempt the new haphazard style of dressing, however carefully you'd have worked it out. Away from fashion-pervaded Paris you'd find it unsatisfactory. Nor should you try to struggle with styles too recently new. One never can tell. They might not, as the season develops, be thought the right thing after all.

The coat (*Continued on page 148*)

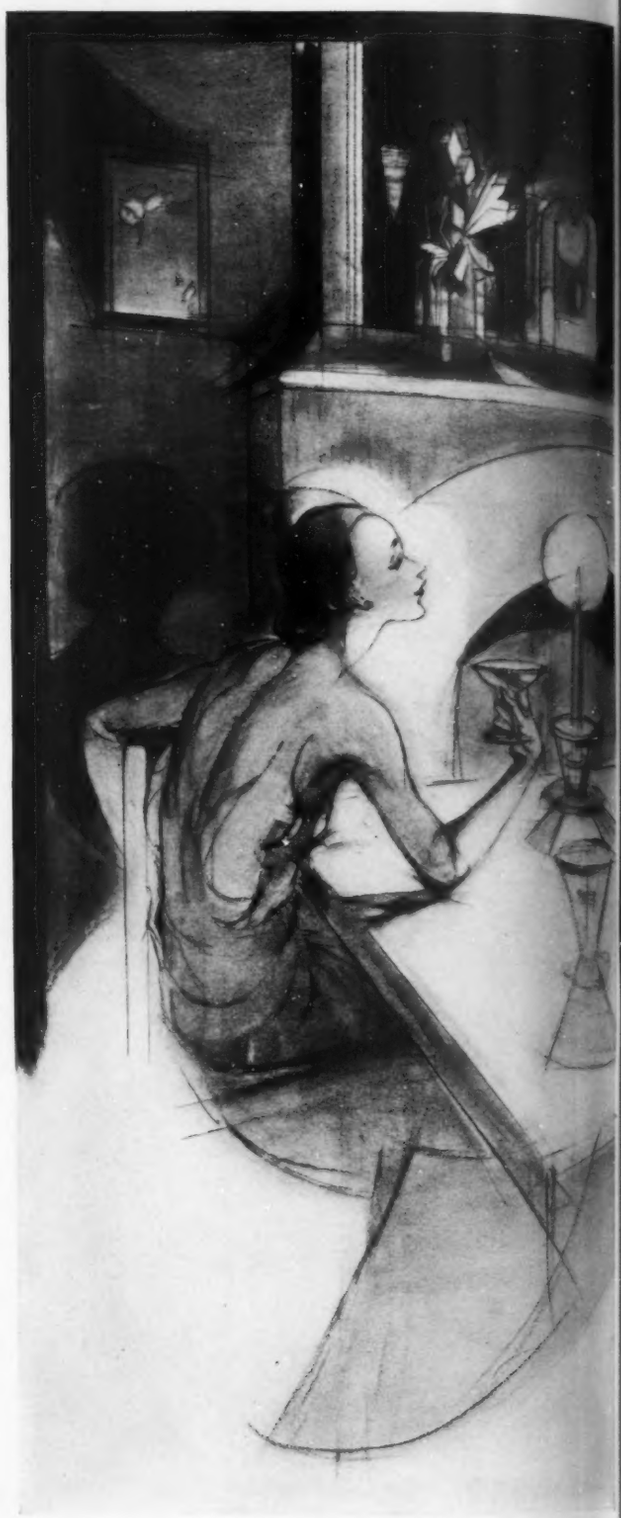
PATOU

DESMEYER

THE TRAINED EVENING MODE EXEMPLIFIED IN AN ELABORATE WRAP OF RED VELVET TRIMMED WITH SABLE. WORN OVER A RED VELVET GOWN

by NANCY HOYT

THE JEWEL



WILLIAM and Ann really did have good reason to love Paris. Those who have spent their childhood in that city seem always to keep a fatuous softness in otherwise hard hearts for anything and everything reminiscent of the place. William and Ann met on a cabin liner two days before it docked at Havre. By the time they were sitting on either side of a small *wagon-restaurant* table, rattling over Northern France at sixty miles an hour, they knew quite positively that a marriage had been arranged and would shortly take place. The speed with which this conviction had smitten them did not even seem ridiculous. A rosy haze, not unlike the soft clouds of pink which veiled the apple-trees outside the window-pane, enveloped them. They were as playful as the long-legged, wobbly young lambs who tumbled about the farmyards quickly passed by the hurrying boat-train. The black-browed young woman who served them breakfast had to tap sharply on the table before their rapt attention could be torn away from each other's faces to choose between the comparative merits of honey and bar-le-duc. William was something of an athlete, but had never distinguished himself in diving. Ann had confined her aquatic efforts to splashing and an elementary attempt at the breast stroke, but both now found that diving and then drowning in the other's eyes was a sport in which they were suddenly proficient. Only the rush of incoming travellers could have carried these two safely through the wild tumult of the Gare St. Lazare. The impetus of a competent porter deposited them in a taxi heaped with their hand luggage, bound for a small hotel on the rue de l'Université where, wonderful coincidence, it appeared the proprietess had known each since infancy.

By five o'clock of a fine sunny, dusty May afternoon, smelling of spring and gasoline and new wine, they had almost decided on a flat perched at the top of a recent building on a *quai* near the Invalides, which would give them a view clear to Sacré Cœur, and also a modern bathroom. Both bread *and* white hyacinths, they insisted.

"But I'll have to return to the New York office for a few weeks probably, darling," said William. "This is really a sort of preliminary tour of inspection and the firm has not appointed me Paris representative yet."

Ann did not mind a bit. She would have gone to Kamchatka with Bill. Besides, only a few weeks in New York or even a few months, and they'd be back again in Paris. She could return to her job on the weekly magazine for a while, and then get a Paris letter to do for one of the society and sport monthlies. After sitting in the sunshine of a side-street *bistrot* for an hour or more, regarding the windows and balcony of their future aerie on the seventh floor, while the waiter grew impatient of them for consuming only one *bock* and one *citronade*, they sighed with pure happiness and wandered off, hand in hand, like sleep-walkers, through a blue and gold dusk.

Paris is kind to young lovers. No taxis ran them down, even though they strayed, oblivious, across their path; no hurrying pedestrians shouted rude comments after them, even though they did retard progress for others along the narrow pavements by stopping to admire familiar vistas, dear to the returned traveller's heart.

They dined outside a very simple restaurant, self-consciously

Drawing by VERA CLERE

Love of France saves an Ironic Situation

a plain place for quiet people, which yet hugged itself with the knowledge that the crockery plates on the bucolic checked table covers held as good food as any porcelain in Paris.

For six weeks an idyllic existence went on, something as sweet, as agonizingly perfect, as any nostalgic's dream of a return to the city of his childhood could possibly be. Faint as a violin, fresh as primroses, sweet as Peter Ibbetson's Passy garden, the music of Paris played accompaniment to their love. They had no quarrels and no misunderstandings which perhaps give savour to love, but are a little upsetting. Since Bill and Ann were both young, lonely creatures, very vivid and yet very different in temperament, who had enjoyed almost the same kind of families and beginnings and then been orphaned from these familiar joys, they made up to each other for all that had been missed in recent years.

Just before Bill had to return to New York on business, they were married at the American Church and stepped out into the rue du Bac to take the boat train and live happily ever after.

The owner of the seventh floor apartment was promised that she should hear from them soon.

It appeared that the great bank which employed William somewhere in its Foreign Department had missed him. No one else translated and dispatched such soothing letters in French, German, Italian and Roumanian to excited correspondents living anywhere from the Baltic to the Balkans and points south. They said nothing to contradict their original promise that he should return to Paris for them, but quietly presented him with piles of work, his accustomed desk and secretary, and a thousand dollars a year raise to his very modest salary.

Ann found her weekly magazine delighted to take her back for book reviews and fashions, and, although they did not approve of her marriage, they were so pleased with her renewed charm and vitality that they gave her fifty whole dollars a week to do twice the work she had been handling for forty.

It really seemed a lot of money. Why in France you could live grandly on fifty a week! Of course, New York was a little bit expensive, but Bill and Ann didn't want or need so many things. They didn't want night clubs or expensive theatres, or opera wraps, or silver and mahogany cocktail wagons; they didn't need caviar or Scotch whisky or special cigarettes. They could exist without radios, automobiles and vacuum cleaners. They only asked for two rooms, a bath and a kitchen and perhaps a respectable part-time servant, to keep them utterly happy and satisfied. Ann decided to rent an apartment furnished, since they were to be in New York for only a few months. It was a very nice little flat with pretty furniture, some really old pieces of walnut and maple, with a nice bathroom, a small bedroom and a tiny real kitchen, all opening off the living-room. The location in the Fifties was perfect, the ceiling was high, and the rent was not more than one-third of their income, which everyone said was very cheap. Of course, at the price they paid they could not expect an electric refrigerator, a very grand range, a dumb-waiter, radio, or hordes of bellboys, but as they hated all these emenities they were quite happy.

William insisted that they em- (*Continued on page 113*)

LANVIN LANVIN

Lanvin's princess coat is in black broadcloth fitted loosely to the figure and buttoned in the front with three buttons on a high line. The trimming is black dyed ermine, a band at the hem, and deep cuffs forming half-sleeves.

The second coat, of youthful silhouette, is in black "drap zibeline," brushed broadcloth, and again the fur is black dyed ermine. Belted at the natural waist and smartly flared, the coat suggests a Cossack uniform. Also from Lanvin.

Drawings by Reynaldo Luza

FROM PARIS AND POINTS SOUTH

MARTIAL et ARMAND

A coat from Martial et Armand, made of bottle-green brushed broadcloth and black broadtail, gives the appearance of a suit. Pin-tucking of the material appears at the hem and in a band that gives the look of a jacket to the top of the coat.

BY MARJORIE HOWARD

15 rue de la Paix, Paris.

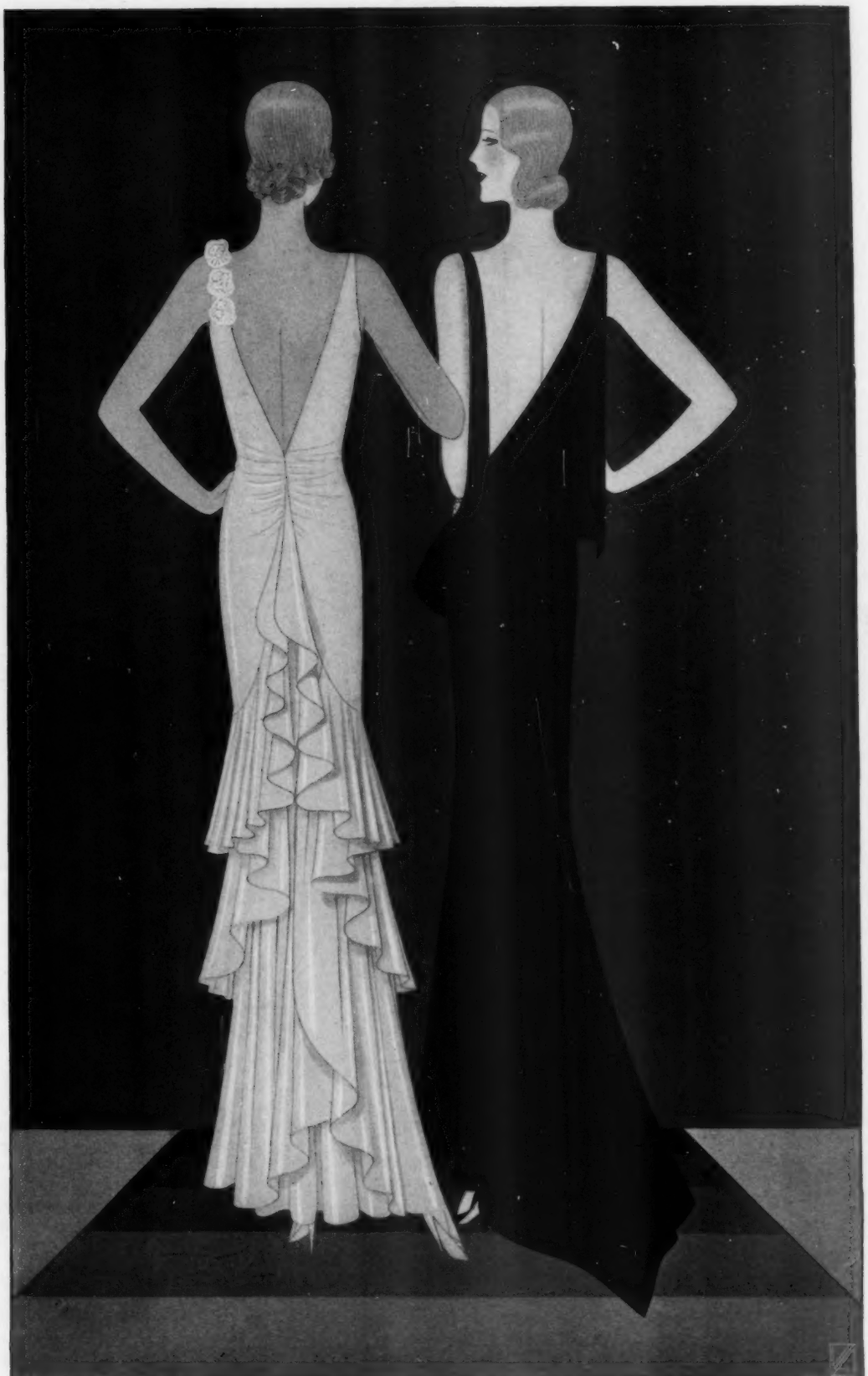
AFTER the first winter showings, many of us were seized with the fear that clothes of the Romantic period were to be forced upon us. Some of the protestations reminded me of the boy who would not eat his soup in deathless Struwwel Peter: "Take the nasty modes away—I won't have any Romanticism today." But I think we may calm our fears. A period of compromise has set in, and we are to be left with that priceless opportunity for individual adaptation that has raised dressing in general to a higher average of goodness than it has ever known before.

"Diversity" was the motto of the first winter collections, and, at first, we all felt concerned lest this very variety should force us into freak fashions. But it has not, need not, and will not. The situation narrows down to a matter of knowledge of ourselves and what suits us. "Know thyself" is more insistently than ever the beginning of wisdom in dressing, just because the latitude is so wide.

Last year, you remember, we were threatened with long skirts, long corsets, long hair and long gloves. Well, this year, we have many different skirt lengths, adapted to figure, avocation, and occasion. The vexed question is settled for the winter, with clarity for all and malaise toward none. The menace of sweeping hems in the street is definitely banished, and the evening skirt, in many instances, stops comfortably short at the instep or even at the ankle for more informal occasions. Waistlines are where we want them—high, low or in the middle: that is to say, Empire, as Molyneux likes them; "natural," at many houses; or just above the hipbone, if you agree to follow Chanel. The result of this latitude is to relieve our minds of the apprehension of long, tight, rigid corsets. The actual ones worn in Paris are only slightly different from those worn before the "revolution." Even our much-discussed hair may be worn as we like it, short (though not cropped), half-long, or long. Long gloves have been accepted for evening by many women, but there are many others who prefer them well below the elbow, and not a few who refuse to wear them at all.

The influence of Romanticism, therefore, apart from some "costume" models, such as are often found in the Paris collections, is seen in such ways as coats with revers and pocket-flaps suggestive of men's fashions of 1830-40; in a tendency toward the leg-of-mutton sleeve characteristic of the eighteen-thirties, and in more elaborate sleeves with afternoon dress; while in the evening, it is shown in frills and flounces, in off-the-shoulder necklines and berthas, occasionally in decorated hems suggesting 1830 styles.

After all, there (*Continued on page 88*)



WORTH *WORTH*

Oyster white Lyons velvet makes a Worth evening gown that suggests the modes that led to the bustle of the 'eighties. The gown folds around the waist in flat folds, and ruffles run up the back in a point. On one shoulder and running round the armhole in front are flat white velvet flowers.

A stately evening gown of black Lyons velvet has Worth's characteristic one rever in the back, with an asymmetric V décolletage running to one side and ending in a bow, fastened with a diamond clasp. The slight train, a mere trailing point, gives dignity to the gown.

REDFERN

PREMET

THE LATITUDE OF THE WINTER

EVENING MODE DEMANDS: "KNOW THYSELF"

An unusual shade of bright green in crêpe romain makes a Redfern gown for evening occasions of less formality. It is simply trimmed with flat plaits and encrustations of the crêpe. The long, full skirt is laid in fan-plaited sections at the sides. A matching scarf is worn hanging down the back.

A Premet gown in pastel blue georgette and fine lace dyed to match has an important cape-like scarf of the two materials. The skirt has a deep lace hem that runs up to the waist at one side. Combinations of georgette and chiffon with fine lace will be a feature of the winter evening mode.

MOLYNEUX

Pale chartreuse green chiffon velvet makes what Molyneux calls a tea-gown but what would be a lovely evening gown for the feminine type of woman. There is shirring at the high waist, and the skirt ends in a short train. At the point of the flattering chinchilla collar are tucked two tea-roses.

THE RENAISSANCE OF FEMININITY

FUR, AND EMBROIDERY

Drawings by

should be nothing in diversity to frighten us, for it has been steadily growing ever since the one-fashion-at-a-time period came to an end during the war. Even during the most acute crisis of the sports mode, when evening gowns were simply golf clothes in lamé, there was always the soft little chiffon rag for those who liked it, and the *robe de style* for lovers of the picturesque. At the present moment, you may have beach clothes reduced to as fine a minimum as you choose, or your figure and your principles permit; playing clothes designed for the utmost freedom of movement; and morning and travel clothes of as great a practicality as ever; for no one can pretend that an inch or two on her skirts makes them unsuitable to their purpose. The almost invariable tuck in blouse of last year shares popularity this season with the blouse that is worn outside the skirt, more generally becoming to one whose waist is not particularly slim and supple. There is also the resource of the longer tunic blouse which is suitable to many types of figure.

There are afternoon models adapted to all possible contingencies, and among the extremely long skirts, feather-trimmed hats, lace collars, full sleeves, and other features stigmatized as feminine futilities by those who do not like them, we also find the fur-trimmed suit coming to the rescue of women who prefer neat, trim lines. Made as it is this season, of such materials as velvet, broadcloth, or heavy silken fabrics, and worn with a handsome blouse, it can take its place beside the "picture gown" itself, without fear of adverse criticism. As to the evening mode, a woman must be hard to please if she cannot find something. There are gowns for all figures, all heights, and all ages.

Looking over the collections again, as I have been doing in these last few weeks, I find that the principal creators have taken more thought for the vagaries of height and figure than they have done for some time. Recently, small women have complained that the evening gowns were all designed for goddesses; this season, we have the piquant adaptations of the modes of the 'seventies, which are a real small-woman's fashion. They are cute and perky —two things which no tall woman should

POIRET

DECLARES ITSELF IN FLOWERS, FOR EVENING WEAR

Broderie anglaise on heavy white satin makes this Poiret gown, with its curious little bodice fitting the natural waist, embroidered in circles of eyelets, as is the full limp-hanging skirt. A pink rose worn at the front of the décolletage illustrates the revival of artificial flowers.

Dynevor Rhys

ever attempt to be. Worth does this prettily in frills running round the bottom of the skirt and up the back. On page 84 is a gown of oyster-white Lyons velvet which suggests this silhouette, another example of the attenuated influence of a period style, rather than a slavish copy of it. Chanel, as you saw in the October issue, suggests apron lines in the front of her gowns by cut sections, rows of stitching, or tiny frills. These converge to a point at the centre of the natural waist in the back, and then their lines turn down again in various ways. She also, in her pink tulle model, which bids fair to be one of the great successes of the collection, uses a straight, slim skirt, as narrow as a "tie back," and cut in curved horizontal sections, while down the back is a wide-spreading peacock tail of the tulle, that sweeps the ground. Molyneux, whose interpretations of the Empire line have caused his collection to be one of the most discussed in Paris, has taken thought for the Junoesque, in his evening gowns of Lyons velvet, fitted in the front with a belt placed high, but quite straight and unbelted in the back. The continued vogue of the evening scarf, which has attained important proportions in itself, is another way of flattering a figure that is not slim. Chanel's collection is simply full of scarfs; there is hardly an evening gown shown without one. They are composed of two pieces, very often, narrow in the centre and worn across the throat in front and hanging down the back. This year, she has attached some of these scarfs to the gown itself, with almost the effect of a cape. Augustabernard is another designer who features evening scarfs. I have mentioned before her use of thinnest wedding-ring velvet in pale colours on a black gown.

At Vionnet's, where I went to the clients' opening, I discussed the same idea of adaption with Monsieur Trouyet, telling him how pleased I was to see that, though many of the gowns were evidently intended for women with long slim lines, there were possibilities of gowning other types of figure.

"Yes," he said, "Madame Vionnet is the doctor of the silhouette." It is prettier in French—*le médecin de la ligne.*

LELONG

Lelong shows two very short fur jackets, one in black Persian lamb, the other in natural grey. The one above in black has a peplum following the lines of the pelerine cape, with a soft puffed collar above it. The muff is cylindrical, with a roll of fur at the edges. The frock of thin broadcloth has collar and cuffs of gaufré white.

Drawings by

Her semi-transparent evening gowns have caused an immense amount of discussion. The slim, long-limbed mannequins float by in high-waisted chiffon dresses, the skirts extremely long and composed of two or three thicknesses. Underneath, they wear a sheath of Milanese silk, what is called a *maillot*, very décolleté, very smooth-fitting, and very short, and nothing else. The effect, in movement, is exactly like the Winged Victory in the Louvre. It remains to be seen whether the private client will demand a crêpe slip under her swirling chiffon. The edges of the skirts are sometimes weighted with a row of crystal drops to keep their lines slim, though they contain so much material.

At Patou's, the very long, slim, ultra-feminine afternoon gowns in black chiffon velvet with lace collars and cuffs and wide hats sometimes trimmed with ostrich feathers (see the Last-Minute sketches) impressed me again. Last August, his model of this character caused almost a panic, lest long skirts should be adopted in the daytime. This year, we know better. They have their place, and an important and picturesque one it is; but no one expects business women to appear in their offices in such gowns as this. Compromise, again, you see, and further latitude of adaptation to occasion.

I went to see Lanvin's collection of sports clothes, shown across the street from the parent house. Here I found a quantity of those little woollen frocks, in all sorts of supple materials, in black, dark green, bright warm red, or in beige and brown. They have important collars

A FUR JACKET WITH PELERINE, PEPLUM AND MUFF

Léon Bénigni

and cuffs often made of pieced-together sections of white grosgrain, and are attractive and very wearable. I found country and travel ensembles, with simple tweed coats, short, long or three-quarter length, wrap-over skirts, and sometimes jackets of striped jersey, or blouses of another thin woollen material, made like jackets and buttoned straight up the front. They may be belted or not, according to the figure that is to wear them. An idea at Lanvin's is to line tweed coats of this type with the same material and, to avoid bulk, she has used more of the hard-woven, smooth tweeds than the loose, jersey-like, knobbly ones.

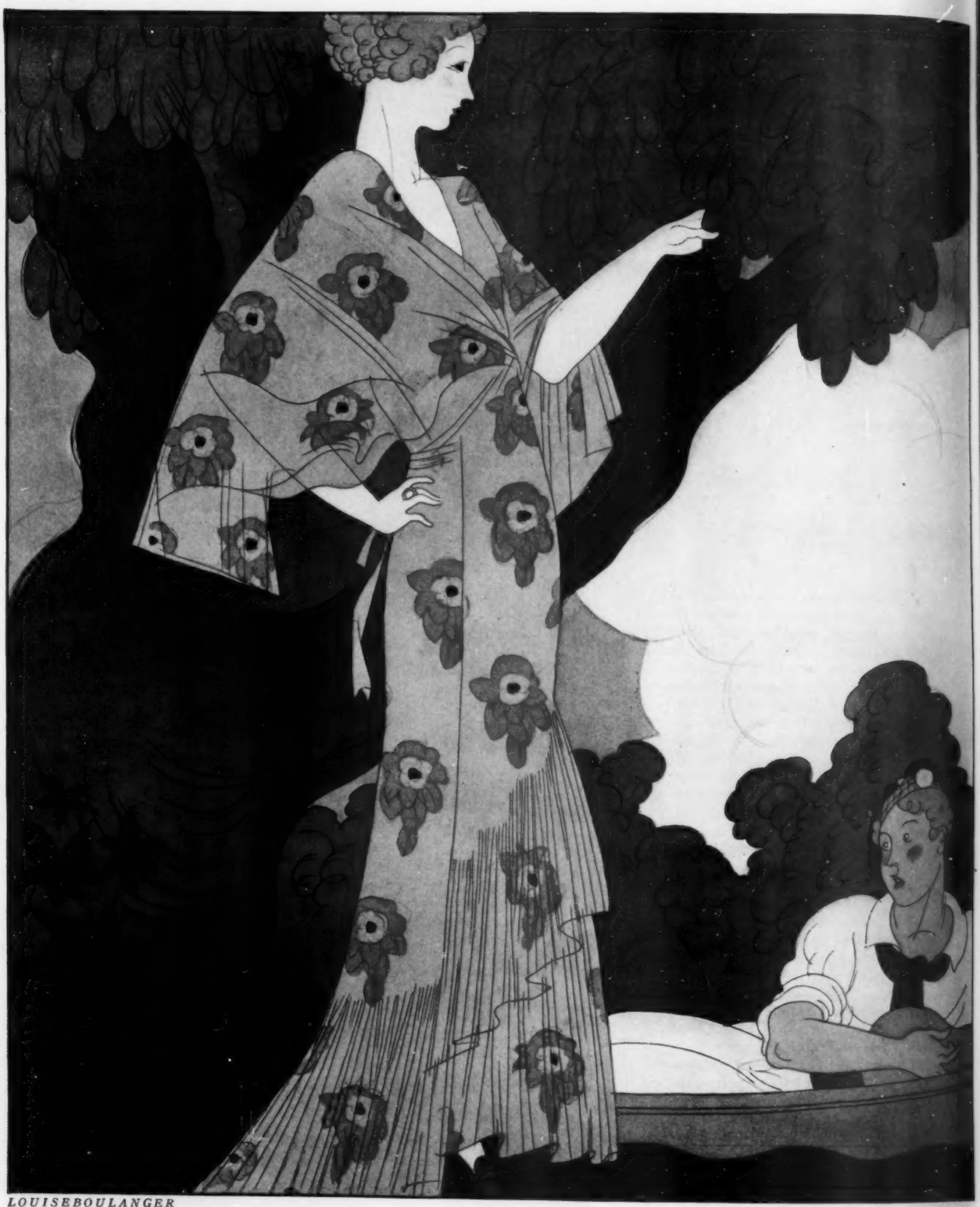
At Schiaparelli's, I hear that the padded shoulders in coats and suits are very successful. She handles the shoulder exactly as it used to be handled in a man's coat. This, she says, makes the hips and waist look slimmer, because the shoulders are built up. I also noted her charming blouses, softly draped or tied, and made of a very wide width of crêpe de Chine ribbon, which may be dyed any colour. And her practical fashion of cutting away the material in the front of a wrap-over skirt, replacing it with crêpe de Chine, so that one may have only one thickness of the woollen fabric instead of two.

As I write, Paris is still given over to the floating population, assembling to go home, like a flock of migrating birds, and to occasional Parisians passing through on their way to Biarritz, the South of France, or some late autumn resort. Resort life is lasting longer this year, on account of the miserable weather in the North. (*Continued on page 154*)

VIONNET

THE SPIRAL MOVEMENT IN A PERSIAN LAMB BOLERO

Vionnet does the popular short fur jacket, often called a bolero, in black Persian lamb. It stops at the natural waistline with a rolling movement that is followed by the shawl collar. The sleeves are tight and plain. The frock of thinnest black broadcloth has an ice-white satin bodice, following the spiral lines of the jacket.



LOUISEBOULANGER

Madame Boulanger's studio gowns this year are real gowns, without trousers, made in soft materials—tulle, fine lace, chiffon, and gauze lamés. The one above is in printed chiffon that looks like a water colour, with bunches of flowers in soft pinks and blues on a pale pink ground; worn over a pink crêpe de Chine slip. The effect is softly feminine.

A FLOWERED CHIFFON STUDIO GOWN TO FLATTER YOU

Drawn by Charles Martin

ARDANSE *MARY NOWITZKY*

THE ARTFUL BIFURCATED SKIRT

This drawing tells the story of two dinner pyjamas that look like gowns. The one from Ardanse has a bolero, wide sleeves, and a ruffled skirt divided from a tight hip-yoke. It is in fine black marquisette with encrustations of red marquisette, and embroidered in silver threads. Red crêpe de Chine sash.

Mary Nowitzky's dinner pyjamas belong to the class of divided skirts rather than trousers. A silvery dark lavender velvet makes this suit, while the georgette triangles are pale lavender, cyclamen, and lemon yellow—an original colour scheme. The trousers sweep the floor in a brief double train.

Drawings by ADDISON BURBANK

"Everyone assembled in the Palm Hall, and there Boldi played to us. I used to sit on the steps leading down to where the musicians were placed, my paws hanging over the first step, in rapt attention; this was facing the music, literally."

The Memoirs of a Distinguished Canine Gentleman

CHI-CHI THE CHOW

Edited by MRS. E. BERRY WALL

Part Two:

AIX-LES-BAINS (they say it should be written "Aches les Pains," because most of the people who go there are full of both) is a lovely spot, and if one has rheumatism or any of those ills that all flesh, even dog flesh, is heir to, one could not choose a place with a greater variety of attractions: a golf club and country club, tennis, a big lake, a funicular to take you up to Mont Revard where the air is like crystal, first-class hotels and restaurants, wonderful shops like those in the rue de la Paix, charming walks and drives, superb views, a celebrated casino, good opera, and last, but not least, a number of celebrated people. King George of Greece, then a great favourite, always favoured Aix; Izette Pasha, the Egyptian Prince who entertained Master and Missus at his Palace in Cairo, never missed a season; and Mr. Chauncey Depew and his distinguished wife were among the well-known Americans who were also habitués. It would take too long to mention all the celebrities. Many of them had their dogs with them, and interesting stories to tell about our world when we met them.

As soon as we arrived, paragraphs appeared in the papers to say that Master and Missus were there with their handsome chow dog, Chi. Of course, with all the prizes I had taken this was not the first time my name had been in the newspapers. In fact, I was becoming quite accustomed to this sort of notoriety and to hearing people say, "So this is the celebrated Chi, is it?" and then I would hear the sudden click of the frequent and familiar kodak.

But it wasn't only because of the prizes that people noticed me, of that I am sure. There were other reasons. In the first place, I was always with Master and Missus wherever they went. If they possibly could take me along, there I was. One night, for example, we dined at the casino called the Villa des Fleurs. Dinner was served in the open-air restaurant, which possessed a large theatre where operas and ballets were given, with the audience seated at tables under the open sky. One night "Aïda," one of my favourite operas, was performed. I heard the whole thing through, lying quite quietly under the table, and when at the end the curtain fell and I walked out of my hiding-place, everyone was amazed. They exclaimed: "Why! Chi's been there the whole time and he never budged! How extraordinary!"

But it was not extraordinary, because I adore music. Whenever anyone plays, I always go and sit under the piano, and when they sing, even if they have awful voices, I never howl.

That is another point I want to make, showing why people are attracted to me quite apart from prizes. I always try to have perfect manners. This doesn't mean that I'm namby-pamby or that I have no spunk. No, indeed! I well remember a certain manservant at Elsinore who was once told to give me my bath. He took me up and threw me into the tub. It wasn't long before I settled my score with *him*, and when he came to repeat the operation the next morning, Missus saw there was nothing doing, so she said to Master:

"There must be something the matter. Chi won't let the man put him in his bath."

"You try," Master said. (Master was always a sort of mind-reader where I was concerned.) Of course, with Missus I was like a lamb. This was because I knew she loved me, and with the servant I felt he was going to bathe me just because he had to, and that he thought it was silly. It offended my dignity. In the world, people liked me because they felt this dignity. That's the point. They felt they had to win me over. Personally, I can't bear the type of little dog who jumps up on a human's lap and begins licking his face just because he has said, "Hello, doggie!" I submit to caresses, but I never seek them from strangers. I tolerate admiration—one has to; it is part of the handsome male's program—but I only give my whole heart to those of whose true love I am sure.

Well, to go back to Aix. The "cure," as it is called, is done in the early morning, nor do doctors trust their patients to get up in proper time. They send up for them in a funny sort of sedan chair. I hated to see my dear one carried off in this way by two men, and was not at rest until they brought her back again, all rolled up in lots of blankets, and she tumbled into bed where I had breakfast sitting by her side.

This reminds me of a rather amusing story. The men who carry the sedan chairs sometimes make mistakes, and the person inside, all curtained in, doesn't always see where she is being taken. This particular one was all rolled up like a mummy, and the two strong porters lifted her out and dumped her into a bed with a perfectly strange man who protested wildly, saying, "She doesn't belong here," while the unhappy lady nearly had hysterics. There might have been serious complica-

"We heard a scream and saw one of the ladies jump up on a table and gather her skirts about her. I scented a mouse."

tions, but everything was explained, and she was hastily put back where she belonged. *I* could never have mistaken the floor and the room like that; anyone with dog sense would have known better.

One afternoon we motored over to the old monastery where the monks used to make the famous Chartreuse liqueur sold at present for priceless sums per bottle. Another day we took an equally lovely drive to the Lake of Annecy and we lunched at a celebrated little restaurant at Talloire. It looked like nothing at all, but such food! The specialty is the fresh trout. It is taken from the lake and they call it *Ombre Chevalier* (Knight's Shadow). It is cooked with lots of butter over a hot fire and the wine drunk with it is the white wine of the country, Seyssel, a sort of sparkling amber fluid, which everyone seemed to enjoy immensely and which made them feel happy and gay like the sunlight it seemed to have caught in the making.

Once a week, at the Villa des Fleurs, they sent off fireworks. They say the Chinese invented these atrocities and I am sorry for it, as I spent, on their account, some very uncomfortable moments. I preferred to be shut up in my room with the window closed, as even the beauty of the set pieces, over which there was such a fuss made, did not compensate me for the agony of those siss! boom! bangs!

I simply adored Aix, even though I sometimes suffered with the heat, which was intense that fateful July, 1914. I say fateful, for about the last week we began to hear rumours which I saw were disturbing my dear ones. Master would read his paper and then come in and say to Missus: "Have you seen this? It looks bad."

Of course, I couldn't tell exactly what was disturbing them and unfortunately I could not ask any questions, but I kept my ears open.

One night Missus and Master came home from a ball at the country club and I heard Missus say: "It's too awful. I can't believe it!"

And Master answered, "We *mustn't* believe it until it really comes, but from what everybody said tonight it looks awfully like war."

War! Guns! Cannon! Oh, how terrible! How could I, how could any of us ever live through a war!

The next day Master took me motoring with one of his friends, Colonel Colt, of Providence, Rhode Island, over to Chambéry, quite a large town near Aix. We had no sooner arrived in the public square than we heard the beating of drums. It was the town crier. He was announcing the mobilization of all the troops on land and sea! The enemy had already crossed the frontier.

As soon as we got back to the hotel the discussion started as to how people were to get away. The Mayor, Monsieur Raoul Mourichon, was very active and kind in helping some of the Austrians and Germans, who were there "curing," to reach the frontier as quickly as possible, so that they would not be interned in camps, as many *were*, with great discomfort to themselves and expense to the government. Our case, as that of the many Americans and English in the place, was not the same.

The first thing Master told us about was the moratorium. All the banks, he said, had practically shut down, so that people could only draw out very small sums of money. But at this point I began to notice that spirit of charity which I met with all through the awful war. Everyone seemed ready to help everyone else. Those who had, gave to those who had nothing.

It was the first of August when we heard those drums beating at Chambéry. By August fourth, war had really started. England, Russia, Belgium and France were united, and it seemed already as if all this had gone on for years and that we should never be able to leave Aix.

By this time the town had taken on a dreary aspect. The shops were closed, the men had all started away, everyone talked with bated breath, and my dear ones gave me the impression of being very anxious. We had almost resigned ourselves to settling down in Aix for the rest of our lives when a message was posted up in the hotel hall. I heard Master read it out, and he said Ambassador Herrick had arranged that a train was to be sent to transport all the Americans back to Paris. We didn't know then that this would be jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire, or that we should live to regret these quiet days in Aix.

The great preoccupation now was how to take all our belongings with us, for it was announced that no one could send any trunks. Of course, when people go to a fashionable watering-place they have very voluminous wardrobes. Missus and Master couldn't leave all their things behind, so there was a wild rush for carry-alls in which we tried to stuff as many as possible of our possessions. My little suitcase was full to bulging capacity.

Worse than this was the fact that all motors had been commandeered by the government and our chauffeur himself had been mobilized at the first beat of the drums.

I shall never forget that trip! In the usual express train the journey from Aix to Paris lasts nine hours; we were twenty-seven on the way, packed into a second-class compartment. Once, I remember, when we were almost famished for food, toward evening, the train stopped and somebody came running along to tell us that we had forty minutes' wait for dinner. Glad news, indeed! So out we all piled and into the station restaurant. Missus, who must have been terribly hungry herself, put a plate down for me with some nice hot meat in it.

"There, Chi, darling," she said, "you poor old dear."

I had just swallowed the first gulp, my favourite dish, too—liver, which most dogs love, and it was so hot that I had to wait a moment—when word came that the train would leave in five minutes. We scrambled back in a hurry for fear someone might take our places in the train. No one thought of paying for all that delicious food untouched. However, we were more fortunate than most, for we had brought a lunch basket with us in case of accidents, and this now came in very useful. We shared it with our travelling companions, and there was more than enough for me, as it was, for they had given us nice things. There was a strange unusual savour or aroma about that first "war meal," the first of so many hundred others, that was to mark it forever in my memory as different from any of its successors.

When at last we reached Paris, the City of Light, we found it plunged in utter darkness. The Zeppelins were expected from one instant to the next. The Meurice Hotel was closed, and most of our friends had got away at the first alarm, knowing how complicated things might become. So we took up our quarters in the Hotel Edouard VII., which was under the same management as the Meurice.

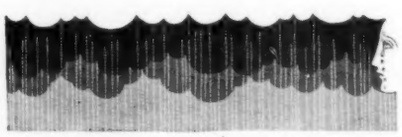
Every afternoon we were visited by little bombing airplanes—*taubes* or doves, they called them, though they were far from gentle. I hated their noise and could not get used to it—alas, poor pacifist me! The people of Paris were very brave, however. The day after a raid which had left its customary trail of destruction, they would say with a shrug, thinking of their loved ones at the Front, "Well, it's our turn now."

One day an order came that no more automobiles could leave Paris; that gave me a very uncomfortable feeling, as they said the Germans would be arriving in three days; and after hearing some of the things they did to people, I felt in my bones that it would be all over with this dog if they ever saw me. I should not be there to cheer up and protect my family or bark a warning. My Master went to the Embassy and was told by Mr. Iselin that if we got to the gates of Paris by (*Continued on page 124*)

RAINY NIGHT

THIS is a night for long rememberings.
Light up the fire and watch each ripening spark
Drift like a firefly where the chimney sings
With all the purple mystery of the dark.
This is a night for books. Turn to a page
That throbs with Aprils that were lost; go deep
In folded letters yellowing with age;
A night of rain is not a night for sleep.
Pile up the hearth with cedar boughs and listen
To silver music flashing on the pane;
Speak long-forgotten words, and they will glisten
Wrapped in their vanished glory once again.
Turn back the clock, and till the break of dawn
Your heart will beat with hours that are gone.

Daniel Whitehead Hicky



Erté

THE SULTAN'S PET

by LORD DUNSANY

A miniature Masterpiece, as Keen and Incisive as a Sword

"BEAUTIFUL fingers, beautiful fingers," said the Sultan, as he looked at the delicate curve of the shining nails, all faintly tinted with pink.

He sat by his battlements in the evening, on his terrace at Showr-ud-dulin. Below him the white wall of sparkling granite went sheer to the waters of a tarn, so still that you had scarcely thought that goldfish even could ever stir in its deeps. And on this haunting stillness, this night-like hush, the sun had some while set, though its rays still danced upon the upper wall, picking out specks of mica; and a curious influence from the gleaming wall fell on the under-shadows.

And sitting there with earth fading underneath him as he touched the tinted nails, old recollections came back to him, radiant as moonlight. The girl he had seen eight years ago tending goats on high pastures; at evening, as now; her village far below them, all blue with smoke and swift nightfall; a little above them the last of the pasture ending; above that the huge grave mountain, with something of daylight lingering about its serene head; a bell from a temple sending a curious warning up and up into the still air; a sudden chill and an upward rush of the darkness; the girl's eyes shining, and those delicate hands.

As the darkness deepened under the Sultan's wall, memory wakened and brightened, as the colours were brightening in the huge dome of the sky. He thought of the bridal day, the palanquins and the music. He saw with the inner eye their tower that stood in the forest, its marble terrace in the morning sun, and their cats walking up and down softly over the marble. The hundred noises of the forest at night came again to him over the tree-tops. Again men woke before dawn and called far off with clear voices.

Overhead, light clouds were changing to stranger and richer colours: in the deeps of his memory the years were changing. He remembered now the coming of the Welshman. He had showed him his tower, and they had hunted together; he had shown him all the forest. He had told his guest strange tales of the ancient days, and the customs of men and beasts, all of them queer and true; but he could never tell tales so strange as those that the Welshman told. Whatever he told him, his guest told something stranger, calling up far lands so vividly wth his tales that you knew it was as he said, though he told of astounding customs.

He remembered the day they parted; the long farewell at the gate; and how a radiance seemed to have faded away from the morning.

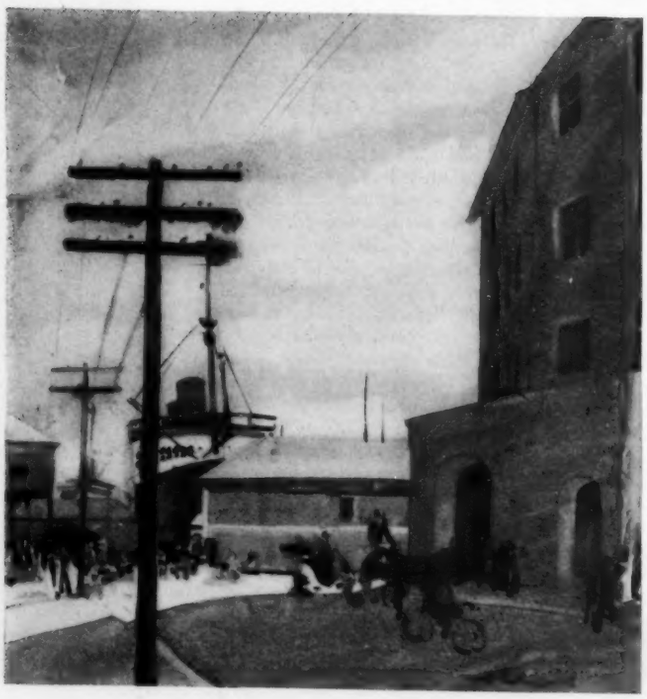
He remembered finding that the girl with the lovely hands was gone.

He had ridden eighty miles before he overtook them. He found them at an inn. In a small dark room with low ceiling. The Welshman had drawn his revolver with a threatening air, thus losing his one last chance; he should have shot from the pocket. Then the Sultan had come in with his sword, the one his grandfather had used so well, and those before him; and before them, as many said, the gods; but who could tell?

And now he touched again those delicate hands, those gleaming nails, and a diamond he once had given, that shone there brighter than the last of the daylight. The crocodile in the tarn below was utterly motionless, a dark streak only darker by a shadow or so than the gloaming. The fall of his morsels of food made far more ripple than he made with his whole body, when the Sultan fed his pet with dainties at evening.

"Beautiful fingers. Beautiful fingers," sighed the Sultan, as he threw the last of them, diamond and all, to the tarn.

Drawings by ERTÉ



From water-colours

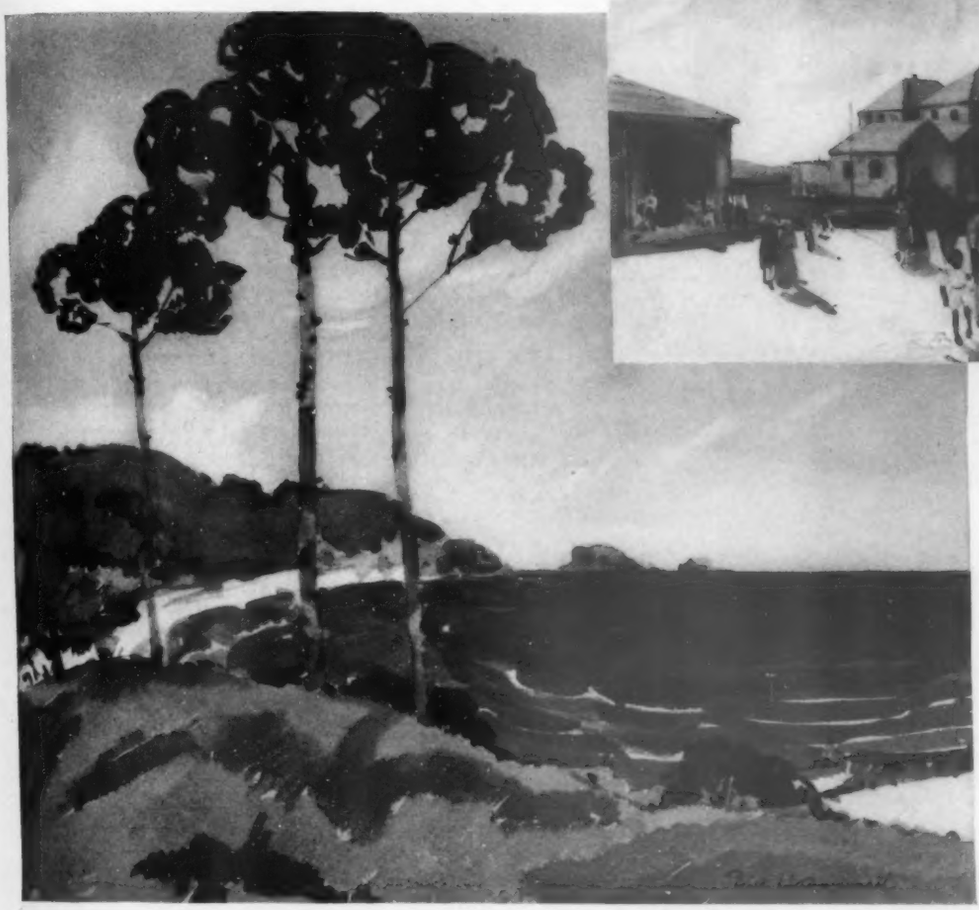
by WILL HOLLINGSWORTH

Here you come upon rich gardens, flowing lawns, and dream-like houses, half-concealed by the semi-tropical foliage.

A scene down by the wharves of the dreaming little city of Hamilton —Hamilton, princess of the southern seas.

There is a Little Blue-and-White Paradise in the Atlantic, Where the Days Run Gladly

BERMUDA: AN EDEN JUST SOUTH OF US



It is the variety of Bermuda that pleases the visitor most: the busy murmur of Hamilton (above) and the placid curve of a sunlit beach not many leagues away.

by CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

IT WAS just the day to leave New York: a January morning of rain and sleet and uncertain snow, with the wind howling around our cloud-piercing buildings. I was selfish enough—because I was so tired, I suppose—to hope that this infernal weather would continue to harass our metropolis all the while I was gone South. For there is a certain human satisfaction in realizing that one's friends and neighbours are perishing with the cold while we are enjoying the rich luxury of the sun, lolling on some golden beach. And I knew, of course, that Bermuda was a real coral strand.

I hoped, too, that I would arrive in a burst of sunshine—sunshine so dazzling that I would feel as if I were imprisoned in a huge diamond. But this was not to be. I had heard legends of the rough trip; how one was inevitably seasick, and might perish before those lovely shores were ever reached. So let me say at once that there was no word of truth in these astounding tales. I remembered what Mark Twain had written years ago: "Bermuda is heaven; but it is hell to get there." And that amiable humourist and essayist was likewise wrong. That is, he would have been wrong today. What the boats were like on which he sailed, I do not know. But I have crossed the ocean on smaller craft than the one I took that January morning; and, whether through good fortune or not, I experienced none of those ghastly sensations which humourists are so fond, for a reason I could never understand, of writing about.

It is a delightful sensation to enter those warmer zones after the bitterness of our North. So brief a journey to change one's (*Continued on page 160*)

"Alinda was sitting by her boudoir window doing her face. 'Your mother is beautiful, Bobby, but she's impossible.'"

LO AND BEHOLD!

by CHARLES J. PELTON

Part Five

BUT the days that followed brought revelations.

"Your mother is beautiful, Bobby, but she's impossible." Alinda was sitting by her boudoir window doing her face and looking out into the side yard, and inwardly gloating over the little coupé that had arrived that morning, a present from Bobby's father. "And your father is adorable. I want Robert Alexander to grow up just like your father, Bobby."

"My mother's all right, Alinda," Bobby said. "I know she always wants to hog things. She doesn't mean it, though."

"She was grand at first, Bobby—too grand. It couldn't last. She tried to buy me everything. And she did buy an awful lot until I stopped her." Alinda's eyes twinkled. "She paid two thousand francs for the step-ins I gave my mother. They were adorable. Alençon lace with chiffon insets, little cupids at the breasts, and a snake creeping around in a tree, and a fig leaf. Oh, Bobby, she would—your mother would just die—if she knew I gave them to my mother." And then Alinda's laughter changed to something very different. "It was what she said about my mother, though, that made me leave. I was furious. You would be, too, Bobby."

"Don't mind now, Lindy. Let's not talk any more about my mother now."

"All right, I won't." Alinda stopped to make an O of her mouth, and to examine her lips critically. "But when she said your father was only one of my mother's lovers, I just told her where to head in. And when I got through, she cried and cried. Yes, she did."

Bobby wriggled. He was all dressed, and he wished Alinda would dress and not talk about his mother crying.

"I never did like that sneaky little Tullio. I don't believe he is a real prince, either. He's living off your mother, Bobby. Taking her money. I saw her give him a cheque."

"She gives money to lots of people," Bobby tried to stem the tide. "She always did. My mother gives lots of money away. She likes to."

"She didn't like to that time. I came into her sitting-room. The door was wide open, so I came in. He was sitting in an armchair, sideways, with his legs draped over the side, and smirking and looking aristocratic with his patent-leather hair. But she was mad. She flung the cheque at him. Then, when she looked around and saw me, she said something about would he get it cashed for her."

"Oh, cut it, Alinda!" Bobby was miserable.

"Well, I will. It's her business, not mine. Everybody knows it, anyway. Your mother is a fool, Bobby. But I was glad about one thing. You know, when my father died—"

"Your father what? Oh, Alinda!"

"Yes. He died. That's why I had to stay over in London and missed the *Berengaria*. He died a couple of years ago, and left his money to his own family, and didn't leave anything to my mother or me, because she ran away from him. I don't blame her, either. He was a terrible old thing. Twenty-five years older than she was, twenty-five years, Bobby; and she didn't love him ever, and she did love Captain Thomas. So they went away together to India and were married after my father divorced her. And they were perfectly happy till he was killed in the war."

"Captain who?"

"Thomas. He was an officer in the army in India. He was killed in the very beginning of the war. It was terribly sad. And my mother didn't meet your father until two years after that. She was a nurse or something. She met your father in Greece—no, Thrace. She was ill. He helped to get her away from there. It was a terrible place. So nobody could blame her for loving your father, Bobby. I would myself. And I think your mother is very unjust."

"How do you know all that, Linda? Who

"Alinda's little face was flaming, and she was trying to hide it in Bobby's shoulder and not cry."

The tangled Skein of our Hero's Life begins to Unravel—although his Bewilderment increases!

"Two of Bobby's customers were on the wrong side of the market and one of them could not afford it."

told you about my father and your mother, and—" Bobby balked at Ollie Thomas' name.

"Your own mother. She told me. She knows everything. And then Sir Treby, my lawyer in London. He's a dear. I paid him a twenty guinea fee. They recommended him at the embassy. I asked them at the embassy who to get, and they said Sir Treby Boket. So I went to see him in the funniest old place, Lincoln Inn Fields, and he said for me to make myself known to my uncle and aunts in Brussels, and he'd do the rest. So I did."

"Make yourself known? You never told me you went to Brussels, Alinda."

"Yes, I did. That's why I missed the *Berengaria*. I went to Brussels with Robert Alexander and Nurse Atwill. We made ourselves known to my uncle and aunts. They are a scream, Bobby. They tried to high-hat me. You never saw anything so ridiculous. My Uncle Florenz is a count and an old bachelor with five sisters, and Robert Alexander is his heir, and he's perfectly raving. He tried to tell me—oh, Bobby—he was a perfect scream. But they can't do a thing, because I signed the book for Robert Alexander."

"Book?" Bobby's curiosity was roused. "Look here, Alinda. I won't have Robert Alexander being your uncle's heir. Robert Alexander is an American. That lets him out."

"No, it doesn't. I signed the book of descent. That's recorded. I swore that I am the daughter of Count Anastasius van Glide and Freya Packer—and that I married you, and Robert Alexander is my son, born in wedlock, and Sir Boket is getting my mother's marriage certificate, and my marriage certificate, and my birth certificate, and I said I would get Robert Alexander's birth certificate from Joe Miles. Or you would, and send it to him."

"I won't," Bobby said, flatly.

"Oh, yes, you will. My mother says it is the right thing to do, in case. But she hates them all, and she told me they haven't got any money to speak of, and it was because she has quite a lot of her own from her father, who owned meat in Chicago, that her husband married her at all. That's the way they did, then. But my mother says it's only a precautionary measure against any of their dirty work—because your father is really rich. Why, Bobby! He is. He owns Idaho and Saskatchewan. I mean mines and a sheep ranch. But she says your father could buy and sell them all, your mother, too; but that your mother doesn't know it, but I think she does."

Bobby gasped.

"My father!"

"Yes. Isn't he cute? Giving Robert Alexander five thousand dollars, when he could give Robert Alexander a million, if he wanted to. And your mother does know it, too. Anyway, she's found out something lately, and she's perfectly wild. She told me—" But the clock struck a tiny little tinkle out from an absurd little ormolu on Alinda's dressing-table. "Oh, Bobby! Look at the time. Give me my dress. No, the other one; I just took that thing off."

They were dining in town, so Bobby didn't hear any more right then about his father and his mother, and Alinda's father who was dead, and Alinda's mother. But that night he did learn quite a lot more about Ollie Thomas.

They had been to see a play, and went around to the Club Giralda afterward to dance and get over the effects of the play. Because Bobby's father didn't care for drama and Freya wanted Bobby's father to have a good time, and, besides that, she liked to dance with Jack Hines.

She was dancing with Jack, and Bobby and Alinda and his father were sitting at a table talking, and they saw it all.

Or almost all. Jack said afterward that Ollie Thomas grabbed him by the arm, and that Ollie was drunk. But the very first thing Bobby saw was Freya separating Ollie and Jack. And Ollie had Jack by the throat, and Jack looked all purple and puffed and ill. And then he saw his father take Ollie Thomas by the arm and march right across the whole room and out into the hall.

They were all out in the hall by that time and a lot of other people besides, but Bobby's father never stopped. He marched Ollie down the steps and across the sidewalk, and into a taxicab, and then he got in himself and was saying something to the driver when Bobby rushed up.

"You go home, Son," his father said. "You take Alinda and her mother home." And off they went.

"Alinda and her mother!" Bobby's father had never (*Continued on page 136*)

"Tullio was sitting in an armchair with his legs draped over the side, smirking and looking aristocratic with his patent-leather hair. She flung the cheque at him."

Drawings by FISH

Photographs by Henry Waxman

SMART YET SIMPLE SILVER

by MARGARET EATON

THE subtle gleam of silver on a perfectly appointed table, whether set for breakfast, lunch, or dinner, for an occasion formal or informal, is so integral a part of our modern life that it takes an effort of the imagination to picture an era when flat silver was not an essential item of household equipment. However, flat silver was a comparatively late development in even the wealthiest households, and came into general usage gradually, piece by piece.

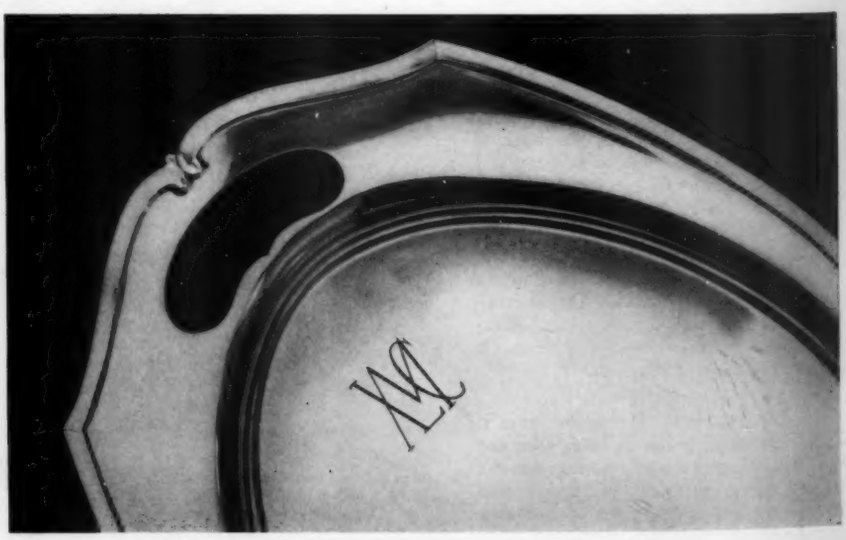
Forks were not introduced into France and England until the latter part of the seventeenth century. That they were used in Italy at an earlier date is evidenced by the mildly contemptuous comments of a visitor to that country, who is amazed to find that the Italians, when they dined, used a two-tined implement instead of their fingers! After forks became an accepted table accessory, the development from a two-tined implement to one of four tines was comparatively rapid. At first, they had been intended merely for spearing food, but refinements in cooking, as well as in table manners, caused the evolution of the present more convenient type.

There have been spoons, of course, since the dawn of civilization; spoons of shell and of horn, as well as of precious metals. But spoons in any quantity, or in general use at the table, were acquired gradually, not in matching dozens as they are today. In fifteenth-century England, if a household possessed a few silver spoons, it was generally recognized as one whose prosperity was solidly founded. The owners of such spoons esteemed their value highly, and took care that their wills were explicit as to the proper distribution of their treasures. In his will, dated 1481, Sir Thomas Lyttelton stated "that William Lyttelton, my sonne and heire, shall have a dosein of my best spones." He went on to say that his younger son and his daughter should receive his second and third "sorte spones" respectively.

In the days before flat silver was owned in quantity, it was customary for each guest to bring his own table implements to a banquet, as it was perfectly understood that the host's supply would be entirely inadequate! Out of this custom, a curious implement was evolved—a combination of a spoon, a fork, and a toothpick, all wrought of finest silver! The tines of the fork slipped into grooves on the back of the bowl of the spoon, and the ornament on the end of the fork handle unscrewed to reveal the toothpick. Other days, other manners!

It was natural that the acquiring of riches and the development of culture brought, correlatively, a greater appreciation of the fine things of every phase of life. That silver table implements came to be considered one of the desirable requisites for a well-appointed home is not at all surprising.

The viande fork in the Orchid, and the knife in the Minuet pattern, are both from the International Silver Company. The monograms are modern and distinctive, and accord perfectly with the patterns.



The engraving on this tray complements the graceful simplicity of the Minuet pattern, and could be used with equal smartness on the flat silver service. From International Silver Company.

A fastidiously chosen form of engraving is the exquisite means of complementing and enhancing the beauty of flat silver, and of expressing the taste of the owner.

Two patterns from Towle: the iced-tea spoon shows the Louis XIV., the knife the new Lady Diana. Each is harmoniously engraved in the modern manner.

The silver guilds of Europe set high standards of workmanship and technique, and, with the growing interest in table silver, they turned their attention to developing it along beautiful lines. Great artists in other media contributed designs—Holbein is known to have done so. The political situation also contributed. The eighteenth century found many French silversmiths established in England because of unfavourable conditions in France. While the English silversmiths might, and did, resent this invasion, they were sufficiently zealous not to lose any opportunity which presented itself for the improvement of their art. So, while the work of the English silversmiths remained distinctly their own—they were too sturdy a lot to become copyists or parasites—they did acquire a certain grace and delicacy in their work which bears witness to the French influence.

It would not have been surprising if the early attempts at fashioning knives, forks, and spoons had been slightly awkward. However, the superb craftsmanship was as equal to the creation of a perfectly balanced, exquisitely textured spoon as to the making of a flawless cup or bowl. A vigorous art that countenanced nothing less good than the best.

It is interesting to note that the art first established on American shores was that of the silversmith. That these early artists wrought well is proved by the pride which modern possessors feel in examples of their work. That they wrought vitally and independently is evidenced by the fact that the art still thrives.

The modern silversmiths are worthy of their noted predecessors. They have an art which is strongly rooted in tradition, and they have adapted the products of that art to the needs of today in a manner that commands admiration and a realization (*Concluded on page 116*)

Two smart designs created by Gorham are: Dolly Madison, shown in the knife; and Hunt Club, illustrated by the fork. Both patterns have great purity of line and demand monograms of equal directness.

The fine old pyramid arrangement of block letters is still a very distinguished form of engraving, and is particularly well adapted to silver of classic simplicity.

LAST-MINUTE SKETCHES FROM PARIS

Redfern

Coat sleeve in black broadcloth, "leg-of-mutton."

Narrow scarf of fitch tied once over in front and worn with furless coat or suit

Louiseboulanger

Patou

Black felt hat with double brim and long black ostrich feather hanging on one side.

Suzanne Talbot

Hat recalling Beefeater's cap, in beige felt with very shallow crown.

Louiseboulanger

Square décolleté, slit to the waist and tied with tiny bias folds of the material.

Goupy

Tricorne made of very young and soft black broadtail.

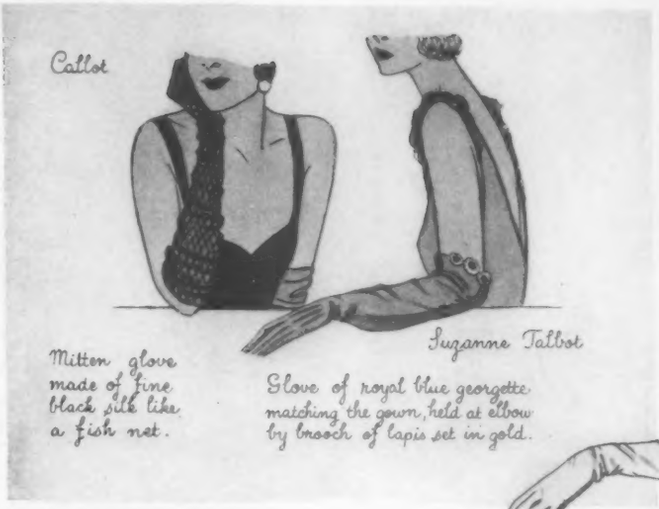
Cheruit

Black chiffon velvet glove sleeve attached under side of the arm only to frock of starched black chiffon.

Vionnet

Bell cuff of fur which appears on many of the Vionnet coats.

Scarf of tweed in brown and beige bordered on one side with beaver. Muff to match. Shown with many suits and coat frocks.



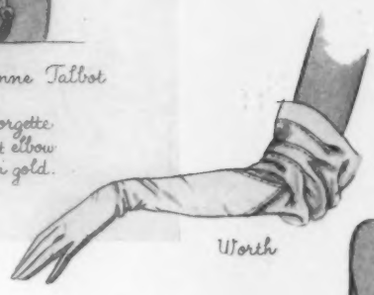
Callot

Mitten glove made of fine black silk like a fish net.

Suzanne Talbot

Glove of royal blue georgette matching the gown, held at elbow by brooch of lapis set in gold.

White kid glove with crêpe de Chine top, giving the effect of a puffed sleeve.



Worth

Molyneux

Yteb

Tan from Yteb made in starched chiffon of two shades of red to match slippers or jewels with a white gown.

Erwin

Erwin

This bag with silver mounting and ring of baguette rhinestones is made of crêpe de Chine in the same material as the evening gown.

Broadcloth bag with a new fastening a chain with balls of galalith at the ends in turquoise, white or tortoise-shell. Chain makes handle as shown above.

Erwin

Evening bag in a new embroidery called "Saracen". Blue and beige with lapis beads across the top.

Lelong

Tan plaitings in the material trim many gowns and evening wrap sleeves in Lelong's collection.

Martial et Armand

Martial et Armand suggest that the revival of evening gloves should lead to bracelets worn just below the shoulder.

Schiaparelli

White suède revers that lace and unlace on a black tweed coat.

A happy solution for the woman with a high brow. Manuel designed this charming coiffure with a soft Bordoni fringe, curls about the ears and a roll across the back.

Drawing by
ALBERTO VARGAS

THE COSMETIC URGE

Autumn care of the skin should Properly include effacing The earmarks of Summer

by HELENA LEIGH

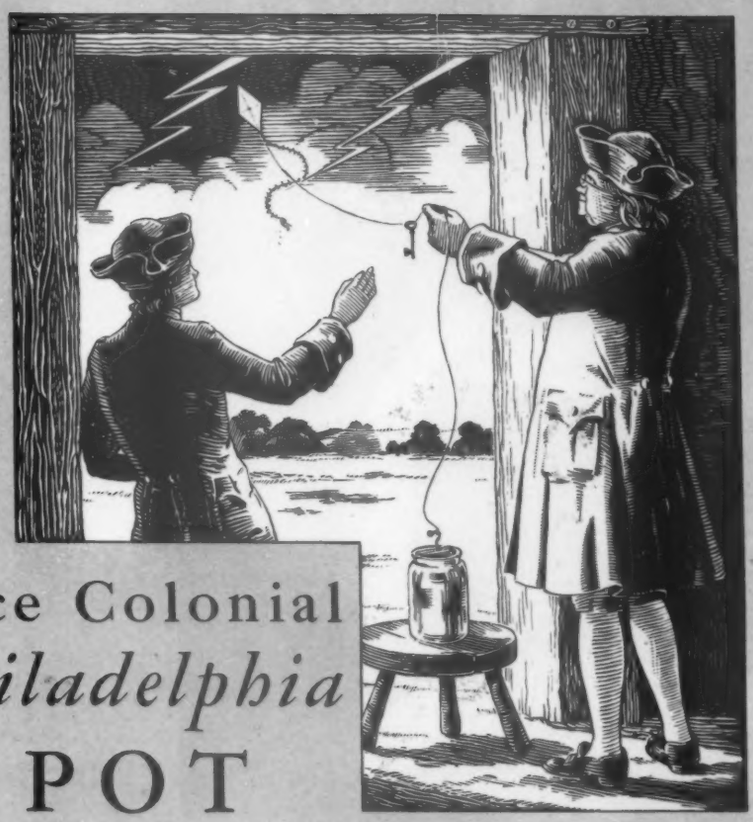
AT THE moment, we seem to be halting between the dead end of a perfect summer and preparations for a Southern flight. This business of following the sun is a fetish with us moderns. Palm Beach hastens close upon the heels of Bailey's Beach and Southampton, and in the short interim one must choose whether to perpetuate the summer tan with synthetic rays or start eradication measures. You should really do either one thing or the other. If you follow lines of least resistance, your erstwhile tawny colour will soon begin to turn a pumpkin yellow under the anemia of an autumn sun. Unless, of course, you wisely decide in favour of a bleaching program. You can then start afresh under Florida skies, if you are lucky, or if you are an enforced city dweller—probably not before next Independence Day.

The charming Salon of Elizabeth Arden offers an extremely alluring setting where we may place ourselves in the hands of this eminent beauty specialist and know that, whatever our need at the moment, it will be efficiently supplied. And we shall have a thoroughly enjoyable time in the bargain. The beauty of the background, the skill of the service, the charm of her preparations all contrive to send us away happily content that we have made a potent gesture in beauty conservation.

At this particular season Miss Arden has some very pertinent suggestions to make for the reclamation of skins which have spent the summer in the open. There's really no need going through the ugly duckling stage of looking jaundiced, for here is a grand treatment which you may take either in her Salon, twice or three times a week during this trying period, or do it for yourself at home. The magic which does the trick is Venetian Anti-Brown Spot Ointment, a heavy brown liquid in a darling squat bottle. This very excellent bleaching mixture not only tends to lighten the skin but definitely takes away discolourations.

Prepare your face first by spreading over it a protective coating of Orange Skin Food. On top of this apply a thin layer of the Anti-Brown Spot Ointment. How long you leave it on depends entirely on how long you can stand it, for it will have a decided prickly, tingling effect. It sends the blood surging to your face and you will be deliciously pink. If your skin is oily and rather thick you can probably endure the ointment for about five minutes. But the fine-textured, dry skin will cry "Enough" after one or two minutes at the very most.

This is an excellent night treatment, for after you have removed the Ointment and patted oodles (*Continued on page 108*)



Franklin making his famous electrical experiment Philadelphia-1759

A favorite since Colonial days — *Philadelphia* PEPPER POT

No wonder Pepper Pot was the favorite soup of the substantial old Philadelphia Colonial gentry whence it originated. A thick, luscious soup, hale and hearty in its appeal; savory and gratifying to eager appetites.

Campbell's is the real Philadelphia Pepper Pot, made according to a famous old Colonial recipe. One look into its inviting depths, the first hearty spoonful is invitation enough to enjoy its unique savor again and again.

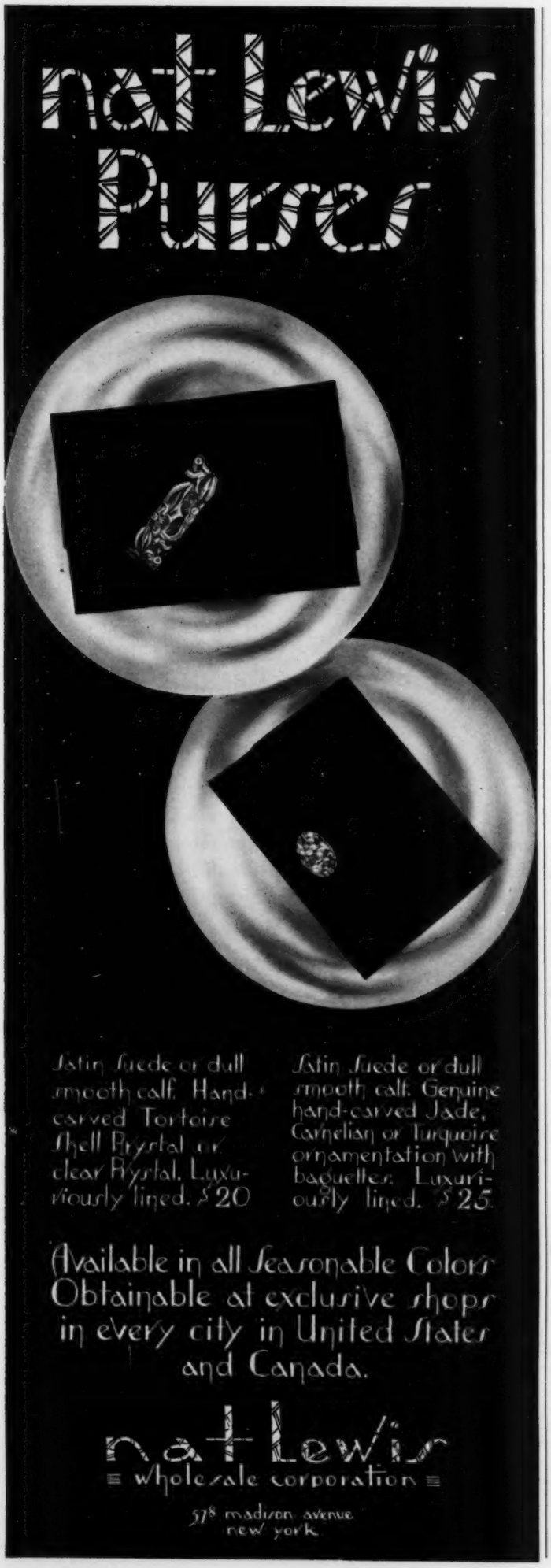
First, the stock, rich, velvety smooth and bland, brimming with bits of delicious meat. Literally loaded with diced carrots, potatoes and those wholesome macaroni dumplings. And quaintly seasoned with ground whole black peppercorns, and those famous old potherbs, sweet marjoram, parsley, savory thyme and sweet pimientos.

Here is a soup your appetite remembers, truly a dish to set before hungry men. Your grocer can supply you. 12 cents a can.

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

A MAN'S SOUP

MEAL-PLANNING IS EASIER WITH DAILY CHOICES FROM CAMPBELL'S 21 SOUPS


nat Lewis
Purses
Satin suede or dull smooth calf. Hand-carved Tortoise Shell Crystal or clear Crystal. Luxuriously lined. $20
Satin suede or dull smooth calf. Genuine hand-carved Jade, Carnelian or Turquoise ornamentation with baguettes. Luxuriously lined. $25
Available in all Seasonable Colors
Obtainable at exclusive shops in every city in United States and Canada.
nat Lewis
wholesale corporation
578 madison avenue
new york

For the woman who travels, this handy zipper case of silk moire will make a great appeal. All the delightful liquid Bertie preparations are here contained in non-spillable cases of black enamel.

THE COSMETIC URGE

(*Continued from page 106*)

and oodles of Orange Skin Food into your glowing countenance, it is a psychological time to give yourself a "tie-up," to hold the muscles and tissues where they should be. If more convenient, this bleaching *can* be taken in the morning, but in that case, remove the Ointment with cream and afterward pat the face with Venetian Ardena Skin Tonic to cool and tighten it before you put on your make-up. However, it is infinitely more effectual when used as a night treatment because in that case the Orange Skin Food may be left on the face overnight with its softening, beautifying effect. Since it is a bleach, be careful not to put Anti-Brown Spot Ointment too close to the eyes or on the lips, where it might prove irritating.

I cannot resist telling you of just one other Arden treatment, equally beneficial and very timely at this season, which also may be taken at home: the Venetian Ardena Masque. It is a pack of the consistency of clay, which does an amazing job of tightening and refining the skin. It is particularly recommended for one that is oily and neglected, as it stimulates, draws the blood to the surface, and acts as a general astringent and purifier. If summer has given you a wilted, or a weather-beaten look (and tanning is apt to do this to the older skin), then here is the very treatment for you, which, if taken at home, closely approximates an Arden Salon treatment. Used three times a week you will find that results follow very quickly. The removal of the Masque should be followed by a liberal application of Orange Skin Food, or Muscle Oil, patted well into the skin.

Hands of Beauty

HANDS should certainly come in for a certain measure of our consideration. They play such a prominent rôle in our lives that it seems a little obtuse not to be hand-conscious. You may be quite sure that yours feature as prominently in the public eye as the neglected ones of your neighbour, at which you look askance. Nails are admittedly important, but so is the texture of the skin, and lack of care will leave its mark in a parched, dry look which may so easily be avoided by a little care-taking. For twelve months in the year we should really care for the hands. The sun dries the skin and sometimes freckles it, while winter cold and wind do greater damage. City dwellers constantly combat dust and soot, and too frequent washing with soap is probably the greatest of all enemies to beauty. For soap destroys the natural oils and makes the skin look prematurely old. This effect would be less marked if we exercised a little more care in removing every vestige of soap, but most of our hand lavings are done carelessly or in haste, so that a trace is often left behind.

This preamble about hands is preparatory to suggesting an antidote for just these abuses and for telling you about a toiletry of exceptional charm, a new Hand Cream from Pinaud, delightfully modern in its collapsible tube of black and silver. This latest member of the family is based upon the same principle as the very well-known Face Cream. It is an entirely new idea for the hands and is not only effective as a cleanser but has a most soothing effect on the skin. Here is a highly satisfactory soap substitute, a delicately fragrant white cream which may be rubbed and left on as a protection when working with the hands, or washed off with lukewarm water, topped off by cold. Now feel your hands. You find the texture as fine and soft as though you had used a lotion. Continued use of this cream will, without doubt, keep the skin in good condition. It is particularly well adapted to the skin with a predilection for chapping, because it contains rare nourishing oils. Yet, quite paradoxically, in its finished state the cream is fluffy and quite greaseless. It acts in the capacity of both cleanser and softener. The Pinaud preparations may be had at all the good shops.

Dusting Powder de Luxe

DUSTING powder with a truly regal air is the latest addition to the beautiful Matchabelli line. This Poudre de Toilette comes in an aristocratic looking box of grey suède discreetly banded with silver, having the decorative Matchabelli crown on the top. It looks like a wee bit of France that has strayed into our midst and the delicious perfume of it persuades us that it must have been created near the flower scented fields of Grasse. A white velour puff banded with grey completes the very chaste colour scheme of the package.

(*Continued on page 110*)

CARON CORP., 389 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

Dobbs

Our Sports Shop Brings A New Distinction To the Casual Costume

With a flair for the unusual that has made Dobbs famous for sports clothes, this Shop, more than ever, gives an utterly new guise to each costume. The ensemble sketched, for example, shows a tweed knit coat with the newly important stock scarf, worn over a two toned jersey dress . . . and a Dobbs custom made felt hat with a double brim.

THE NEW SPORTS SHOP — THIRD FLOOR

FIFTH AVENUE AT 57th STREET

Rabelo

Corday's newest fragrance asks a definite question, "Quand?" This sophisticated odour, which has an intriguing elusive quality, is contained in a stunning black crystal bottle with modern gold lettering.

THE COSMETIC URGE

(*Continued from page 108*)

age. Rather small and compact for the bathroom shelf or handy to tuck away in the corner of your travelling bag, this charming box may be your companion at home or abroad, and will be found, along with the other Matchabelli products, at Bergdorf Goodman's.

From an English Garden

THE freshness of a quaint old English garden has been captured and bottled with Yardley's Milk of Lavender. This new softening lotion, the most recent offering of the staid old house, is quite as delightful and just as British as all the other nice things Yardley makes. This establishment has been faithfully serving royalty, nobility and the rest of us, for nigh on to two centuries. These dignified products are a tradition on both sides of the Atlantic, not only with women, but with the masculine members of the household; a bracing lavender scent, I believe, being one of the few permitted to emanate from a manly bosom.

The new Yardley lotion, a thinnish milky liquid, gives a wonderful feeling of softness to the skin. It is equally salubrious for face and hands, making the skin fragrant and satiny smooth, leaving no sensation of having come in contact with the honey jar. For your bathroom shelf it is highly recommended, and if kept in that strategic spot and applied after each washing of the hands or on the face after shaving, the winter will lose a lot of its terrors for your household.

A New Home Treatment

HIND'S Honey and Almond Cream has been a standby for fifty years. It is one of those preparations that one keeps always on hand and which pinch-hits for almost every toiletry. As a hand lotion it has no peer. Its luscious almond scent and softening proclivities make it an all-the-year requisite for hand care. But after long association with it many women have discovered lots of other uses. It is an excellent protection for the face and a highly satisfactory powder foundation, just adherent enough to make the powder cling without being sticky or causing your make-up to cake.

But I am getting away from my story. What I want to report at the moment is that there are three new Hind's products, interesting in their own right, and furnishing a complete home treatment. First, to remove your make-up there is a liquefying cleansing cream, delicately scented, which melts at t first touch and is as fluid as though came out of a bottle. It should be on for a few moments to penetrate cleanse the pores, then wiped off, gether with an embarrassing amount grime.

If your skin is normal or oily, rem all traces of the Cleansing Cream w a piece of absorbent cotton soaked Hind's Toning Lotion. This lotion a pleasing astringent quality and as a cleanser and a tonic to the s One daily application is sufficient the dry skin, but for the normal skin may be used advantageously both ni and morning.

Have you a prejudice against go to bed with a face besmeared and shi Then you will like Hind's Tex Cream, for it is a triumph of the grea less genre. Despite this fact it splendid lubricating qualities and ke the skin softly supple, be it dry or o It should be worked, a little at a ti into the face and neck until complet absorbed. The accompanying mass (always working upward, remembe brings up the circulation and gives face a feel.ng of well being.

These Hind's preparations are j appearing in stunning new containers white jars with garnet bakelite tops a silver labels lettered in garnet, and m be had in all the better shops.

New Faces for Old

WE HAVE always been led to b lieve that our faces were a p manent possession, unchangeable, i mutable, and that there was no fretting about what we couldn't p sibly help. Most of us have alwa subscribed to a hopeless philoso which taught that if you were b with freckles you would go to y grave that way and that there was escape from the blighting hand Time. "Grow old gracefully," is w we have had preached to us always. wager that if you should consult vately on the subject with one hund women you would find that ninety-n of them would, if it were possible, m drastic changes in their physiogno Science and modern beauty meth have so revolutionized life that you fail to recognize your best friend w next you meet her. "But your freck my dear," you gasp, looking at perfect pink-and-whiteness. Around next corner you may meet your v dear friend of fifty-odd summers who not looking a day over thirty! Or t

(*Concluded on page 112*)

Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt

..Paris acclaims her beauty and her chic

Née Gloria Morgan and married at only eighteen to the third son of the late Cornelius Vanderbilt, Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt lived as a girl in Spain, Holland, England and France, and since her husband's death has returned to make her home in Paris.

BEAUTY . . . with all the poise of a *grande dame* of the old régime . . . slim youth in subtly simple Paris frocks . . . a flower face with the serene young brow and burning dark eyes of a Spanish Madonna . . .

Inevitably Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt has captivated French society!

At Longchamps and Auteuil and at the smartest night clubs of Paris, she is the charming figure. She summers at Biarritz or yachting on the Mediterranean. Pearls are her chosen jewels and the gardenia her favorite flower . . . and these accent the incredible whiteness of her skin, smooth as gardenia petals, lustrous as pearls.

"I've lived so long abroad," she says, "that people often ask me: 'Even in Paris, do you still use Pond's?'

"Indeed, I do . . . for not even the beauty-wise French can make anything to compare with the famous Two Creams! I always will consider the Cold Cream indispensable to cleanse, the Vanishing Cream essential for protection.

"Pond's two new preparations," Mrs. Vanderbilt adds, "are in line with the most advanced French ideas . . . The feather-light Tissues are marvelously absorbent . . . and the Freshener is a comfort, for the very name of Pond's means that it is safe to use as often as you please.

"*Toutes mes félicitations* to Pond's!"

Follow the four steps of Pond's Method to keep your skin always exquisite:

During the day—first, for thorough cleansing, amply apply Pond's Cold Cream over your face and neck, several times, always after exposure. Pat in with upward, outward strokes, waiting to let the fine oils sink into the pores and float all dust and dirt to the surface.

Second—wipe away with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, soft, ample, super-absorbent. (Tissues come in an enchanting peach-color now, as well as white.)

Third—saturate cotton with Pond's Freshener and pat briskly over face and neck to banish oiliness, close and reduce pores, tone and firm.

Last—smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base and protection.

At bedtime—cleanse immaculately with Cold Cream and wipe away with Tissues. If your skin is dry, pat in a little fresh cream and leave on overnight.

Exquisite women both at home and abroad entrust their skin to the sure care of Pond's Four Delightful Preparations . . . famous Two Creams, Cleansing Tissues and the bracing Skin Freshener.

Send 10¢ for Pond's Four Preparations

Pond's Extract Company, Dept. I.
122 Hudson Street . . . New York City

Name_____

Street_____

City _____ State_____

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Aristocratic

JEWELRY

for MEN —

Brand-Chatillon specializes in the all-important jeweled accessories which distinguish the man of aristocratic taste and correct grooming.

Jumping-Hour Wrist Watch. The hour flashes in the dial face. White gold. Swiss 17-jewel movement. $375.

Dial Telephone Pencil. Revolving ballend. $24.

Book Locket. Photographs reproduced on gold leaves. Gold with enamel motif. Four sizes. $50 to $120.

Automatic Opening Watch. Can be opened with one finger. Closing cover winds watch. In all leathers. $65.

Jeweled Tortoise Shell and Rock Amber Cigarette Holder. Set with sapphires and diamonds. $150.

French Bit Cuff Links. White gold with lapis mounted on ends. $52. Carnelian, $50. Green Onyx, $50. Sapphire, $60. Also in green gold.

Combination Cigarette Lighter and Watch. 14k Gold. $275.

French Wrist Watch. 18k Gold. Triple cord strap. An exceptionally handsome timepiece. $225.

Dress Set. Cuff Links, Studs and Waistcoat Buttons, Black Onyx with platinum center, set with row of briliants. $700.

THE BRAND-CHATILLON CORPORATION

Jewelers & Silversmiths

775 FIFTH AVE. *Savoy Plaza* NEW YORK

When Madame Chanel presents a new perfume it is indeed an event. Here are two brand-new fragrances, each encased in a smart modern bottle. At the left, "Sycomore"; at the right, "Un Idée de Chanel."

THE COSMETIC URGE

(*Concluded from page 110*)

poor débutante whose chances of success were utterly ruined by an unattractive complexion last year. She suddenly blossoms forth with a rose-leaf texture and no trace of last year's blemishes! It sounds fantastic, but nothing seems to be impossible nowadays.

For the past fifteen years, Miss Elizabeth Lee has been going quietly about New York, with a treatment which is said to help people to get rid of freckles permanently. There is a face-lifting process which may also be taken if one cares to do so, and it is said that it has been successful. But it is the removal of freckles which may interest the reader more. The formula for this treatment was worked out by Miss Lee in conjunction with an English plastic surgeon. The treatment requires ten days or more, and of course one must remain in seclusion during that time.

The process is not altogether painless, be it said, varying with the sensitiveness of one's skin. But this is no great deterrent, for beauty was never achieved by a path without thorns. Retrieving a decade or so, you will admit, is something quite definite for one's money. It gives a new grip on life, a rosier outlook. It is, in addition, a distinct economic asset, in an era dominated by youth.

SOCIAL CALENDAR

for NOVEMBER 1930

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1—Wedding of Miss Virginia Luke, daughter of Mrs. John Guthrie Luke of 791 Park Ave., New York City, to J. Dinsmore Tee 2d, in St. Thomas' Church, New York City.

Wedding of Miss Marian Gardiner Batterman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lewis Batterman of Mill Neck, L. I., to Horace Ridgely Bullock.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 3—Luncheon at Hotel Pierre, New York City, by Mrs. Inglis Moore Uppercu of the Hotel Plaza, New York City, to present her daughter, Miss Gretchen Uppercu.

Tea dance at Women's Republican Club, Boston, Mass., by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Davis Hodges for their daughter, Miss Barbara Hodges.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 5—Début of Miss Virginia Drake, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Frank Drake of Pittsburgh, Pa.

Tea dance by Mr. and Mrs. Henry S. Sawyer at their home, 328 Dartmouth Street, Boston, Mass., in honour of Miss Elizabeth Sawyer.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 6—Wedding of Miss Virginia Wyckoff, daughter of Mrs. Walter C. Wyckoff of 155 East 72nd St., New York City, to David Gregg 3d, in Trinity Church, New York City.

Luncheon at Hotel Pierre, New York City, by Mrs. C. Barron Taylor for her daughter, Miss Gertrude B. Taylor.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 7—Dinner dance by Mr. and Mrs. Alfred T. Carton and Mr. and Mrs. Donald McLennon of Lake Forest, Ill., at Hotel Blackstone, Chicago, Ill., to introduce their respective daughters, Miss Catharine Carton and Miss Margaret McLennon.

Début of Miss Frances Myler Kier, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Kier, of Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dance at the Apawamis Club, Rye, N. Y., by Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Lawrence Lesher of Rye, to present their daughter, Miss Constance Amelia Lesher.

Dance at the Country Club, Boston, Mass., by Mr. and Mrs. Theodore W. Little for Miss Catherine Little.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8—Wedding of Miss Mary Castleman Davis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Davis, Jr., of Chestnut Hill, Pa., to William Ferguson Cavenaugh, at the home of the bride's parents.

Tea dance by Mr. and Mrs. Weld M. Stevens of Greenwich, Conn., at Junior League Club-house, New York City, to present their daughter, Miss Alice Anita Stevens.

(*Continued on page 114*)

For a Discriminating Clientele

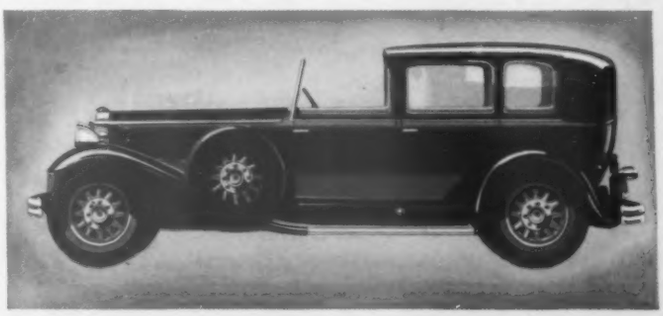
Boehmer, the world-famed Parisian jeweler, enjoyed the patronage of the nobility of all Europe. He made his most superb necklace, valued at half a million dollars, for Madame DuBarry—but, completing it after her exile, offered it to ill-fated Marie Antoinette and Louis XVI

The patronage of the discerning has inspired distinguished and luxurious Packard cars for more than 30 years. Packard was born to occupy the fine car field exclusively—quickly won a discriminating clientele. With never a compromise with quality, ever a single ideal of excellence, Packard has been rewarded with a position of world leadership in the fine car field.

Today's Packard Eights—Standard, DeLuxe and Individual Custom—are destined still further to enhance the now priceless Packard reputation. Refined and improved in appointments, more beautiful and more powerful than ever, they offer transportation that is truly luxurious in every sense of the word.

Those who buy today's Packard Eights are providing their families with motoring beauty, comfort and prestige that the years will not lessen. Packard owners prefer to keep their cars rather than trade them in at frequent intervals. And Packard makes it easy and desirable to do so by a program of evolutionary improvement, rather than radical change. Such a policy does not obsolete the characteristic distinction of Packard appearance.

An investment in a Packard Eight, therefore, is as wise as it is satisfying—for when the Packard owner keeps his car he pays little, if any, premium for luxurious transportation.

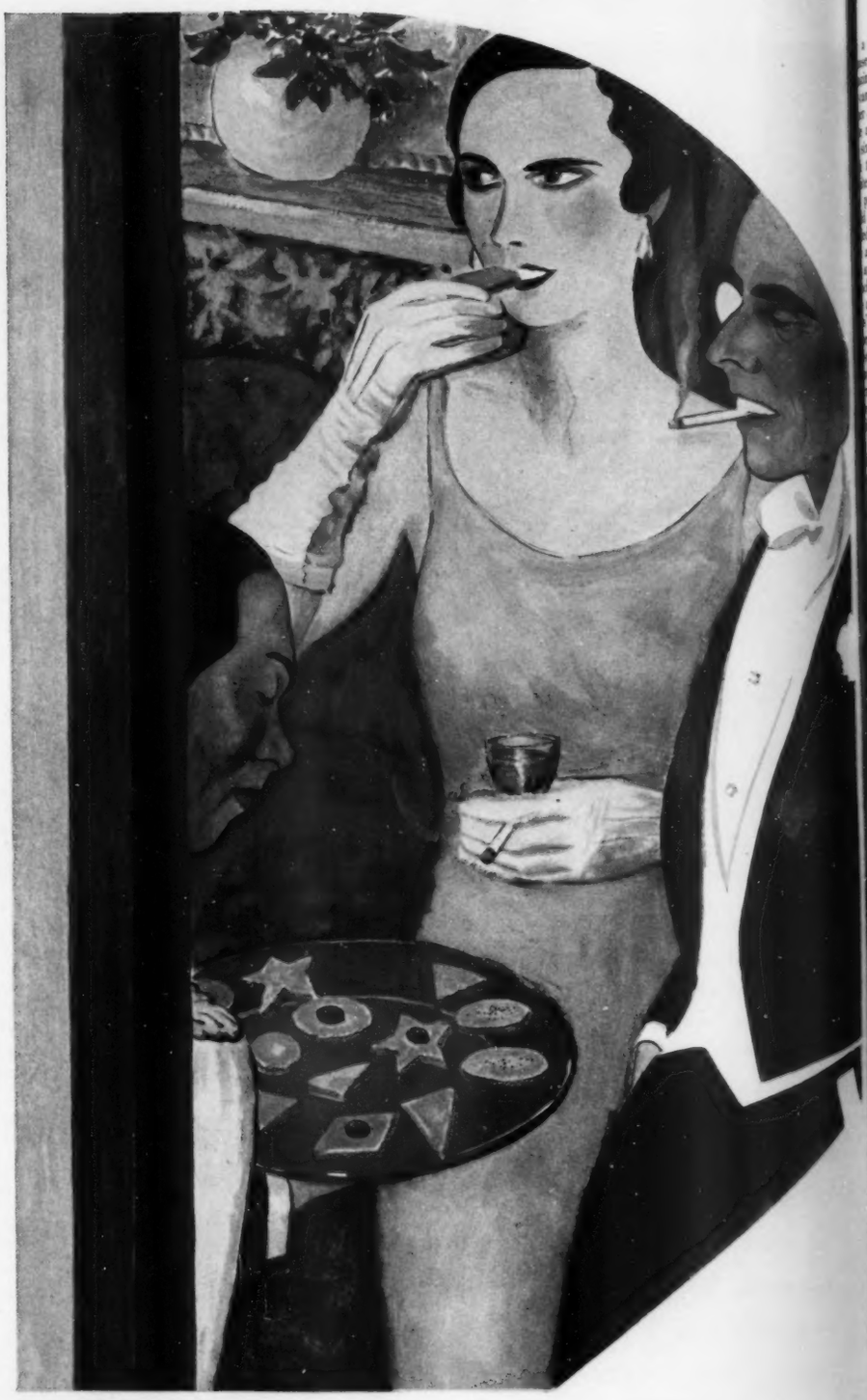


PACKARD

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

THEY FOUND FOIE GRAS

...AND COOLER SMOKE



These charming people! Always so casually, yet so successfully pioneering in the realm of enjoyment. In smoking, they were first to discover Spud and Spud's 16% cooler smoke. Their trained senses were first to find that cooler smoke transforms tobacco enjoyment into enjoyment unburdened by limitation, or even moderation . . . that cooler smoke keeps their tobacco appetite constantly alive to the full flavor of Spud's choice blend and leaf... no matter how long or how gay the evening. Thus, these charming people lead the way again...this time to Spud, the great modern freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment. At better stands, 20 for 20c. The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Company, Inc., Louisville, Ky.

MENTHOL-COOLED **SPUD** CIGARETTES

THE JEWEL

(*Continued from page 83*)

a maid for a few hours a day, Ann worked so hard on the that he liked her to rest when me home. Ann wanted to have at home, because Bill looked so and drawn after his battle with o'clock subway. She sallied to an agency, full of optimism the dark threats of her friends prophesied that any negro maid fail to turn up just when one her, that a Finn or Swede would sudden dislike to her surround- and elope with the janitor, and that wemen were impossible to pro- as they only came over for a few restaurant work and then retired native province.

ever, in a corner below the Sixth elevated she found an agency of om, one stove, one cat, and a man- who produced three French in as many minutes. One turned to be a hair-dresser, the second not speak a word of English and, ch only arrived in the country four demanded work by the hour at one the hour; but the third was per- Clutching the hope of this jewel bosom, Ann returned home to her and, elated, and distracted him from *Wall Street Journal* by tickling the of his neck and promising him delicious French bourgeois cooking.

At the very beginning Madame ambon proved priceless. Her soups, ted from a cup of milk, a potato, an onion and genius, comforted after their hard day's work. She ed at three and by six the flat was ean and dinner beginning to send savoury smells from the tiny kit- She would stay after the hour and upon if there was a lot of wash- up. She would leave breakfast in ere so that a little boiling water, a of ice and a couple of minutes' work ld produce orange juice, boiled eggs, ee and toast. So wedded to her did and Ann become that they con- plated taking her back to France them. Of course, this was ridicu- as bonnes *à-tout-faire* existed by the and in Paris, who for one-fourth dame Pynchon's stipend would toil dawn to dark.

dame Pynchon had only good to of America. Sometimes when Ann home early they would talk, the was always telling her mistress what the place she thought New York. ally she persuaded Ann to let her the washing for the small family and the signs of an approaching addition ed Ann to give up her active work the Weekly, Madame Pynchon sug- ed that at a slightly higher wage she d come at noon and fix lunch while wrote her reviews on the sofa. What the washing, the mending and her hours daily, she now received half ann's salary, but she was more than th it. She was so economical. In way she tried to cut down expenses the young couple.

we could only go back to Paris," said to Bill one evening. "You know how expensive a baby can be this country. Why, it's as bad as buy- a car on the instalment plan. There's doctor and the hospital, and a nurse, least a nursery, and one must live re it can go out into the sunlight. Bill, how can we manage? Aren't ready to send you over yet? Doc- in Paris are much cheaper. So are ses."

but the great bank couldn't part with in their New York office for a few nths.

ey, alone all day except for their mestress, confided in her finally. dame Pynchon was shocked at the e asked for the apartment. There lovely big apartments with real ms up at 120th Street near Colum- But wouldn't one have to take a e Ann asked. That, yes, of course, true. And Ann hated the lease be- e it was a tie, hard to unfasten. dame Pynchon suggested gently how it would be for the baby. She knew of big sunny flats up there for a very small rental. Her high-school daughter could help with the baby and save the price of a nurse. Aline was a good child and sensible for sixteen, serious and hard working.

To celebrate the decision to move uptown, and because it filled them with secret gloom, William and Ann decided to open a bottle of white wine. Madame Pynchon's husband, an unknown but oft-heard-of character, would sell them real Chablis for six dollars. It was better than the poisonous bootleg stuff. Even Bill, who fancied he had quite a palate, liked it, and asked Madame where her husband got it. He worked in a French restaurant, it appeared; probably he was a waiter or a chef and knew stewards on the French boats.

But they were not happy about the move. Ann would see even less of her beloved Bill now. He would leave earlier in the morning and return later at night from Wall Street.

They firmly refused to sign the lease for more than a year. They hated the idea of 120th Street, its instalment plan cooperative apartment houses, its chain stores, its time-payment furniture. Ann told Madame Pynchon quite fiercely that they had no intention of buying an apartment there.

"But you would save money, madame!" wailed the Frenchwoman. Ann was adamant. She softened the blow by signing up for a kitchen cabinet, a vacuum cleaner and an electric refrigerator, which she decided to pay off in a lump as soon as possible. Bill had had another raise, but their expenses had grown, too. Ann wondered how they would ever have made both ends meet without Madame Pynchon and the money-saving appliances which the salesmen had assured her would pay for themselves. France still seemed quite possible, but her mind was often busy with the problem of how long it would take them to sub-let, sell out the furniture and move over. She felt like Gulliver, tied by a thousand strings.

When the baby arrived it was worth the expensive doctor, the maternity hospital charges, three weeks of a trained nurse's services, and more. Bill sold his one large Liberty Bond, which they had been saving for steamship passages and the rent of the seventh floor apartment on the Seine, and forgot about it. Both of them joined in whole-hearted worship of the little boy.

"Won't he adore the merry-go-rounds, and the goats and the guignol in the Champs-Elysées? And the yacht pond in the Luxembourg? He'll love it the way we did when we were babies, darling!" said Ann, looking over the baby's head to Bill, struggling into his coat preparatory to rushing off to work. She did not know the bond had had to go.

"Anyway, there's Madame Pynchon to take care of her while I'm away all day. We were in luck to get that woman, all right," he thought, strap-hanging for a hundred and more blocks.

Naturally, Madame and Aline were fairly expensive, but between them they did all the work of the little household. It was to please them that Ann asked Bill for the radio. They worked so hard that they deserved a little amusement even if it gave Ann the heebie-jeebies. The baby went out every day in his new pram and came back cooing and rosy. When he was a little older he would have the gayest parks ever devised for the happiness of children to be his domain and pleasure garden. Now cement sidewalks did not seem to hurt him. But Ann felt ill with travel-longing. She had never stayed in New York before for more than six months. Now, feeling always a little tired, she found it wearing to battle down to the heart of town. She took to reading steamship pamphlets and illustrated folders as an outlet for her dreams.

Madame Pynchon often talked to her on the charms of American life as opposed to the antique methods of France. Ann would ask her if she had no desire to return. To which Madame always

(*Concluded on page 114*)

Plummer Presents a new idea in SPORTS TROPHIES

The HUNT CUP

A beautiful trophy which retells the Story of the Hunt in the Sportsman's own language. The chalice of the cup is richly painted with a colorful Hunting Scene by the English artist, J. V. Hancock.
This is an exact replica of the cup recently presented to the retiring Master of the Hounds of the Staffordshire District.

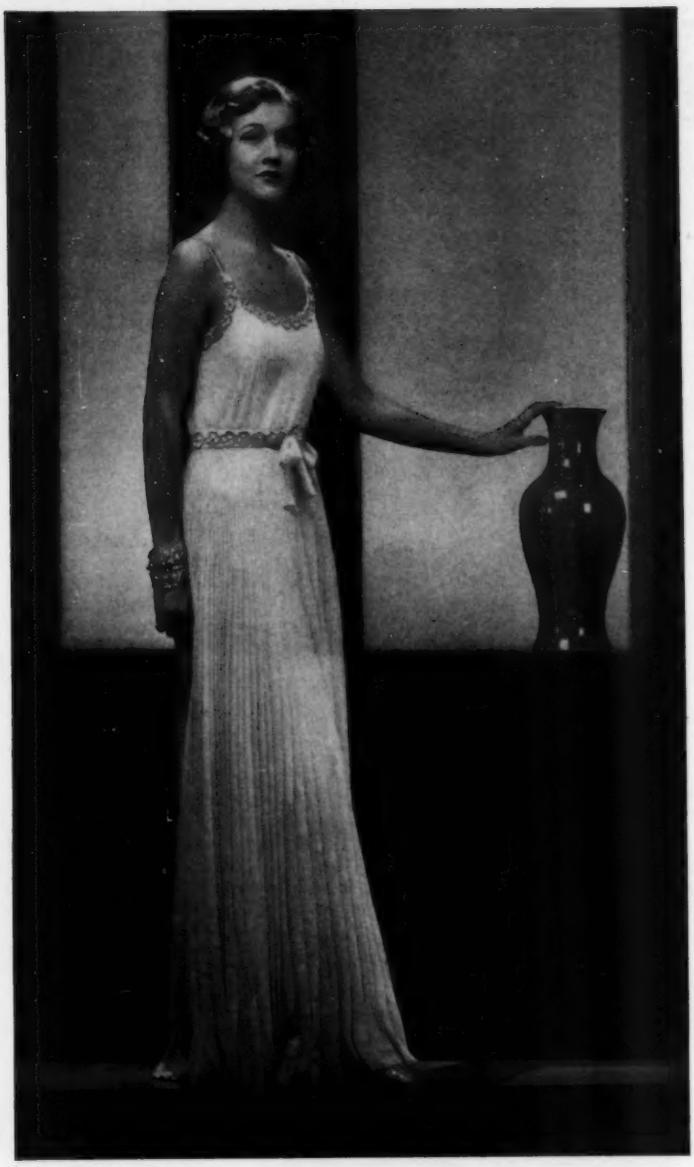
ENGLAND has introduced, and Plummer's now presents in this country – something unique in the way of Sports Trophies ...Sporting Cups, with typical scenes, in full color, of the different events that are dear to the heart of the sportsman.

How different in treatment and spirit are these Cups from the conventional metal cup, which can but suggest and outline the subject through engraving!

Here are lifelike, realistic scenes, painted "to order" by well-known English sports-artists, in warm, rich-toned natural colors. These trophies are alive with the spirit of the sport they depict—The Hunt, Polo, The Yacht Race, Golf, Tennis, Shooting, Fishing – indeed, they may be had in *any* subject and with any inscription you wish. They are patterned after an adaptation of a beautifully modelled old English Loving Cup, and are made at the famous Coalport China Works, Stoke-on-Trent, England. The cup is 18" high, and in addition to its lively sports scene, is decorated in ivory and royal blue, richly traced with gold.

Equally suitable for presentation purposes or as a decoration for one's own Trophy Room, these handsome cups are unique in that they portray THE SPORTS in their true colors and most lively aspect —and also because they are not to be duplicated elsewhere in America—are available only through the House of Plummer.

Wm. H. PLUMMER & Co. Ltd.
IMPORTERS OF
Modern and Antique China and Glass
7 & 9 East 35th Street, New York
Near Fifth Avenue
NEW HAVEN, CONN. 954 Chapel Street
HARTFORD, CONN. 256 Farmington Ave.



CLASSIC PURITY OF LINE INSPIRES
A GRACIOUS EVENING FASHION

White semi-sheer crepe is finely pleated in full length, and softly restrained at the natural waist line by a jeweled belt delicately patterned with rubies and rhinestones. The same brilliant tracery outlines the softly rounded decolletage and shoulder straps.

BRUCK WEISS

20 West 57th Street, New York

THE JEWEL

(*Concluded from page 113*)

replied, "I am nothing but a peasant, madame, a peasant who has worked hard for many years. Of course, I would like to see my village and beautiful Paris again. But America is so wonderful I do not feel homesick."

Then Bill came back one evening rather late, evidently very excited. He asked Ann if she could possibly fix up a dinner dress and come out to a night club with one of the directors of his bank. Could she? Ann, on hearing this, could and would have made a smart frock out of a pair of Bill's pyjamas. At eleven she was ready in a slim tunic of black lace over pink crêpe de Chine (no one but herself knew that the top was a shawl and the slip her best nightgown). They were to meet the director at Montparnasse, that gay but distinguished night club whose genial owner, Charlie, was giving a grand gala preparatory to leaving America for his home in France. Ann hadn't been in a night club for over a year. She looked as pink and radiant as a débutante at her first ball. The place was gorgeous, all silver pillars and dawn-blue velvet. The director ordered champagne and smiled at Bill and Ann, who were like children on a holiday. Charlie, the proprietor, came and leaned over the table, making his adieus to the director.

"I hope I see you in Paris," he said and, wonder of wonders, the director turned to him smiling and introduced Bill and Ann.

"You will almost surely see them in Paris," he said. Ann could have executed a *pas seul* on the table top at this remark.

AT FOUR o'clock in the morning they talked it over. If Bill could get off in three days, he could have his long-awaited position. Any other couple would have seen the possibility of the husband's going ahead of his family, but not these two. They were so silly about each other that the idea never even presented itself.

At eight o'clock they were up again, Bill bound for Wall Street, Ann for the real estate agents. There she was told that a sub-let at the time was impossible, the building having just been sold the week before to a combine who would insist on the terms of the lease. She felt tearful. At home in her dressing-table reposed a string of very small pearls left her by a grandmother. Even if these brought only five hundred dollars it would unclench the teeth of the trap. She returned by taxi, and rushed up the concrete stairs two steps at a time. As no one answered the bell, she supposed Madame Pynchon had not arrived. But where was Aline who slept in the room next the baby? Ann searched for her key and unlocking the door, walked in.

No Madame Pynchon, no Aline; only a faint wail from William, Jr., angry at being ignored. Ann rushed to the baby's room and found him fractious, but all right. The sitting-room, dining-cove and kitchen showed no explanation for this unprecedented desertion, but her pincushion she found a note:

Dear Madame:

We have to go awy from here at Plez send wages to American Express Compagnie, Paris.

Henriette Pynchon

A baby and an apartment house and a telephone bell cannot be left unattended. Ann worked hard all day, pondering over the problem. When Bill arrived home at seven he found a cloom cloth and a neat apartment but an exhausted young wife who had come no nearer to explanation of the sudden defection of her jewel.

HE UNFOLDED the evening paper grimly and together they read while his forefinger sternly pointed.

"Charles Pynchon, familiarly known as 'Charlie' to all Broadway stars and social celebrities, has said good-by to America. He sold the good-will of the famous and fabulously profitable night club, Montparnasse, for a sum running into five or more figures, and has sailed on the *Paris* for his native shores, accompanied by his wife and daughter, Aline. The genial Charlie is said to own large tracts of land north of 100th Street which his competent wife manages for him. Much of his property was sold in a business combine last week for a quarter of a million. Mr. and Mrs. Pynchon will make their home in Paris where they have bought an apartment house on the quai ——, and in Château Rouge their native village, where a magnificent manor is being rebuilt for their occupancy.

"'Charlie' attributes his phenomenal success to hard work and simple living. Coming to this country twenty years ago—"

Bill and Ann let the paper fall. By selling the furniture, the refrigerator, the radio whose payments were only half completed, by pawning or selling Ann's pearls and Bill's watch, by going down on their knees to the real estate agent they might just manage to escape from their hated household gods at the end of four days. But those who have spent a happy childhood in the beautiful countryside of France seem always to keep a fabulous softness in their hearts for anything and everything connected with it. Before them the short tidy figure of Madame Pynchon appeared. They could almost see her, peering at them through a crack, her long nose disapprovingly sniffing the extravagant perfume of Turkish coffee. They could almost see her cannily substituting dried chicory for the brown coffee beans.

"What a wonderful nation they are!" exclaimed Bill and Ann together, with a sigh of pure admiration.

SOCIAL CALENDAR

(*Continued from page 112*)

Dinner dance by Mr. and Mrs. John J. Barrett of 888 Park Avenue, New York City, at Sherry's, to introduce their daughter, Miss Lois Barrett.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 11—Annual Armistice Ball of the First Division Lieutenant Jeff Feigl Post, American Legion, Hotel Astor.

Dance at the Algonquin Club, Boston, Mass., by Bernard Jenney for granddaughter, Miss Constance Brewer.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 14—Dinner dance at the Ritz Carlton Hotel, New York City, by Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Barrett of 65 West 54th Street, New York City, to present their daughter, Miss Audrey Barrett.

Dinner dance at the Ritz Carlton, New York City, by Mr. and Mrs. William H. Davis of 130 East 74th Street, New York City, to present their daughter, Miss Alida P. Davis.

Supper dance at Hotel Pierre, New York City, by Mr. and Mrs. Philip Boutillier of 38 East 64th Street, New York City, to present their daughter, Miss Margaret Le Boutillier.

Luncheon by Mr. and Mrs. Walter Herbert Filor of 940 Park Avenue, New York City, at Sherry's, New York City, in honour of their debutante daughter, Miss Mabel Anne Filor.

(*Continued on page*

make a plan for beauty

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SMART YET SIMPLE SILVER

(*Concluded from page 103*)

that their art is a living, growing thing. They are not mere copyists, though they duly honour the achievements of the past. They are originators, creating silver, not for a brief span of time, but silver which may well be the proud possession of future generations.

They have developed new implements to fit the more complex modern needs. To their understanding of the needs of a modern hostess, they add an intelligent comprehension of the modern taste in home decoration and an active sympathy with the trend, so that it is perfectly possible to find a pattern in flat silver which will harmonize with any good decorative scheme.

Although this is an age of machinery, the modern artist in silver does not underestimate the rare charm of hand-work, and he puts a great deal of it into his products, so that the distinctive, individual quality of old silver is still maintained. If a pattern is not made entirely by hand, it is finished with fine hand-work. The curse of standardization is kept from silver as much as possible.

Engraving flat silver has always been an accepted usage. It is more than a means of identification. It is an art in itself, and is the means of making individual and personal to the owner any pattern selected.

The Early American silversmiths followed the English tradition to a large extent, using block letters, plain or shaded, script monograms, Old English letters, or three script initials placed lengthwise on the handles. Some of the old silver was marked on the reverse side of the handle. Some of the very earliest spoons, when the stems were slender and allowed small space for engraving, were initialled in the bowl. One old English spoon bears five sets of block-letter initials so placed, the initials of each owner being engraved directly below those of his immediate predecessor.

When block letters were used, they were usually placed so that they formed a pyramid, with the initial of the surname as the apex.

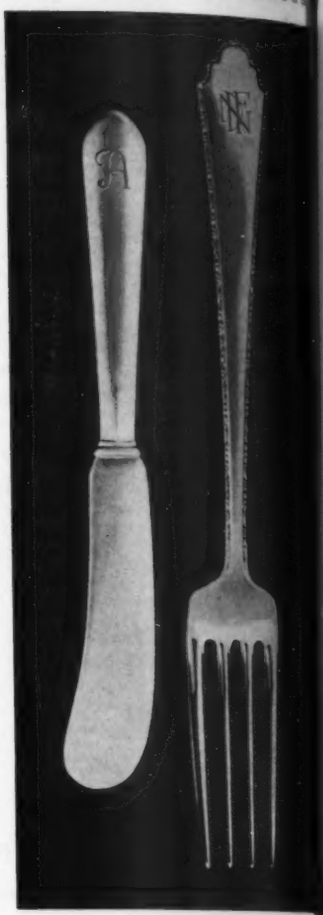
One pretty custom caused wedding silver to be engraved with the combined initials of the bride and the bridegroom. It is unfortunate for the modern bridegroom that this usage has been allowed to lapse, and possibly some determined gentleman will reinstate it. However, in 1780, Theophilus and Elizabeth Parsons had their flat silver engraved—in pyramided block letters—T. E. P. George Washington followed this convention in the marking of the tea set which he presented to his adopted daughter at the time of her wedding, and it is probable that her flat silver was similarly engraved.

The old forms of lettering are still good; for, having the inevitable quality or *rightness*, they have survived all the vicissitudes of misuse and misunderstanding. The script monograms or initials may "date" rather more than the Old English letters, and both are possibly less well adapted to modern taste than the block letters. Block letters, whether arranged pyramid-wise or in some other fashion, are smart and stunning in their simplicity—a simplicity in which there is no implication of naïveté. It takes a master craftsman to proportion and place them for the silver on which they are to be used, as there is nothing more unfortunate than simplicity gone awry.

There are obviously many patterns for which the choice of a block-letter or script engraving would be inadvisable. The style of engraving must bear artistic relation to the style of the object it is to grace, or the integrity of the whole is lost, and incongruity results. The modern silversmiths have given much thought to engraving, and it is perfectly possible to find a type that will harmonize with the pattern of the silver, and will, furthermore, express the personality and the taste of the owner. Although many individuals may select the same pattern in flat silver service, a distinctive and harmonious monogram can so personalize it that each owner has a service which is unique.

Some of the most successful modern patterns, and several vigorous adaptations of old patterns, from four of the leading silver houses of this country are illustrated, and give an idea of the scope of design offered.

For each pattern, Harper's Bazar has had an artist suggest a form of engraving that is both suitable and distinguished. It would be absurdly dogmatic to say that any type of engraving is the only possible use for any particular pattern. A formula for engraving would destroy the possibility of choice, and negate individual good taste in a field where it should rightly be given full sway. The final decision rests with the individual. What can the artist do but point the way?



The perfect symmetry of this Early American pattern calls for a monogram or initial of the simplest kind; while a more elaborate type may be used on the William and Mary design. Rogers, Lunt & Bowlen

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SALON de LUXE FIFTH AVENUE at FIFTY THIRD NEW YORK

Lily Pons, who will make her début at the Metropolitan this season.

METROPOLITAN OPERA, 1930-31

By PITTS SANBORN

AS IS usually the case, the chief interest of the new Metropolitan opera season centres in the list of novelties and revivals. For 1930 the management announces a diverse trio of new works. It disregards alike the noble antiquity of Handel and Gluck and the belligerent modernism of Hindemith, Weill, Berg, Weinberger, and Milhaud. On the other hand, it goes to Russia for an opera that Moussorgsky left unfinished when he departed this life in 1881 and to Italy for a lyric comedy in one act which had its world première at Milan's Scala in 1928. The Metropolitan's own world première will be its latest endeavour with American opera. The three works in question are Moussorgsky's *The Fair at Sorochinsk*; Felice Lattuada's *Le Preziose Ridicole*, and *Peter Ibbetson*, by Deems Taylor. Both the Russian piece and the Italian piece will be sung in Italian, and Mr. Taylor's, of course, in English.

Although Mr. Taylor actually worked for a while upon an opera derived from Elmer Rice's play of New York tenement life, *Street Scene*, he gave that up, for the time being at any rate, in favour of *Peter Ibbetson*. Most of us will applaud him for choosing the romance in question rather than Du Maurier's more famous and, in a musical sense, more obvious *Trilby*. For what woman of opera could expect to fulfil the author's extravagant prescriptions for the voice of the singer of *Ben Bolt*, "*Au clair de la lune*," and "*Malbrouck s'en va-t'en guerre*" ("How can one describe the quality of a peach or a nectarine to those who have only known apples?"), without appearing a little ridiculous in the prosecution of her forlorn hope? In settling upon *Peter Ibbetson*, Mr. Taylor has taken a subject which is innocent of the handicap imposed by Trilby's miracle of voice and which, moreover, to the best belief of the writer, has been used by no other composer. However, *Peter Ibbetson* has been dramatized with conspicuous success, and it is the acting version made by Constance Collier, which she herself, together with Lionel and John Barrymore, introduced to New York in April, 1917, that Mr. Taylor employs as the basis of his text. Indeed, Miss Collier is officially set down as librettist, though the understanding is that Mr. Taylor himself has freely modified her play in adapting it to the needs of the lyric stage.

Thus we shall have as a heroine of opera that Mary, Duchess of Towers, who, though the "simple daughter of a working scientist and physician—the granddaughter of a fiddler," moved [illegible] triumph through all the courts of [illegible] rope; who "*avait toutes les intelligences de la tête et du cœur*," and won the love and respect of old and young, of the [illegible] and the worst, "for her perfect sincerity her sweet reasonableness." We shall make the acquaintance in opera [illegible] "*Magna sed Apta*" and of the televising of Peter's dreams, that "painter's despair" wherein "it seems as though [illegible] had been painted life-size and then shrunk, like a Japanese picture on crêpe, to a millionth of its natural size, so as to intensify and mellow the effect."

Rumour has it at the present writing that Lucrezia Bori and Edward Johnson will be charged with the "creation" of the chief rôles, while the musical direction will be in the hands of the Maestro Serafin, who, like Mr. Johnson, was concerned in the performance of Mr. Taylor's earlier opera, *The King's Henchman*.

Le Preziose Ridicole testifies to the unending quest of the short opera, whose trail, however bright in prospect, usually leads back to the dark and bloody ground of *Cavalleria Rusticana* and *Pagliacci*. The Lattuada one-acter is based, of course, on Molière's comedy *Les Précieuses Ridicules*. Although the plots are by no means identical, *Les Précieuses* is of the same ironic school as Mozart's *Cosi fan tutte*. Gorgibus, a worthy burgess of Paris, aspires to brilliant marriages for his daughter Madelon, and his niece, Cathos, with the noblemen La Grange and du Croisy. Nourished on the sentimental romances which enjoyed favour at the Hôtel de Rambouillet, the young ladies in question find their suitors not at all to their taste. So the repulsed gentlemen decide on their little revenge. They send their valets, disguised as the Marquis de Mascarille and the Vicomte de Jodelet, to pay court to Mesdemoiselles Madelon and Cathos. These rascals are so successful that they are about to organize a magnificent fête, when that is interrupted by the appearance of their masters, who, to the dismay of Madelon and Cathos, show them up for what they are.

Lattuada, the author of the score, must be quite unknown to Metropolitan patrons. He was born in the province of Milan in 1882, but, though approaching his fiftieth year, he has comparatively few compositions to his credit. They include two earlier operas, *Sandalo* and *La Tempesta* (after Shakespeare), a sonata for violin and piano, a quartet and some songs.

(*Continued on page 120*)

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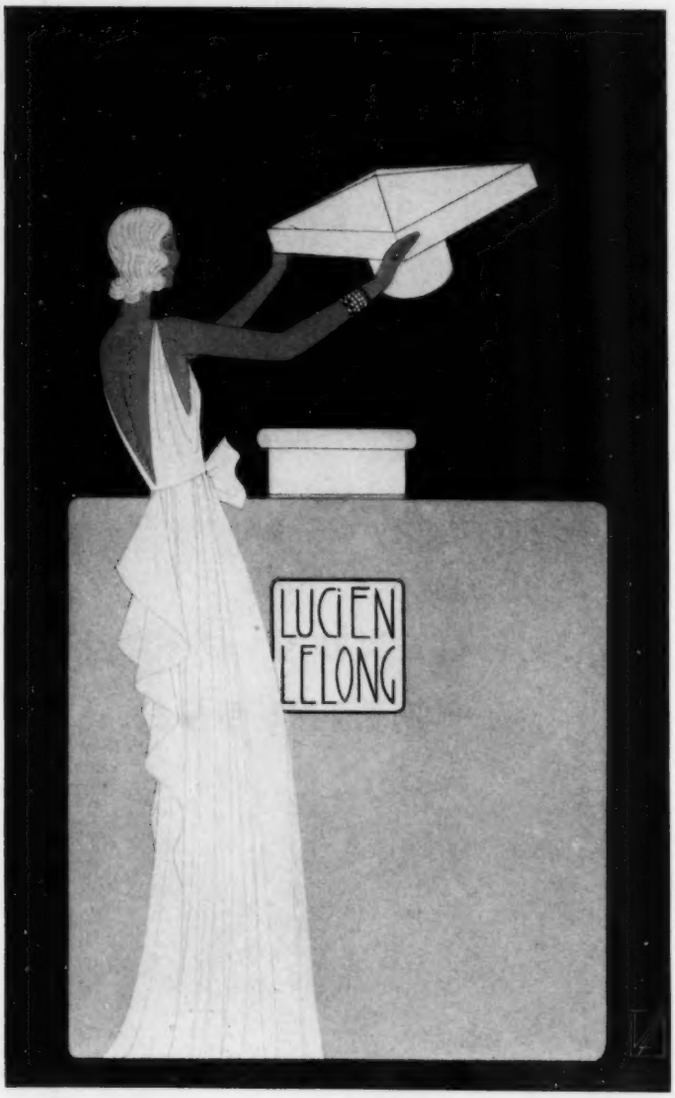

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PARFUMS

LUCIEN LELONG

PARIS

METROPOLITAN OPERA, 1930-31

(Continued from page 118)

It is natural that the success of Rimsky-Korsakoff's *Sadko* last winter should spur the Metropolitan management to offer at least one Russian novelty during the season of 1930-31. It was less to be expected, however, that the choice should fall upon *The Fair at Sorochinsk*. One would have looked, rather, toward the many operas of Rimsky-Korsakoff or for Moussorgsky's other unfinished opera, *Kovantchina*. Nevertheless, the peasant opera of a drunken comicality won the day. It was Moussorgsky's friendship with that great singing-actor, Ossip Petroff, the "mighty bass," which inspired *The Fair*. He turned to Gogol's *Evenings on the Dikanka Farm* for his subject, and the result was this folk comedy of Little Russia.

Tscherevik, the Ukranian blockhead, is the principal character. Around him revolve his vixenish wife, Khivria; his attractive young daughter, Parassia, and Gritzko, the impudent village lad; not to mention the youth of whom Khivria is enamoured, Afanasi Ivanovitch, a hungry divinity student. Strong drink and wassail, abundant cookery, a cunning fortune-telling gipsy, primitive superstitions, and broad practical jokes lead up to the "happy" ending—the fair Parassia affianced to Gritzko, and Khivria shamed into silence. Characteristic music of the "black-earth" country, rich in national melody and rhythms, gives the score its special value. Of the several extant versions of *The Fair* that of Nicholas Tscherepnin is the Metropolitan's choice. Tscherepnin, unlike César Cui, another of those who tackled the unfinished score, acted only as an arranger of Moussorgsky's completed scenes and sketches; not at all as an associate composer. So skilful is this editing and imitation that the hearer hardly ever suspects any other pen than Moussorgsky's own has been implicated. The first performance of Tscherepnin's version took place at Monte Carlo on March 16, 1923. Although more than two years elapsed before the second production, the *Fair* subsequently has gained considerable favour in the enterprising opera houses of Germany. The Metropolitan production will be the American première.

Turning to the projected revivals, we find that they number five and that they will, for one thing, make a third attempt to acclimate *Iris* on our rock-girt island and so prove that Pietro Mascagni, whose *Cavalleria Rusticana* passed its fortieth birthday last May, is not the one-opera man he has been called. Mascagni himself introduced *Iris* to our audiences on the occasion of his visit to the United States in the autumn of 1902, when *Iris* was only four years old. However, the artistic success of that tour had little to do with *Iris* or *Zanetto*, with *Ratcliff* or *L'Amico Fritz*, but resulted from the composer's masterly conducting of the already hard-driven *Cavalleria*. The Metropolitan, for its part, took up *Iris* in the season of 1907-08, but despite the sonorous choiring of the *Hymn to the Sun* and the presence in the cast of such artists as Emma Eames (Iris), Caruso (Osaka), and Scotti (Kyoto), Mascagni's Japanese opera failed utterly to win the favour that Puccini's *Madama Butterfly* so plentifully enjoyed. In the spring of 1915 Mr. Gatti-Casazza engineered a spectacular revival, allotting the musical direction to no less a conductor than Arturo Toscanini. On this occasion Miss Bori assumed the name-part of the innocent maiden who, rather than live a life of shame, jumps to her death in a sewer (presently metamorphosed into a paradise of celestial *fleurs-de-lys*), and Luca Botta replaced Caruso as the rich young profligate. This revival likewise ended with the spring in which it was launched.

The Flying Dutchman, which last occupied the Metropolitan boards in the season of 1907-08, will be added to Mr. Gatti-Casazza's Wagner list with, of course, Maria Jeritza as the visionary Senta, who is bent on saving the Dutchman from his curse of earthly wandering, and Friedrich Schorr as that Ahasuerus of the ocean. In the revi
twenty-three years ago Johanna G
and Bella Alten shared the rôle of S
and Anton van Rooy lent his m
voice to the Dutchman's music. S
will be no new adventure for Ma
Jeritza, since she has often under
the part in Vienna, and in Central
rope Mr. Schorr is one of the most
mired of contemporary impersonat
the Dutchman himself.

ANOTHER new part for Ma
Jeritza this season will be the
rôle of Franz von Suppe's *Boccac*
in which the fair-haired soprano
be expected to repeat in Flore
male attire the triumph of her
of a Viennese boy, Octavian, in
Rosenkavalier. The ingenious pre
the youthful poet of the *Decameron*,
he wins the hand of his Fiametta,
the sumptuous background of
Italian Middle Ages, are sure to ap
to Metropolitan patrons. More
Artur Bodanzky has supplied the s
with recitatives, so musically the t
ful Viennese operetta will strut
preen itself in all the glad feathers
grand opera. *Boccaccio*, by the w
will not be the Metropolitan's firs
say at Viennese operetta. Back in
consulate of Conried it staged two
the best-known works in that g
by no less a composer than Joh
Strauss: *Die Fledermaus* and *The Gy
Baron*. And as for Madame Jeri
she is no less famous abroad for
achievements in *La Belle Hélène*
Offenbach and Johann Strauss's *
Nacht in Venedig*, than for her To
her Salome, her Elisabeth. Incident
Madame Jeritza is also to sing
first Metropolitan Brünnhilde, a
preliminary spring try-out at the Vie
Staatsoper.

Doubtless, the revival of Ross
William Tell is regarded as a centen
rite, even though it comes along a l
late, inasmuch as that masterwork
its first representation at the P
Opéra on August 3, 1829. Paris, by
way, celebrated the centenary a
ago and Milan's Scala did so last
with the aid of two Metropolitan
ers, Giacomo Lauri-Volpi and Tanc
Pasero. Mr. Gatti-Casazza's earlier
vival of *William Tell* lacked the
of a conductor of the first rank.
coming revival, on the contrary,
enjoy the advantage of Mr. Serafi
musical supervision. The previous
included Miss Rosa Ponselle as Matil
Mr. Martinelli as Arnold, and
Danise as Tell. It is altogether lik
that this season Arnold, one of the hi
est of tenor parts, will fall to the lot
Mr. Lauri-Volpi. *William Tell*, as
happens, will not be sung in the origi
French, but in the familiar Italian
sion, providing one more exception
the Metropolitan rule of all-opera-
the-original-tongues.

THE last work on the novelty
revival list, Verdi's *La Forza
Destino*, figured so recently in the
tive repertory that it can scarcely
regarded as a revival at all. Nor
the public forgotten that this w
when resuscitated by Mr. Gatti-Cas
in November, 1918, provided a d
for Miss Ponselle, who had never
fore trodden the boards of opera.

Of new singers announced for
season, Georges Thill, the French te
from the Paris Opéra, provokes parti
lar interest. Thill has not only b
acclaimed in Paris, but he has b
well received in Italy and in Sc
America. Reports of his clarion
when he sang Calaf in *Turandot* in
Roman arena at Verona are well
culated to sharpen anticipation. Is
Metropolitan at last to have a Fre
tenor worthy to wear the mantle
Jean de Reszké, Saléza, and Alva
At the Opéra, Thill has filled rôle
lyric dramas as diverse as *Romeo
Juliette*, *Lohengrin*, *Pagliacci*,
Marouf. A second singer of Europ
renown who has been invited to
Metropolitan fold is the Norw

(Concluded on page 122)

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"2388"

(*Concluded from page 69*)

not call her till afternoon. "Just back from Belmont. Hope you took my tip."

"Rather!" she laughed.

"I suppose that means one more diamond bracelet."

"Something like that!"

"Sorry it's the only way I can make you a present. I stared at every girl in the enclosure this afternoon. Suspected all the blondes of being you."

"I admit I ogled the gentlemen," hazarded Angela.

"'Ogled the gentlemen!' That from an up-to-date girl! Have you been reading Sheridan?"

"I was just kidding."

"That's more like it!" he laughed. "You're a great little sport any way you look at it."

Angela's cheek flushed with pleasure.

Thus encouraged, she read up for the latest prizefight, and her fluency on the subject of "upper cuts to the jaw" and "left jabs to the stomach" fairly astounded her friend.

Their intimacy was increasing rapidly and she sometimes resented his accepting her anonymity so patiently. The thought came to her that he might be married. Though the idea gave to their relation the added fillip of the illicit, it made her miserable. She had to acknowledge to herself that she was jealous.

One afternoon he called her much later than usual. The delay had made her nervous and she thought she detected a subtle change in his voice. "Almost missed the appointment," he said. "Fact is, I'm laid up; accident in the hunting-field." He had never before spoken of hunting. "Feeling pretty seedy."

She was breathless. What if he had been killed!

"Is it bad?" she breathed.

He laughed it off. She was by no means reassured. The wavering tone was so different, so alarming. Even the laughter cracked strangely. She was sure he was very ill.

Suddenly he cut the conversation short with something like a groan.

All night she tossed feverishly in bed and found herself, by morning, so upset after dressing that she summoned her doctor.

"Blood pressure up a bit, Miss Perkins; nothing to worry about," reassured Dr. Mosher, after examining her with his stethoscope. "After all, you're only fifty. I expect to be asked to that party you'll give on your hundredth birthday." The doctor was celebrated for his jovial manner. "I've another case quite similar to yours, arthritis. Young feller over sixty, shut in like you, but sound as a pickled peach. Lively as a cricket, too. Had a little set-back yesterday. By the way, I promised to call him at eleven." The Doctor glanced at his wrist watch. "May I use your telephone?"

"Certainly," said Angela indifferently. She picked up a copy of the magazine to which she had recently subscribed. She was not interested in the symptoms of an old man. Her own anxiety . . .

The Doctor had taken up the telephone. "Give me Hindekooper 2388, please!" he said.

METROPOLITAN OPERA, 1930-31

(*Concluded from page 120*)

basso, Ivar Andresen, a member of the company at the Dresden Staatsoper, whose professional labours have taken him also to Covent Garden, London, and the Festspielhaus at Bayreuth.

Several of the other new singers have their fame largely to make. These include Olga Didur, the youthful soprano daughter of the Metropolitan's veteran Polish basso, Adamo Didur; Lily Pons, a young French soprano for florid rôles; Beatrice Belkin, familiar to the worshippers in the Roxy cathedral of the motion picture; Faina Petrova, a Russian contralto who has given Town Hall recitals in New York; and Claudio Frigerio, a young barytone of Italian descent who was born in Paterson, New Jersey, and has been serving an operatic apprenticeship in Italy. A soprano of long experience, however, has been secured in Myrna Sharlow, who made her début with the old Boston company as substitute in *La Bohème* for Madame Melba, who had fallen ill. Madame Sharlow has appeared several times in New York as a member of the visiting Chicago company (notably as the Adalgisa to Rosa Raisa's first Norma here and later with Fortune Gallo's San Carlo Company.

Most of the familiar names appear once more on the Metropolitan roster, but one notes with regret that Florence Easton is not listed to return and that Frances Alda and Margaret Matzenauer are for the first time in many years among the absentees. However, three noble artists of an earlier day, Ernestine Schumann-Heink, Louise Homer, Antonio Scotti, and Clarence Whitehill, are still nominated in the season's bond.

FATE?

FAR more than some unpeopled island out at sea
The city is a lonely place . . . Just as the sky
Looks more remote because its low-swung canopy
Is strewn with spires and lights and swirls of smoky grey,
These throngs on throngs decrease the probability
Of finding friends among the jostling passers-by.

Here in this lonely place we met once on a day
Long, long ago . . . We hailed, then passed each other by . . .
And now we meet again, both going the same way.
We fall in step as trail-mates. We speak quite buoyantly
Of yesterday; and now; but scarce know what to say
Of the tomorrow . . .
We meet again . . .
I wonder . . .

Why?

Ethel Corrance

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Imagine a beauty creation as rich, smooth and gleaming white as rich milk, with the teasing aroma of young water lilies, a liquid which is on and off in a moment, leaving the skin immaculate and petal-smooth. Such a creation is Water Lily Liquid Cleanser.

Note the new beauty and silken brightness of your skin. See how much softer, smoother your make-up is when you cleanse with Water Lily Liquid Cleanser. Let your skin luxuriate in this new cosmetic marvel! Price 2.50

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Awaken the skin with *Youthifying Stimulant,* the magic lotion that changes tired, sluggish skin into a thing of glowing beauty. 2.00

Rebuild with *Youthifying Tissue Cream.* This extraordinary unguent preserves the silken smoothness of the skin. Excellent for the prevention and removal of crow's-feet, lines and wrinkles. 2.00, 3.50

Tone with *Valaze Extrait.* This anti-wrinkle lotion lifts fatigue from face and eyes. 2.50, 5.00

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CHI-CHI THE CHOW

(*Continued from page 96*)

two o'clock we should probably be able to pass. Then we rushed back to the hotel, collected the rest of the family and the hand luggage, and passed the gates at five minutes to two o'clock!

This was on the second of September.

There was a general exodus. A never-ending stream of people and vehicles of every description. What struck me most were the baby carriages piled high with household effects, and the number of poor dogs wedged in among all the rest.

It was days before we could reach Biarritz, our destination. Everywhere we met the same throng, soldiers moving up to the front, wounded and civilians getting away from the Lines.

We stopped at Blois at the little Hotel d'Angleterre (so attractive in days of peace) on the edge of the Loire. Now all the landlady could give us to sit up in was the reading-room on the ground floor, and all night long we heard the motors rushing by. At Angoulême we had to pile in one room over a book-shop. Rochefort was the next stop, and there we took possession of some fairly comfortable quarters which were being reserved for some high official. Everyone was kind, for all were in trouble.

Finally we arrived at Biarritz, at the Hotel du Palais. It used to be the palace of the Empress Eugénie before it became a fashionable hotel, but now the large salon was already filled with wounded. Indeed, it was not long before the proprietor came and told us that *all* the rooms must now be given over to hospital service, and though he was grateful to Missus and the other ladies for all the kindness they had shown, he must ask us all to move on. Master decided then and there to motor on to San Sebastian in Spain, where we were to spend many happy days and make many delightful friends. We took up our abode at the Hotel Maria Cristina.

NOTHING could be more agreeable than the autumn season at San Sebastian, the most fashionable of seaside resorts in Spain, where Their Majesties, King Alfonso and the Queen used to visit the Queen-Mother at lovely Miramar.

We all loved Spain and enjoyed every moment from the hour we arrived. Our Spanish friends were particularly kind to me. I suppose the reason was they had never seen a dog of my breed before. His Majesty the King, whom all the world loved, was a great friend of mine. The first time he noticed me was in the dining-room of the Hotel Maria Cristina, where he was a frequent visitor. We had exchanged glances several times and I knew that I had caught his attention, but Master was afraid His Majesty might be annoyed by the presence of a dog in the dining-room and he was preparing to have me sent up to my apartment, when His Majesty very kindly and graciously manifested his desire that I should remain. The King said, "By all means let him stay." It takes blue blood to discern blue blood. I was naturally tremendously set up by this honour and I at once included His Majesty among the few for whom I would willingly give my life. Of course, all the world knows what a sportsman he is, and how plucky. He drives an automobile faster and straighter than most, plays a first-rate game of polo, is a crack shot, and a splendid yachtsman. He walks about unattended, so simply and unaffectedly that, hearing people talk about the democracy of modern royalty, I could not help thinking to myself: "They are not democratic; they are just natural."

San Sebastian proved to be exactly what I was hoping for. It doesn't take Americans long in any part of the world to find out what's the thing to do and when's the time to do it. They seem to go right to the heart of things. So, the very first morning after our arrival we were out walking, at the crowded hour, on the "Concha." The señoritas, or young ladies, were fascinating and I got some ideas, from the more popular types, of how to use my eyes. I may state here in all modesty that my eyes are one of my attractions, being rather different, larger and more expressive than the regulation chow eye, which have somewhat of a Chinese slant to them. I hadn't paid any particular attention to my own eyes until one day Missus said to a friend of hers:

"Have you ever had a good look into Chi's eyes? They are positively velvety and so deep in expression. Quite wonderful."

Afterward I found I could communicate quite freely with Missus through my eyes. She knew when I was happy and she was to learn, later, alas! when I was suffering.

To return to the señoritas, these ladies of great charm, and were nearly always followed by a duenna.

Great as was the success of these charming females, mine was even greater. No one had ever seen a dog of my breed before on the "Concha." People pointed at me, appearing quite nervous. In fact, nearly everyone in Spain exclaimed, "That's a lion, not a dog!" I didn't mind being compared to the King of Beasts!

In spite of informality, late hours were the rule at San Sebastian, where we never dined before half-past nine or ten o'clock in the evening. We made a very gay group, as the various diplomats of different countries followed the Court during the summer holidays.

SPANISH children are adorable. Indeed, I found them the prettiest I had ever seen, and they wore the loveliest clothes. I used to admire the Royal Infantas, Princess Beatrice and Princess Marie Christine. When we were at the country club in Madrid, where polo was being played, Missus took a sweet little snapshot of them.

Another sport, very mild in comparison with the bull fight, but which is also a great test of human skill, is pelota, really a Basque game imported from France. The players play on courts in the open air. Fastened on their wrists they wear long narrow baskets from which one hurls the ball which the other must catch in his basket and hurl back again. As the baskets are scarcely wider than the ball itself, and curved, it requires much practice to become expert in the use of them.

To relieve the monotony of our afternoon outings, we used to motor up to a beautiful spot, Yguelda, on the hill top, where we had tea at a fashionable restaurant commanding a wonderful view of San Sebastian and the sea beyond. Everyone was so kind to us and we made so many delightful friends that we never felt we were in a strange country.

I had my two dear ones with me, and yet, as the Christmas season drew near I remembered other happy holidays surrounded by loving friends, and the sweeet simple hours of puppyhood when I used to chase the squirrels on Long Island, or lie idly watching the sea from the porch. Ah, me! It is best not to dwell too much on the past. But I soon had occasion to be thankful that in my youth I had had ratting experience, which came very useful in my dealings with a Spanish mouse. It came about in this way. One evening as we were all sitting around as usual after dinner, we heard a scream and we saw one of the ladies jump up on a table and gather her skirts about her, rather high. Of course, I knew what this meant. I lifted my nose, scented the mouse, caught it in my teeth, gave it a twist, and carried it out, dead. After that the ladies couldn't do enough for me, and some of the attachés came to try to scare up more mice just to see how I was going to handle them.

(*Continued on page 126*)

WITH A COLD FIRE

THE COOL SPLENDOR of diamonds! . . . Incomparably important to any vogue of elegance, and doubly significant today! With the modern cuttings — the emerald cut, the marquise and the baguette — they have been given new and distinctive character, thoroughly consistent with the sophistication of the present mode.

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As it is through the diamond bracelet or necklace, the diamond clip-pin or girdle brooch, that the final character of this winter's fashions is to be achieved, the notable collection of diamond jewelry at this establishment is of particular interest at this time. You will find stunning bracelets, from $27,500 to $240; necklaces from $8000 to $400; the indispensable clip-pins, from $9500 to $950 a pair; exquisite brooches, rings and hat- or handbag-ornaments from $17,500 to $20.

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CHI-CHI THE CHOW

(*Continued from page 124*)

Though we were among the fortunate, there were some things which we now began to find it difficult to buy, on account of the war. Missus and I had, as I have already explained, ways of communicating, although I could not actually speak. For example, when she was going somewhere where she could not take me, she would stand at the door, seeing my questioning glance, and say: "I'm coming back, Chi, dear. Be a good doggie," and I understood perfectly that I was to remain at home.

I, too, had my way of expressing myself. For instance, if I was hungry, I would go over to the cupboard where my dog biscuit was kept and stand on my hind legs. Whatever she was doing, Missus would stop doing it and come over and get me a biscuit. One day I tried this, but I saw how worried and perplexed my dear one looked. She said to Master: "What shall I do?"

"Tell him, of course; Chi will understand."

So Missus came over, took out the box and shook it before me. It was empty. Then she said sadly, in French —I suppose so that it should not sound so harsh: "*Fini . . . C'est la guerre, Chi chéri,*" which I understood.

FINALLY Christmas Eve arrived and I felt that there was a surprise in preparation, though I didn't know what it might be. Quite late that night Missus said her usual, "I'm coming back, Chi dear." Then she went off with a Spanish friend of hers, the Countess Urquijo, and it seems, as I learned afterward, that they drove up to a convent on the top of the hillside above San Sebastian, and there they attended a very impressive and beautiful midnight Mass.

The next day, Christmas, the great surprise arrived. It had been especially prepared for me by Master's friend, Oscar Herron. He was a man of the world, so he naturally understood dogs, and he once had a wonderful companion of the wolfhound breed, capable of doing extraordinary stunts. For example, his master would hide a glove or a handkerchief anywhere indoors, or in the woods, and tell his dog to find it, and he never failed to bring back the article. His scent was very keen. He was also a great carrier, and loved to be sent on errands. One day when Oscar Herron was staying at an hotel at Baden-Baden he sent the dog with a note to a charming princess of his acquaintance who always spent the season at this same hotel.

"Take this to Baby," he said (the pet name of this beautiful princess). The dog trotted off, but returned after some time, still holding the letter in his mouth. "Take it to Baby," repeated his master. My dog friend looked worried, but obediently disapoeared, and after a short interval came back wagging his tail, his errand done. The explanation was that the princess had that year taken a suite in quite a different part of the hotel.

No doubt, it was the memory of his old dog friend and his love for animals that made my friend Oscar wish to give me a happy Christmas. At any rate he had prepared for me a most wonderful Christmas tree. All to myself! It was hung with everything to delight a dog's heart—bones, liver, a ball, nuts to crack, and biscuits, and it glowed with many coloured candles —and at the very top, a sketch of me taking my master out on the lead. A dog's Christmas-tree in the corridor of an hotel must be rather unusual, I suppose, as it seemed to create quite a sensation among the guests. When I read on the gay Christmas label attached to it: "Merry Christmas to Chi-Chi from his friend Oscar," I must confess I was deeply touched.

Our very pleasant sojourn at San Sebastian came to an end when we decided to spend a winter in Madrid. We went to the Ritz Hotel, and before long we began to feel as much at home there as we had at the Maria Cristina, though I did miss the s... Of course, too, in spite of the w... there was more formality in this ... capital than in the little town of S... Sebastian, but we soon adjusted o... selves to our new surroundings.

Our various friends from the d... ferent embassies, and those who sp... the season at San Sebastian, had ... turned to their homes in the cap... for the winter.

There were, of course, many interes... ing things to see and much to do ... Madrid. Almost every day we motor... to the golf club or to the polo, ... was always interesting to watch, ... they were a crack team.

Some one has said, and I have of... heard it repeated, that since Ri... started his chain of hotels, you c... be sure that in all the big capita... of the world, between eight and ni... the same fashionable, well-dres... crowd will be eating the same delic... able dinner with the customary flowe... and the same shining glass a... silver. So it was at Madrid. Thi... the smart hour to dine was very l... and Monday was the great night f... parties at the Ritz. Everyone a... sembled in the Palm Hall and the... Boldi, the Hungarian Orchestra lead... of the celebrated Tzigane Band, w... really made the music of his count... famous, played to us. I say us, becau... I was such a sympathetic listener I a... sure he was moved to do his best wh... he caught my eye. I used to sit on t... steps leading down to where his m... sicians were placed, my paws hangi... over the first step, in rapt attention; th... was facing the music, literally, somethi... I have always approved of, on princip...

I WAS sorry to leave Madrid becau... everyone was so kind to me the... I was invited everywhere, and thou... sometimes I quite understood I w... asked only as a sort of curiosity, ... be exhibited, as it were, to peo... who had heard about me and wan... to see me with their own eyes, ye... was enough of a diplomat, after a... sociating with the whole corps for ... winter, never to show that I realize... this. One should not carry one's hea... on one's fur, but should know how t... conceal one's feelings when necessar...

All good things come to an end, o... rather one happy day makes way f... another equally delightful. So thou... our three months visit to Madrid w... over, we had decided to see some... thing of the rest of Spain, motorin... from one place to another, workin... our way along so as to reach Sevil... for Easter, which all the world an... was the thing to do.

I won't attempt to describe the... wonderful Holy Week and the Easter... celebrations in fascinating Sevill... heavy with the fragrance of orang... blossom and golden with sunshine... There was so much to see that you... didn't know which way to turn...

My Missus thought it remarkable... that I could sit so long without movi... ing from the box which had been re... served for us in the grandstand in the... public square.

When the procession was over, I was... glad to hear Missus say she wanted... to go back to the hotel and rest... She felt as I did, that the impressio... had been so deep it ought not to be... disturbed.

But there was a brilliant side to the... celebrations—the Feria, the golden part... of the festivities, and even a dog could... rejoice without being conspicuous, for... in the cafés and restaurants there were... the dancers. All the world was dancing, and everyone seemed to have his... own particular little booth, where each... in turn would jump up and give an... exhibition dance, accompanied by... guitars. It struck us all that the... young girls, usually kept so strictly... made up during this Feria for the re... strictions of all the rest of the year... This picturesque and unique Holy... Week celebration was to be our last... glimpse of romantic shimmering Spain...

(*To be concluded*)

"A perfume taught me the secret of *Youth*"

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▼ ▼

Pictured above are Seventeen Perfume, Seventeen Sachet, and Seventeen Face Powder.

Seventeen

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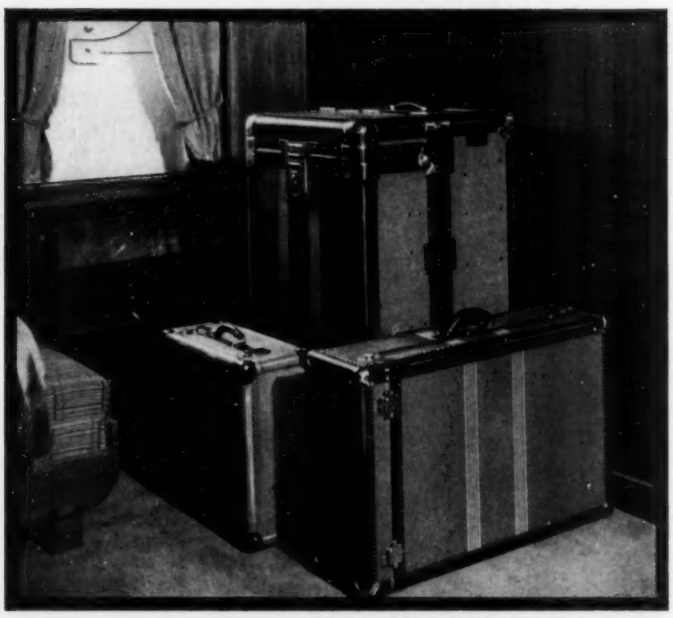

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HARTMANN

TRUNKS

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SIX INCHES OF WATER

(Continued from page 73)

Naughty!" he said, and went out.

Waggestaff fell back in a chair and burst into a roar of laughter. "Of course, Rhino," he said at last, "he can't realize who you are—"

"Shut up!"

"Oh, my eyes and whiskers! Immense! And you stood there taking orders like a schoolboy! If I hadn't seen it, I wouldn't believe it!"

Bronson Bulger grunted from the depths of his cavernous chest. The truth was he had been caught off his guard. But such things would not happen twice.

The drawing-room at Cambric Hall is pleasantly Victorian with red girandoles and glass tear-drops and amber candles set in balloon receptacles. The cambric curtains under faded chintzes give a twilight elegance to the lacquer furniture. The floors are carpeted with mellow ochre rugs to dull the fall of heavy masculine feet. Everything is immaculate, and every chair is predestined and inviolate in its place. Dogs and children are rigorously excluded. On one side is a green and white sun parlour, with soft linoleum squares in black and white, opening on the front porch, with a green spread of oblong lawn beyond, and a terrace that leads to daintily plotted gardens, beyond the cedars.

AT SIX-FORTY, Mr. Bulger and Mr. Waggestaff, dressed according to the English custom, descended and rang for Percy. "We'll start with dry Martinis," said Waggestaff. "Three to one, and don't forget a touch of lemon peel. What's your name?"

"Percy, sir."

"Well, Percy, persevere." He slapped his change pocket with an encouraging smile and added, "Put another down for me, Rhino."

"Beg pardon, sir, shall I serve them in your rooms?"

"Eh, what?"

"Mr. Droome prefers—"

"Is this a prohibition house?"

"Oh, no, sir, but cocktails are always served in the rooms, sir."

"Is this a quaint old custom of the house, too?"

"Yes, sir."

"Upstairs, naughty boy," said Waggestaff, pointing a peremptory finger at his friend.

Ten minutes later they descended again, a broad grin on the face of Charlie Waggestaff and a perceptible puckering of the eyebrows on the face of the financier. Mr. Crouch's corrective eyes passed in rapid inspection over the evening clothes as he moved like a discreet shadow to make the introductions: Mrs. Bodfish, with a merry Irish eye, and Miss Purley of Back Bay, Boston; Lady Horrocks with a streaked yellow front, and Rosetta, prettily English in a red and white frock; Mr. Archibald Bannester and his secretary, the long and lanky young Tom Carter, who was whispering shyly to Rosetta; and two bridal couples, the Stokers from Long Island, and the Tony Galloways from Philadelphia, who were giggling on a subdued note in a corner.

At precisely seven o'clock Percy from the hallway rang a hunting call, Mr. Crouch nodded in permission and retired through a secret door, while the ladies led the way to the monastic dining-room. Waggestaff's hopes were dashed by the perception that no communal table existed for the better intercourse. The guests, segregated in couples, assumed an expectant religious attitude while a faint undertone of perfunctory conversation passed like a feeble breeze about the room.

"And the rest is silence," said Waggestaff, dismally.

"Good soup," remarked Bulger in his natural voice.

Waggestaff imitated a perfect start of alarm and laid his fingers on his lips. "Hush! Remember the English custom is no conversation until the roast."

Mrs. Bodfish, she of the merry Irish eyes, looked up quickly and smiled tentatively. Mr. Bannester finished his soup, folded his hands and stared [illegible] the young secretary. Lady Horrocks and Rosetta focussed on the same [illegible] cellar. The two brides looked tender[ly] at their grooms. Dr. Gilday, redoubtable headmaster of a famous boarding school, followed by Mrs. Gilday, stole shamefacedly into the room just as the soup plates were removed from his table, sat down and murmured inaudibly. Everyone seemed listening for an indiscreet remark.

"How edifying!" said Waggestaff [illegible] the long silence after the meat. "[It] like dining in Durham Cathedral, [isn't] it?"

The young bridal couples sniggered, and, after a moment, Mr. Bannester was heard gurgling in his collar. Waggestaff began to feel encouraged.

"I shall change all this," he remarked confidentially to his friend, "but it will take at least forty-eight hours to sweep away the fog. Meanwhile, Rhino, my boy, no desertions. Understand—stick to the guns!"

"Humph!"

Mr. Bulger caressed his square-cut jowl with a broad sweep of his hand, cleared his throat and continued to consider the situation in all its aspects. Dinner over, he clamped a cigar in his lips and moved out, bent on a stroll. Mr. Crouch, however, had other ideas.

"I trust you gentlemen have dined well?" he said, blocking the exit to the outer regions.

"Thank you. We have eaten slowly and distinctly," said Waggestaff, knowing that the remark would be penalized.

"There will be two tables of bridge—"

"I don't play bridge," said Bulger peremptorily.

"Then there is a table of Mahjong."

"And I don't play Mahjong," said Bulger, looking through the fragile Mr. Crouch. "Charlie, I shall take a stroll and turn in early. You can dissipate as much as you want."

Mr. Crouch looked pained, but yielded to the impending bulk.

"I'll come to your rescue, Mr. Bulger," said Mrs. Bodfish with mischief in her eyes. "Are you good at puzzles? I'm sure you are. We need a man's fine brain."

Before he knew quite how it had happened, Mr. Bulger found himself at a table with rows of glass marbles before him set in a Greek cross, solemnly discussing the strategic jumps needed to clear the board. Lady Horrocks leaned over one shoulder, with birdlike chirpings of encouragement, while Miss Purley exclaimed in ecstatic admiration. Mr. Bulger hated small talk, hated games, hated puzzles, hated being surrounded by women. Furthermore, he particularly hated having his discomfiture witnessed by the irreverent Mr. Waggestaff. He decided for the sake of the amenities to make one perfunctory showing, and then to retire with dignity. He remained an hour, battling his way to a final victory, before, in a terrific concentration, he awoke to find himself entirely surrounded by women.

"HERCULES in the tents of Omphale," said Waggestaff maliciously when they had returned upstairs. "You never know a man till you go [illegible] with him. I thought I was a favourite with the sex myself, but—"

Bulger grunted.

"Well, Rhino, this was coming to you for a long while. Take your medicine and enjoy it. This place is going to do you a lot of good. It ought to cure you of that habit of yours, of standing around with your watch in your hand, which is so distressing to your friends."

"It *is* funny," said Bulger with a reminiscent grin. "It was worth it to see Doctor Gilday's face when they took away his soup!"

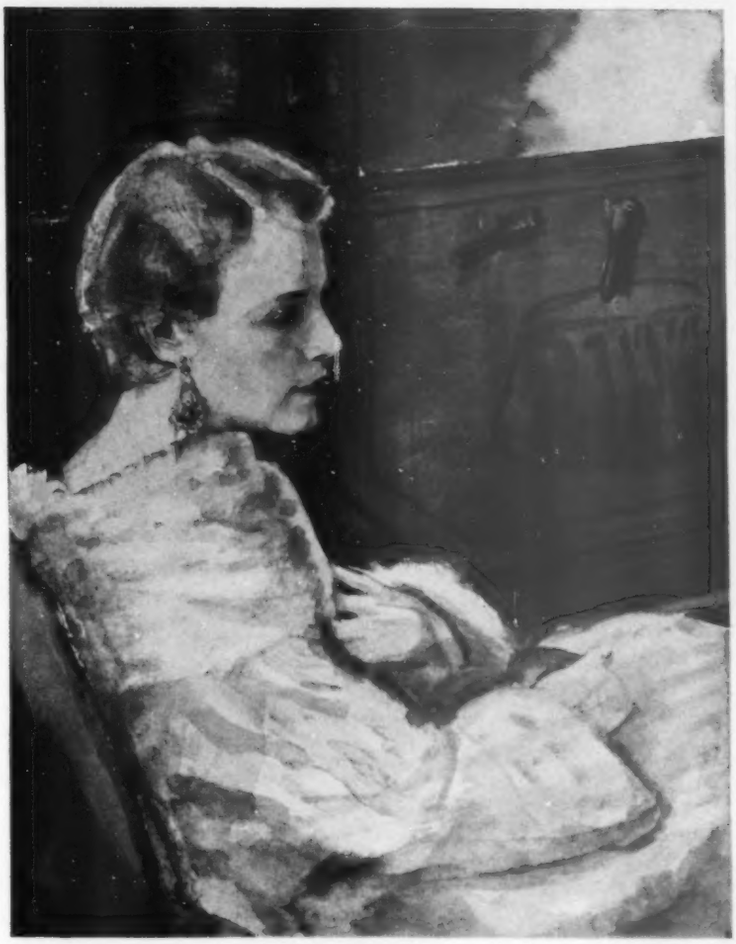
"So? Wait till you get called down. You don't know half the regulations yet. Tick and Alma tell me—"

"Tick and Alma? You're working faster than usual. Who are they?"

"The Stokers. I met her sister [illegible]

(Continued on page 129)

THE EIGHT AS BUICK BUILDS IT



"I couldn't wish for a finer car than my Buick"

Among those fortunate people whose means are equal to their inclinations, there is a growing conviction that the new Buick Straight Eight affords all they could desire in fine straight eight manufacture.

And this . . . as you will discover when you view and drive The Eight as Buick Builds It . . . is the logical outgrowth of a degree of beauty, luxury and sparkling straight eight performance unsurpassed anywhere in the world. The wonder is that these fine Buicks with their Valve-in-Head Straight Eight Engines, Syncro-Mesh Silent-Shift Transmissions and Insulated Bodies by Fisher can be priced so low.

For this we have to thank the discerning men and women of America, who have purchased more than twice as many new Buick Eights as any other eight in their price range during the three months since their introduction.

The new Buick Straight Eights, in four series and four price ranges, are offered in twenty luxurious models, from $1025 to $2035, f. o. b. Flint, Mich.

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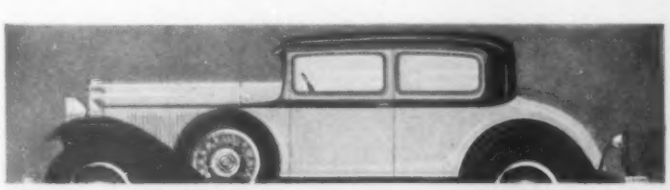
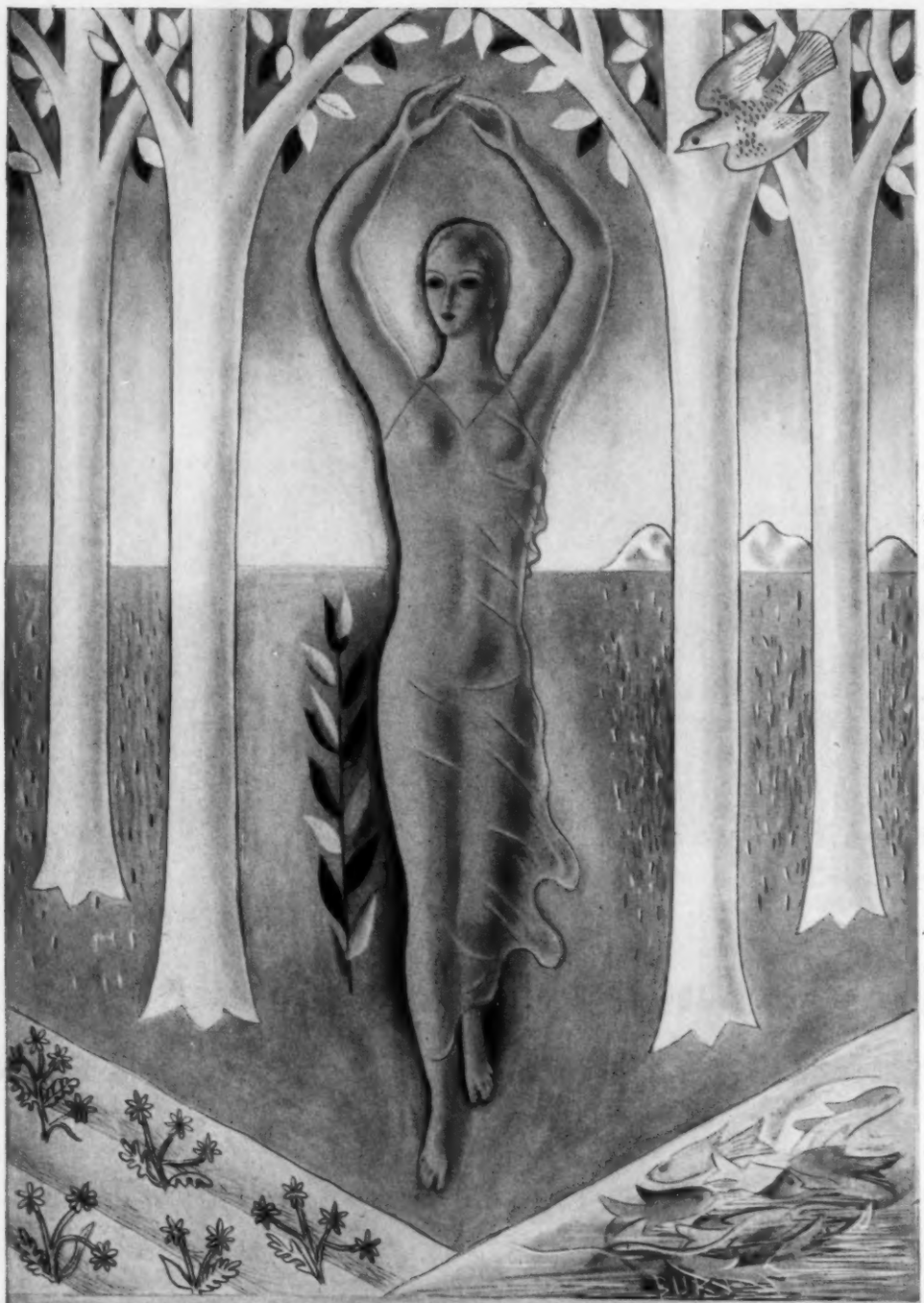


WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM



Shalimar is $12.50 and $25 . . . . Liu is $30 . . . . and L'Heure Bleue is $5 and $15.

Guerlain parfumeur Paris

Elegance is the Lord of Moods

To have elegance is granted to few—elegance of life, of thought, and of being. But she who, in herself, possesses this quality is uplifted and apart. She is eternal . . . she is Beatrice. For a decade of decades Guerlain has made his essences at the request of lovely women, long lines of duchesses, of queens. Even today there is scarcely a woman of recognized rank and charm in the world who does not use the perfumes of Guerlain. For who, being herself elegant, can fail to find her quality echoed in the Shalimar of Guerlain? . . . Who does not know, and knowing possess, the rare fragrance of L'Heure Bleue . . . and who of Eve's eternal line does not respond to the strange, the modern charm of Liu? Guerlain powder! How can so impalpable a thing be recommended? But it is tinged with Shalimar. And those creams to brighten the lips of women (whose name, alas! is lipsticks) . . . their mission is to show how great a pleasure a small thing can give! For when all is said and when all is done, there is no dynasty of perfumers whose fame can equal Guerlain, to whom elegance is a birthright and to whom perfection seems to come in the course of nature! For Guerlain is an artist who augments the attraction of women, an art that flatters nature herself!

SIX INCHES OF WATER

(*Continued from page 128*)

r at a wedding. They say—but never
d, you'll find that out tomorrow
ning."

"By the way," said Bulger, preparing
retire. "There's one low form of wit
'll kindly omit while we're here. If
lead any unsuspecting female on
consult me on the stock market, your
account goes by the board. *Savez?*"

"What a brute. How does it stand
?"

"Two new ones and seven repetitions.
rteen dollars."

"What seven?"

"That I overheard; three bar-reliefs—
younger ginerations, and two Al-
ian Rasch girls."

"And by rights you ought to pay me
hundred a day for amusing you,"
Waggestaff, getting into bed and
ing the covers over his head.

T SEVEN-THIRTY, Bulger rose lei-
rely, glanced out the window at
golden lights of the early morning
going to the bathroom made a thor-
inspection of the tub. At the same
ent Charlie Waggestaff's face, set
malicious grin appeared over the
. There were three faucets: hot,
, and one manifestly devoted to
water.

"Fine," he thought, "a sea bath when-
I want. There can't be any restric-
s on that!"

e turned on the hot and cold and
ed shaving. But in a moment the
r disappeared in a fog. He turned
ly to find clouds of white vapour
g from the tub. He shut off the
water at once and found the stream
letely stopped.

"Queer, I thought I turned on the
." He experimented and found that
gh the handle turned, no cold water
e, not even a trickle. He rang at
and when Percy arrived he said
mptorily:

"No cold water running in the bath
."

"Oh, no, sir, there never is."

"What, doesn't the cold water run in
of the bath tubs?"

"No, sir, not since I've been here."

"Then how the devil do you get a
-water bath?"

"A great many persons, sir, has asked
that identical question," Percy at
admitted.

"But what do they do? This con-
ded water is steaming hot. It won't
off for another day."

"Oh, no, sir."

"And I don't want a salt-water bath!"

"Most people feel just as you do, sir,"
Percy, who from interest was in-
ed to see things from the other side,
most people take the salt water
, sir."

"It's a quaint little custom of the
e," said Waggestaff, with a chuckle.
'm paying for a fresh-water bath,"
imed Bulger, "and I intend to have
Percy, take that glass and start fill-
it up with cold water from the
."

ercy shrank two steps backward and
k his head vigorously. "No, sir, no
I wouldn't do that. You can do
, Mr. Bulger, but not me, sir."

"Not your old tricks of buying other
to break the laws for you," vol-
ered Waggestaff, appearing all grins.
's there a printed volume of the
s and regulations of this House of
ection?" said Bulger sharply.

"Why, Mr. Bulger," said Percy the
mory, "there aren't really many
, sir."

"What did Dr. Gilday say when he
vered this diabolical arrangement?"
d Bulger, sternly.

"He acted just as you do, sir, but
aking his bath same as the others
."

lger waved him away, and whis-
completed his shaving. Then he
d the basin with cold water and
t a tumbler, began to dip it into
bath tub.

"That's just the way they all begin,
said Charlie Waggestaff, in languid
tion of Percy.

lger increased his speed and emp-
tied the basin twice, then approaching the bath tub he inserted his toes cautiously and immediately withdrew them.

"Why, the damned thing is still boiling," he exclaimed.

"How about a cake of ice?"

Bulger, after a rapid calculation, turned on the supplementary faucet. Immediately a gust of water arrived, accompanied by that odour of sanctity which is associated with the early Christian saints.

"Why, that's not salt water—it's brackish," he exclaimed in disgust.

"Oh, no, sir," continued Waggestaff, still in character. "That's sea water all right, sir. But by the time it washes through the bay, sir, it sort of loses its savour."

BREAKFAST over, Bulger went out on the porch and sent for Mr. Droome. Mr. Crouch, with a disturbed expression, glided out.

"I asked to see Mr. Droome," said Bulger, fixing him with the well-known gimlet stare that even an income-tax inspector had wilted under.

"Mr. Droome has just left for town," replied Mr. Crouch with his glance on the floor. "Can I be of assistance?"

"You can explain to me how I can get a hundred per cent. fresh-water bath in the same day."

"Have you tried drawing your bath the night before?" suggested Mr. Crouch with a helpful readiness which came from long habit.

"That's most ingenious," said Bulger ironically, "but it does not provide for a second bath, you see. Have you any suggestions to make how Mr. Waggestaff can also secure a bath?"

"Really, Mr. Bulger, I must decline to take you seriously. Cambric Hall has been in existence thirty-two years, and we are not accustomed to complaints from our *invited* guests."

"Wait a moment—"

But he might have as soon grasped a shadow as the disappearing Mr. Crouch. Another large cigar entered Mr. Bulger's lips like a spike. For the second time, the exponent of business efficiency had met the embattled inhibitions of the British Empire and succumbed, helplessly.

Dr. Gilday, before whose preceptorial eye three hundred boys quailed up north, came out. "Have you been properly chastised, Mr. Bulger?" he asked drily.

"Is smoking permitted on the porch?" said Bulger, counterfeiting a smile the moment he perceived Dr. Gilday's intention to enjoy the new victim.

"That is conceded," replied the doctor gravely, "provided you use the ash-tray conscientiously and continuously."

"I beg pardon. I must be getting deaf. What did you say?"

"That is another interesting phenomenon. It's got me; it'll get you, too."

"What?"

"The loss of your voice. It begins to go the second day. Bannester, who's been here a month, is absolutely indistinguishable."

"You take it cheerfully. By the way, how do *you* get a fresh-water bath?"

"Oh, that's simple. I draw it the night before, and Mrs. Gilday takes it in the morning."

"Look here. Is there any reasonable difference between six inches of scalding hot water, and supplying three inches of cold and three inches of hot?"

"Why do the British drive to the left and count in shillings and pounds? By the way, you look healthy and young enough. Who sent you here?"

"A friend—who thinks he has a sense of humour."

The doctor smiled and extended his hand.

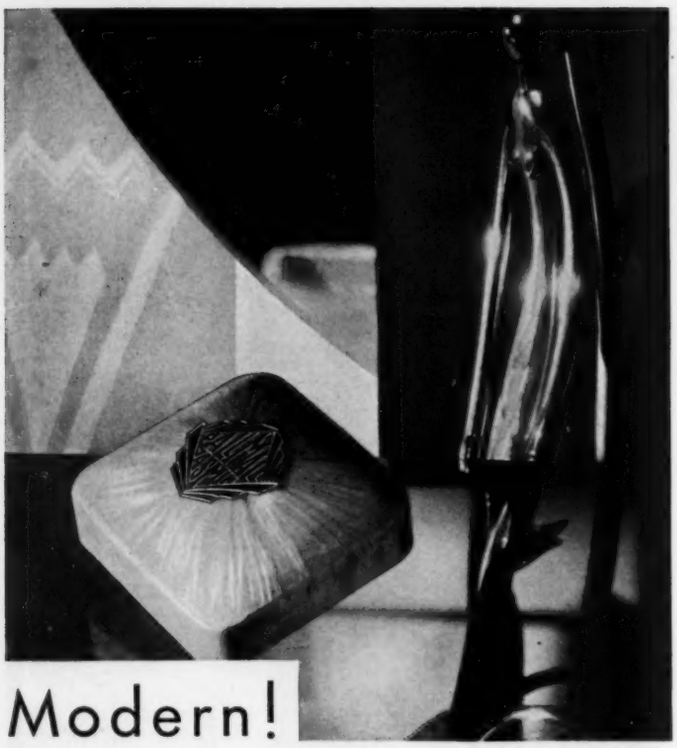
"Give in to it. You can't fight the forces of inertia."

"We shall see."

AT SIX o'clock, after a day spent in vigorous tramping and a delicious lunch in a quaint seventeenth-century inn, Bulger made one more ineffectual

(*Continued on page 130*)

DUO-SETTE
EVERYTHING ELSE YOU WEAR WILL LOOK MORE EXQUISITE — EVERY LINE OF YOUR FIGURE WILL SEEM MORE ADORABLE — IN A LILY OF FRANCE DUO-SETTE. JUST SEE WHAT A DIFFERENCE IT WILL MAKE TO YOUR APPEARANCE IN FITTED FROCKS AND SUITS!
LILY OF FRANCE



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made by the expensive French hard-milled process. They produce a rich, creamy lather in any water — hard water, salt water — hot or cold water. Remarkably gentle and soothing to even the most tender skin.

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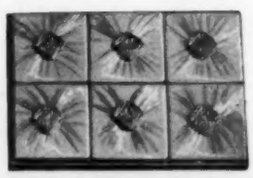
● Pall Mall, *Les savons exquis,* are sold in drug stores and the best department stores. If your dealer hasn't them, send us his name and we will see that he is supplied. Address Internationala, 509 Fifth Ave., New York City.

At left, Pall Mall *Savon Toujours,* 33c the cake, $1.00 the box of four.

Left below, Pall Mall *Savon pour la Famille,* 15c the cake, 75c the box of six, $1.35 the box of twelve.



Above, Pall Mall *Savon Castile.* Natural color only. 15c the cake, 75c the box of six.

Below, Pall Mall *Savon Petit,* guest room size, 75c the box of twelve.

PALL MALL

"Les savons exquis"

SIX INCHES OF WATER

(*Continued from page 129*)

attempt to see Mr. Droome, and then went upstairs to read over the regulations. As he reached the upper hall, a shadow flitted in the distance and a door closed softly. He rang the bell.

"Percy, do you know the nature of an oath?"

Percy, who had been regaled by Waggestaff, broke into a receptive grin.

"Because I want you to answer me—on your honour, now. Is there a Mr. Droome?"

"Why, yes, sir. Mr. Droome is the proprietor, sir."

"He exists? You have actually seen him?"

"Yes, indeed, Mr. Bulger—every day, sir."

"That's queer. No one else has ever seen Mr. Droome," said Bulger, looking at him sharply.

Percy went to the door and glanced cautiously down the hall.

"Mr. Droome is a very fine gentleman, sir, but a little nervous. He never mingles with the guests, sir."

"I see. Well now, Percy, listen. Every day after breakfast and every day after lunch, you will inform Mr. Droome that I request a few minutes' conversation with him. Twice a day, you understand."

Percy wagged his head sadly, stared at the forcible Mr. Bulger, and went out heavily. Forty-eight hours passed, during which, needless to say, Bulger did not see Mr. Droome. Likewise, the agile Mr. Crouch took to disappearing around corners.

Meanwhile Charlie Waggestaff, with the spirit of irreverence, had made considerable progress in the restoration of the lost youth of his fellow inmates. On the third night, having spent two days in the education of the English representatives, as to the proper timing of the laughter that should accompany his jokes, he produced a copy of the authorized English prayer-book, and colouring his voice to the sepulchral silences of the vacuum between the roast and the sweet, pontificated from the pulpit:

"My friends and Mr. Bulger, we are now returning to the established monastic custom of an edifying lecture on articles of faith during the repast. Busy minds must not remain inactive, you know. It would be better, even, if the ladies brought their tatting. I shall read from Ecclesiastics, chapter . . ."

A shout of laughter, the first in the silent memories of Cambric Hall, greeted him.

Waggestaff's mobile face assumed a start of horror.

"Hush! This is no place or time for levity, and I am addressing myself to you, Dr. Gilday, for though you are behind my back, I plainly perceive that you are indulging in levity. And let me say, Doctor Gilday, that the suggestion for proper mental and spiritual edification, which I have just made, would have come better from you; *you* with your proud city ways; *you* with your despotic control over four hundred young innocent lives; *you* the example; *you* the shining light; *you*—" But here Waggestaff burst into laughter, and glaring at Mrs. Bodfish and Miss Purley, demanded, with a rap on the table with his fork: "Alice! Helen! You are saying something under your breath that you are ashamed to repeat in public. I insist on knowing what it is! But remember, there are gentlemen present."

"I am saying," said the descendant of the Pilgrim Bodfishes, defiantly, "that something terrible is going to happen and I hope it happens soon!"

At this even the more timorous burst into applause, while Lady Horrocks, who had confessed that afternoon that she *did* enjoy a good laugh *occasionally*, began to chortle in a constantly rising key.

"One moment, Lady Horrocks, one moment, Belinda," said the irrepressible one, "you are laughing above the scale limit. Attention, please, everyone. I have my tuning-fork here. I am about to strike the note. Guests are politely but firmly reminded that the pitch of conversation has been regulated acc... ing to a quaint custom of the h... Ready now. *Ping!* Lady Horrocks, ... are three notes and one flat above ... permissible limit. Rosetta, attend ... your mother! Tick, Alma, remem... that you are the younger ginera... and the younger gineration should ... obscene, not heard. Old? Perhaps, ... I made the joke in 1898, February ...

"Two dollars fine," said Bulger, ... ing the transgressions.

"Mr. Bannester!" continued Wa... staff, elevating a peremptory finger ... the late Dr. Munyon. "You are sitti... there chuckling discreetly, in your w... mannered English way, hoping to esca... detection, but the rules and regulati... of Cambric Hall show no favouritis... There have been complaints about y... Mr. Bannester. You know the ru... about six inches of water. Well, sir, ... has come to our notice that you a... drawing your bath in the dark, so th... the All-seeing Eye shall not perceiv... your transgression. And you, Mr. Bul... son Bulger, you have been detected ... watering your stock with your well-... known Wall Street propensities, from ... subsidiary faucet. What have you ... say for yourself?"

"Eat your dinner," said Bulger, ... ing as soon as he perceived Dr. Gild... was enjoying the laugh at his expens...

"Mr. Bulger has not yet reached t... age of publicity," said Waggestaff im... mediately. "Bananas *au rhum?* Tha... goodness. This should help consid... ably. Guests are expected to he... themselves according to their immedia... needs, with a due regard for those wh... come after. Second helpings will b... charged extra as corkage on the ba... Dr. Gilday, remember to eat accordi... to the way you vote."

"He never does!" exclaimed Ma... Gilday, treacherously.

"Aha! Doctor Gilday, it has be... observed that you sometimes are tac... when it is a question of the soup, ... that you are always in your place wi... the bananas *au rhum* are served! Sm... things are noticed, Dr. Gilday, a... trifles like that—if they are trifles—c... pull down the proudest reputation. Per... —the bride and gloom have had am... time. I am waiting, Percy, I am waiti... Lady Horrocks, again I must remind y... that you are laughing above the key."

The bananas *au rhum* were not on... delicious but exceedingly potent, for t... voices rose to an exhilarated pitch.

"The revolt is on," said Waggesta... delighted. "We have now transform... the funeral parlours into the Ziegfe... Follies."

"How about the radio, Charlie?" sa... Miss Perley, who had had a rehearsa...

Waggestaff immediately placed o... hand in megaphone over his mouth an... closing his fingers over his nose as... flute player, began a perfect imitati... of a static-ridden radio.

"We are now broadcasting from th... cathedral café of Cambric Hall—z-z-z... —And the first Irishman said to t... second—z-z-z-z-z-z-; A great many i... portant people are here today—z-z-z... Hello, baby, how do you do. Hel... baby, how are you—z-z-z—Mr. Brons... Bulger will make an address on how ... make one hundred dollars a year ... investing in government three per cen... z-z-z-z. I see some socially promin... people here tonight. Mrs. Alma Sto... of Long Island, accompanied by her h... husband. Mrs. Stoker will now say ... few words to the microphone. 'Oh, ... think Cambric Hall is just too sw... for anything. I shall come here on ... my honeymoons.' Thank you, Al... thank you—z-z-z-z—First you take ... terday's chop, then you beat up a ... mato, a spoonful of gelatine, a pi... of nutmeg—z-z-z—and the little p... rabbit went up the hill—z-z-z—And ... folks, Dr. Gilday will speak on ... teaching of evolution in our kin... garten system—z-z-z——"

BUT at this moment the shrieks ... laughter were suddenly hushed. ... slender, apologetic figure of Mr. Cro...

(*Continued on page 132*)

See the direction sheet in every Kleenex package for a variety of uses of Kleenex as a general toilette and household accessory.

OFFICE WORKERS *find Kleenex invaluable for handkerchiefs, for applying make-up, for towels, and for removing creams after the daytime cleansing treatment.*

MOTHERS *have discovered that Kleenex makes perfect handkerchiefs for children. It costs less than laundering.*

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SIX INCHES OF WATER

(Continued from page 130)

stood in the doorway, trembling with repressed indignation. Percy, Jupiter, the rolling eyes of the sniggering maids fled into the kitchen. Lady Horrocks, Mr. Bannester stiffened and became Britannic once more. Mrs. Bodfish retired behind her handkerchief, and Mr. Bulger, touching the unsuspecting Waggestaff on the arm, said grimly:

"A communication from headquarters, Charlie."

Mr. Crouch stood rinsing his hands, waiting until the last unspeakable echoes of levity had died out.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said in a low, hurried voice, "I regret to have to announce to you that Mr. Droome is not feeling at all well this evening and that any excessive or unusual disturbance is most upsetting to his entire nervous system. Mr. Droome regrets that he is forced to request that you display in your conversation the moderation that has always been invariably customary at the formality of the evening repast at Cambric Hall. I thank you."

"Just one moment," said Bulger peremptorily. But the elusive Mr. Crouch had slipped away.

THE guests, having filed out of the dining-room like chastened children, adjourned to Mrs. Bodfish's bungalow.

"Look here," said Bulger, when the first inarticulate moment of indignation had passed. "What I want to know is, has anyone seen or heard Mr. Droome."

"I saw something strange in the hall once," began Lady Horrocks.

"And I heard a man's voice talking to Mr. Crouch—day before yesterday."

"All suppositions. There isn't a Mr. Droome," said Bulger triumphantly. "Mr. Droome is the invisible authority; the Mumbo Jumbo that Crouch governs by."

"Of course, Mr. Droome exists," exclaimed Mrs. Bodfish, coming forward, her merry eyes still dancing with suppressed delight. "Who clears away the ashes from the ash-trays ten minutes after you leave the parlour?"

"Who turns out the lights when you forget the rules and regulations?" chimed in Mrs. Gilday.

"Who takes the book you have borrowed from the library," said the Doctor, "and returns it to its exact location while you sleep?"

"Who restores the chairs to their proper location?"

"Who listens when the bath tub is being filled?"

"Droome!"

"No! There is no Droome," exclaimed Waggestaff, who had finally recovered his spirits. "We have created Droome in our own image. He is our inhibitions, the thing that rules us. He is the switch of childhood. He is the bogey man, the schoolmaster—the policeman around the corner. Droome is Crouch! but without Droome, there could be no Crouch. And what is Crouch I ask you? Sh-h!"

He went to the door, opened it suddenly and peered out into the night.

"Oh, my dear," exclaimed Lady Horrocks, clutching Rosetta. "This is getting dreadfully spooky!"

"Don't fear, Lady Horrocks," said Bulger. "Charlie is never serious."

"Never serious!" said Waggestaff, returning on tiptoe with his fingers on his lips. "I never was more serious. What is Crouch? I'll tell you. Back in his history, there is a dreadful mystery that shrouds his life; an obdurate maiden or a faithless wife."

> "But if there is no Droome;
> Who sits in that empty room?
> Tell me, poet, on your life!"

"Why, Doctor Gilday!" exclaimed Waggestaff. "There is a mystery in your life, too!"

"Droome, or Crouch, is a hater of mankind," said Mrs. Gilday, who was beginning to look ten years younger, "and he sits behind a shutter chortling while Crouch sticks pins in us for his delectation."

"Fancy how he is enjoying himself now," said Lady Horrocks.

"Why don't you buy the place, Ri... and dismiss them?" exclaimed W... staff. "Funny it hasn't occurred to y...

"It did," admitted Bulger, caressing his chin, "but it takes an act of parliament to approve a sale to an alien."

"Then buy up the peninsula."

Bulger dismissed this persiflage with a wave of his hand. "It may be fun, but it doesn't strike me that way. Either I receive a complete apology or I le... tomorrow."

"And take Charlie with you?"

"Leave us to our fate?"

"Desert?"

Before the beseeching attitude of t... inmates, Bulger reconsidered. "Y... well, I'll stay out my three days, but ... condition that you back me up in ... demand."

"We leave Saturday, too," said M... Gilday promptly. "We are with you!"

The brides and grooms, being of ... generation of revolt, were enthusiastic. Rosetta, rather than lose Charlie W... staff, decided her mother; and Mr. B... nester, with the inflexible British sp... of defending the rights of the individ... announced;

"It was unquestionably and inexcusably rude and the procedure likewise."

"And you, Alice?" said Waggestaff.

"I?—I'm Irish."

BULGER on the following morn... demanded an audience with M... Droome, who as usual was reported ... He then called for Mr. Crouch, to r... ceive the same answer. Then he ... down, and chuckling to himself, indi... a peremptory demand for a compl... and satisfactory apology, as well as ... immediate liberation of the cold wa... in all bath tubs. At seven o'clock, wh... they assembled for dinner, no reply ... arrived.

"The force of inertia, Bulger," ... Dr. Gilday, "I know it. I've dealt ... it all my life. You can't contend aga... it."

"I have something up my sleeve," ... marked Bulger with a malicious grin.

"Can I be of assistance, honourably ... otherwise?" said the Doctor, in a wh... per.

Mrs. Gilday, little but alert, came u... them presently, chuckling, with th... heads together.

"What are you two up to now?" ... asked suspiciously. "You may ... others with your pretense of solemn... But I know better. You are nothing ... boys, and you are having the time ... your lives."

"How did you find me out?" ... Bulger, delighted.

"Haven't I lived twenty years with ... repressed sense of humour?"

"Shall we let her in on the plot?" ... Bulger.

"By all means. Peg is a thorough ... unmoral and lawless woman."

The dinner was defiantly gay, tho... on a somewhat suppressed tone. ... Waggestaff, after announcing the ... regulations against promiscuous eat... and a reminder from the manage... that guests were requested *not* to e... themselves at the formal repasts, ... ceeded to give his imitations of the t... ies. Mrs. Culpepper of Virginny, and ... well-known dialogue between the ... ister and the deaf spinster. The la... ter was filled with the spirit of the ... rebellion, but despite a conscious e... there was a shadow of apprehen... about the room. Waggestaff simula... the reading of headlines from the l... paper read:

> "GUESTS IN JOY-STRIKE
> Leaders of Education and Financ...
> Unite with Society Notabilities
> to Demand Reforms
> Bath Crisis Imminent"

They laughed, they applauded m... ately, but every glance remained on... embrasure of the door. But Mr. Cr... did not step into the frame. It w... partial victory, but not one to satisfy...

(Concluded on page 134)

Mrs. Ruth D. Maurer of New York

distinguished exponent of beauty culture

tells you how to keep that schoolgirl complexion

THERE'S scarcely a beauty specialist in all America who doesn't know the name of Mrs. Ruth D. Maurer; Mrs. Maurer, for years an outstanding American leader in beauty culture, graduated some 80,000 pupils! Her influence is felt, her opinion respected, wherever beauty theory is taught. "Tell us," we asked Mrs. Maurer, "a good plan for keeping youth and beauty . . . an easy plan and one that every woman can follow."

First, consult an expert

"Well—first of all," she replied, "find a beauty specialist in whom you have confidence and get into the habit of consulting her regularly. That is every bit as necessary as the proper home care.

"Then, learn a few plain truths about yourself. This for instance: that your skin must be kept thoroughly clean if you want to keep that schoolgirl complexion!"

"And what," we wanted to know, "do you consider the best way to keep the skin clean?"

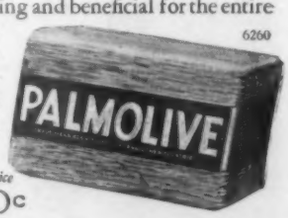
"Personally," Mrs. Maurer answered, "I consider Palmolive Soap a primary aid in attaining a lovely skin because I am a firm believer in the virtues of olive oil for beauty cleansing—and Palmolive, as you know, is made of olive and palm oils.

"Indeed, those are the only fats used in Palmolive, analysis shows. We, of the beauty profession, have great faith in those particular vegetable oils. We know them to be both soothing and penetrating—two qualities invaluable for cosmetic purposes."

Mrs. Maurer, of course, advises Palmolive together with the various creams and cosmetics which she, herself, manufactures—for she is today president of a well-known cosmetics firm.

"When you use Palmolive," says Mrs. Maurer, "work its lather gently into the skin of face and throat with your hands or with a soft cloth; then rinse with both warm and cold water before applying make-up."

And—since Palmolive costs only 10 cents the cake—it is advised (and used) for the bath as well. Its olive and palm oil content provides a lather that is soothing and beneficial for the entire body—just as it is for the face. To keep that schoolgirl complexion act on expert advice. Use Palmolive.



Retail Price 10c

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., Eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

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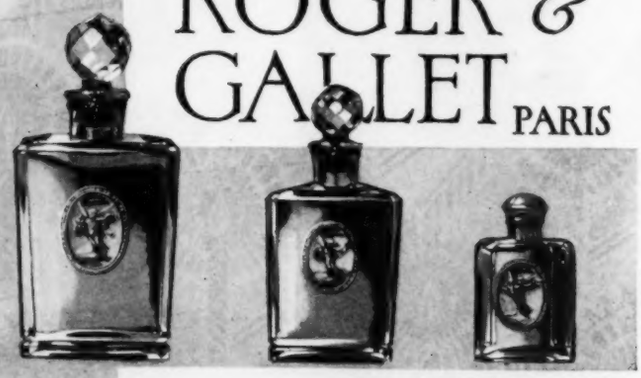

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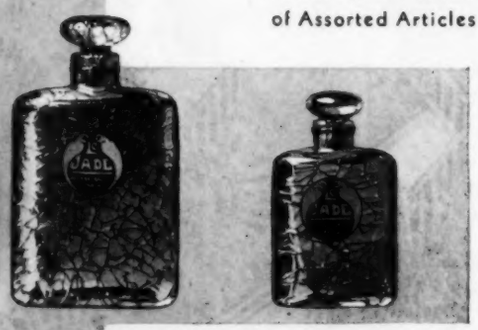

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FLEURS D'AMOUR
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ALL
BEST DEPARTMENT,
DRUG
and SPECIALTY STORES

SIX INCHES OF WATER

(*Concluded from page 132*)

ever-victorious Mr. Bronson Bulger. Bulger vs. Droome. Wall Street against the shadows and the silences of Cambric Hall. His reputation was at stake. He knew it and chuckled. He summoned Percy.

"Percy, is Mr. Crouch or Mr. Droome in the building?"

"I shall inquire, sir," said the butler, cautiously.

"You don't know?"

"I couldn't say for certain, sir. But—"

"Never mind. There's no reason why you should perjure your immortal soul. I'll attend to it."

He went upstairs and purposely lit all the electric lights in their rooms, carefully read the regulations which demanded their extinction when leaving, and defiantly departed. He went down the steps noisily, but slowly, and lingered at the bottom. Then retracing his steps quickly he entered his salon just as the first light was being extinguished. But instead of the phantom Mr. Droome, he found himself confronted by the shuddering Mr. Crouch.

"Ah, Crouch," he exclaimed, extending his hand, "delighted to see you at last. Turning out the lights according to the rules and regulations?"

Mr. Crouch was cornered, but though the most terrifying suggestions immediately possessed his imagination at the approaching bulk, he remembered that he was British.

"One of my responsibilities, Mr. Bulger," he said defiantly, "is to see that no undue waste takes place."

"Is it likewise part of your duties to attend to the answering of letters from guests?"

"The letter was addressed to Mr. Droome."

"Has it been delivered?"

"It has most certainly not!" replied Mr. Crouch in a thin staccato. "I am the judge, sir, of what communications are proper to lay before Mr. Droome."

"So," said Bulger, secretly delighted at this resistance. "Well, kindly inform Mr. Droome that if by four o'clock tomorrow afternoon, the ultimatum I sent him has not been answered with complete satisfaction, overt acts will begin." He stood aside and frowned glacially in order not to laugh at the haste with which the startled Mr. Crouch slid out the door. "Not bodily assault, of course, but *overt* acts. Remember, the time limit is four o'clock."

Ten minutes later, the head of one of America's greatest preparatory schools went rolling up the road arm in arm with the most conservative of the powers of finance.

"What a devil of a time your headmaster must have had!" said the Doctor gloriously.

"How about you, you old scamp. I should never have thought it out myself. If you ever tell on me, I'll tell on you!"

DIRECTLY after lunch the next day the guests assembled in the furthest bungalow and, judging by the laughter and applause that drifted out, the meeting was harmonious. At four o'clock Mr. Bronson Bulger, who had been sitting for the last ten minutes, watch in hand, rose from his seat on the front porch and advancing to the garden wall waved his handkerchief in signal to the outer bungalows. Then returning to the foot of the stairs, he listened a moment and nodded with satisfaction.

"About fifteen minutes for the first six inches," he said to himself enigmatically, and resumed his seat, lit a fresh cigar and placed his watch before him on the table.

Despite the deceptive calm still presented by the charming silences of Cambric Hall, he was aware of a stirring activity in secret places. There were eyes behind the blind that faced him on the porch and uneasy ears startled by concerted gushing sounds. At 4:15 sent in by Percy the following note:

"There are exactly eight bath tubs eight basins which have been full blast since four o'clock, and will continue to run. Either matum is satisfactorily answered, reservoir of Cambric Hall runs dry."

Five minutes later Mr. Crouch pop out.

"Mr. Bulger, sir. This is an outra he exclaimed, trembling with and rage. "I warn you, sir, that will be held responsible, legally sible."

"In what way?" said Mr. Bulger, pleasantly. "There is no pri prohibition involved that can guest here as an implied contract. simply request that only six inches fresh water should be used for each Likewise I draw your attention fact that the number of baths which be taken each day you have neglec to specify. You realize, of course, I have taken the precaution to lawyer."

"But—but——"

"Now, my dear Mr. Crouch, waste time and don't waste water! like the place—yes, really, I assure But you see we are not inmates penal institution. We are profit paying guests of unusual respectabil who desire reasonable comfort and right to a little innocent merriment. Crouch, *don't waste water!*"

Mr. Crouch spun around and up the stairs three at a time. minutes he was back panting.

"I—we—that is, Mr. Droome me to state that no offense was tended—"

"And that he regrets, sincerely that the incident should have place," said Bulger mercilessly. begs his guests to forgive and

"Yes, yes, anything! But the for heaven's sake, stop the water!"

"Very handsome," said Bulger, extending his hand. "And the water will be restored to the bath tub

"Yes, yes, tomorrow."

"On the contrary, now, immedia I have a plumber waiting."

"Anything! But save the water!"

Mr. Bulger gave a peculiar wh Charlie Waggestaff's smiling co nance appeared above.

"Charlie. The strike is off. N the union. I'll attend to the bungalo

AT EIGHT o'clock the next morn remaining guests assembled t the ever-victorious Mr. Bulger and always regretted Charlie Waggestaff part for the steamer. Bulger sh hands cordially with the still groggy Crouch, who, having learned of the portance of his guests, was reconcile looking upon the episode as a speci of inexplicable American humour. the moment when Bulger joined Wa staff among the valises in the wait barouche, a shutter in the second f was seen to move cautiously outward.

"Mr. Droome?" exclaimed Bul rising expectantly.

Instantly the shutter closed wit snap.

"Well, honours are even," he s falling back into his seat. "In one I have failed. I have not seen Droom

All of which will explain, to fu guests who have the good fortune spend a delightful holiday in the ch ing Cambric Hall, the reason for new regulations which now begin:

"Owing to the fact that we hav depend entirely on our supply of water, only six inches of water per per guest can be allotted for each b This is an agreement legally binding tween the management and the gue

Likewise in each bath tub can be a thin red line of demarcation ex six inches above the level.

The Sport Royal inspired Gorham's new 1931 Sterling "THE HUNT CLUB"

The Norfolk Hunt, in brilliant scarlet and apple-green colors, rides to hounds under the distinguished leadership of Henry G. Vaughan, Esq., M. F. H.

The individual salad fork, butter spreader, cream soup spoon, in the new "Hunt Club" pattern indicate the distinction of the 1931 Gorham. Notice the graceful fluting and exquisite proportions of each beautiful piece.

Smart as a Hunt Breakfast · · · being competed for by Four Famous Hunts

- NORFOLK
- HARFORD
- MIDDLEBURG
- ONWENTSIA

THE HUNT, the sport royal, has always carried with it the tradition of elegant, finished hospitality.

This high tradition has inspired Gorham artists to create a very sophisticated new Sterling—"The Hunt Club."

Already this richly, brilliantly conceived new Gorham is being used by masters of the smartest hunts in America, men renowned as fashionable hosts.

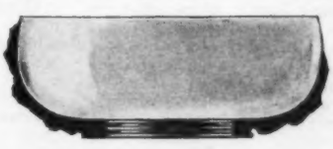
Austin N. Niblack, Esq., M. F. H. of the fashionable Onwentsia Hunt at Lake Forest —Harry I. Nicholas, Esq., M. F. H. of Harford—Daniel C. Sands, Esq., M. F. H. of Middleburg—are using this dignified and gracious new Gorham Sterling on their famous country estates. The four famous hunts are each giving a specially designed trophy in "Hunt Club" hollow ware at prominent events.

And many smart hostesses are buying "The Hunt Club" for town and country houses—finding it perfect for both the intimate dinner and the elaborate large function.

Like hunt hospitality, the new Gorham Sterling has a finished elegance.

Yet it has also the clean, sheer simplicity that is modern in the finest sense.

Gorham's "Hunt Club" is a gift in impeccable taste. It is not expensive, for a complete service for eight—76 pieces—costs only $227. Each piece is identified by the name "Gorham" on the back or base.



(Left) An example of the genius of Gorham design is this striking Hunt Cup, trophy for "The Scamper," open flat race event of the Autumn Meeting of the smart Norfolk Hunt.

Your own jeweler will give you an illustrated 18-page booklet, "The Hunt Club," showing the popular pieces in the new Gorham Sterling. Or, send this coupon to The Gorham Co., Providence, R. I., Dept. L-4.

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GORHAM

DON'T LET THEIR LITTLE HANDS GET RAW FROM CHAPPING

DABBLING in water, making mud pies, playing snowball—little hands are bound to be painfully raw and sore unless you watch them. Think of this *before* your children go out to play. After they're bundled up, it takes but a minute to rub on the same Hinds Honey and Almond Cream you use on your own hands. When they come back in the house, give their hands another good rubbing with Hinds Cream. Do this regularly, and they'll keep soft and free from chapping all winter. Keep an extra bottle of Hinds Cream in the closet right with the coats and caps. Then you *can't* forget.

HINDS *Honey & Almond* **CREAM**

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Refine the texture of your skin with Hinds Toning Cleanser

This extraordinary new liquid cleanser cleans your pores thoroughly, makes them exquisitely fine, tones your skin and refreshes it. Used together with the new Hinds Cleansing Cream and Hinds Texture Cream, it will keep your skin radiant and young. Hinds Toning Cleanser is 60c at all drug counters.

LEHN & FINK, *Sole Distributors*, Dept. 390, Bloomfield, N. J.

Please send me a free sample bottle of Hinds Honey & Almond Cream—the protecting cream for the skin.

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This coupon not good after Nov. 1, 1931. In Canada, address Lehn & Fink (Canada) Limited, 9 Davies Avenue, Toronto 8

LO AND BEHOLD!

(*Continued from page 101*)

said that before: Alinda and her mother. Bobby could not get the words out of his mind. They kept going round and round in his head like a whirligig, while he and Jack were making everything all right with the policeman and the doorman, and some others—or else it might get into some newspaper, and Bobby didn't want that.

And all the time Freya was just perfectly quiet and cold, and Alinda was trying to make her not mind, and Jack was feeling miserable as if it was all his fault; but Bobby was awfully proud. He had a feeling that his father was going to settle with Ollie Thomas once and for all. And it was really grand to see his father, a white-haired old man, sixty years old, handle Ollie like that, even if Ollie did have only one arm.

So Bobby and Jack took Alinda and Freya home. And about half past one, Bobby's father telephoned and said everything was all right, and that he'd be home pretty soon.

They were all sitting in the library and Jack got up and said he guessed he'd go. But Freya said, no, she might want him to do something for her after a while, maybe. So Jack sat down again.

It was awfully dismal waiting. Nobody wanted to say anything, but Bobby thought he ought to, so he did, the worst thing on earth he could possibly have said. He said Ollie Thomas was in love with Clare Fox.

He might just as well have set off a bomb. Freya turned so pale that Bobby was terribly scared, and Alinda began to cry. And when Bobby tried to kiss her, and make everything all right again, she pushed him away and said she never would forgive him, never, and ran upstairs to her boudoir and locked the door. And wouldn't let him in.

Bobby talked through the door and wheedled and got mad and then said he was sorry, but all he could hear was Alinda crying. He couldn't stand that, so he stepped back and gave a lunge and smashed the door in, and picked Alinda up in his arms and held her tight.

Of course, when the door smashed, Jack and Freya flew up the stairs, and Nurse Atwill came rushing out in a canton flannel nightgown. And Jack said afterward that Bobby looked a perfect damn fool, kissing Alinda while she kicked and cried, and all the time saying the same thing over and over again: "Stick close through thick and thin, stick close through thick and thin—thick and thin—and leave the rest to me."

That made Freya laugh, and when Freya laughed, Alinda stopped crying and looked at her. And then Freya said something that made Bobby understand to let Alinda down. So he did, and he and Jack went downstairs to get a drink, and at that very minute Bobby's father came in the front door. Bobby stopped.

His father was cool as you please and sort of smiling, but he knew right off that something was up, because he looked at Bobby, then he looked at Jack. So Jack said that Bobby had smashed a door.

"Smashed a door? Good." That's what Bobby's father said, and that was all.

Bobby felt perfectly inadequate, so he went into the dining-room and got some glasses and things. Bobby's father had lighted a cigar, and was standing with his back to the fireplace even if there wasn't any fire. But he took his drink and thanked Bobby and raised his glass to Jack and stood sipping it for a long time.

Bobby waited. He thought, of course, his father would tell them what he had done with Ollie Thomas. But the minutes kept ticking away on the clock, and Bobby began to imagine things. He wondered if his father had killed Ollie. But, of course, he wouldn't do that. Then he thought maybe he had. That frightened h... and he began to feel hot and then c... and almost screamed out what had ... father done; and then suddenly ... remembered what his father had s... that if you wanted to get rid of a ... you had to buy him, and even t... it was two to one he wouldn't ... bought. And at that he laughed. T... most awful, utterly empty laugh ... ever heard in your life. So miserab... hollow, that his father jumped ... swore.

"Don't do that, Son. Don't do t... again!"

And then Bobby's father set h... glass down on the mantelpiece, ... came over to where Bobby was back... up against the table, and put his ar... around Bobby's shoulder, and sort ... patted him, and said he guessed t... best thing for all concerned was ... him to clear out.

Bobby wanted to grab his father a... hang on for dear life. He was frigh... ened to the bottom of his soul th... his father would go away and th... he never would see him again. B... what Bobby did, was the most amazi... thing he had ever done in his life. H... flung off his father's arm—he was almo... rough—he stood up on his two fe... like a man and said:

"I've had enough of this. I'm goi... to know what all this damn not ... about."

Jack was dumb. But Bobby nev... even looked at him. He walked o... into the hall to the foot of the stai... and called out:

"Alinda! Freya! You two. Co... down here. Right away!" And th... stalked back.

AFTERWARD he wondered how ... had done it, and what he wo... have done next. Whether he wo... have made a mess of everything, or n...

Freya came down first. She stopp... at the doorway and looked in. H... look was at Bobby's father, and it w... a question. But Bobby's father ... held out his hand to her. He h... seated himself in a leather chair a... he patted its arm. Then Alinda's he... peeked under Freya's shoulder. Alin... was bewildered, and then surprised ... how grim Bobby looked. Bobby ... most rushed up to her. He wanted ... But he didn't. He just stayed gri... For his father was talking:

"Robert,"—he said Robert—"Rob... thinks that perhaps we'd better cl... the air. I like to let sleeping dogs ... but perhaps Robert knows best." It w... comical the way he was so serious.

Then Freya said, "Alek!" And Alin... said, "Oh, Bobby!" And Jack Hi... laughed and spilled his highball. A... then everybody began to talk at on... And it turned out that all Bobby ... father had done was to take Ol... Thomas home and get a doctor a... a nurse, because Ollie was in a terri... bad way.

But that wasn't really all. Bob... felt different after that night. Th... night made all the difference in t... world to Bobby. And one of the thi... he felt different about was night clu... and another was Robert Alexander.

"You know, Linda," Bobby was ... ing in bed with her, "I think ni... clubs are all right when I go arou... with Katz, and like that, but I d... think they are so good for just y... and me. We ought to begin to th... about things. We might go to clu... sometimes."

Alinda was feeding Robert Al... ander. She was weaning him. S... only fed him in the mornings n... in bed, and all the rest of the ti... he had bottles. So she didn't pay v... much attention at first to what Bob... was talking about. It was Sunday, ... there was no hurry, anyway, so ... said:

"Bobby, lean over and look at h... Isn't he a little bear? And stre... Feel his hands. Let him hang on ... your finger. He can hold himself ... Nurse Atwill says she bets there is...

(*Continued on page 138*)

When Dull Film Covers Teeth Smiles Lose Fascination

Film is found by dental research to play an important part in tooth decay . . . and to cause unsightly stains.

CONSTANTLY new theories are advanced as to the cause of tooth decay. Some authorities say it's germs. Others believe it's faulty diet. And the rest hold to a combination of the two.

But one thing is positively known: wherever trouble and decay appear, *germs are always present.* Thus ridding teeth and gums of germs is the first thing one must do to keep teeth strong and healthy.

Germs live in film

Your teeth are covered by a stubborn, clinging film. In it—tightly glued in contact with the teeth—are the germs that cause decay and other troubles. Your protection lies in never failing to remove that film from teeth each day.

Film ruins the appearance of the teeth by absorbing stains from food and smoking . . . how many times have you noted these dark discolorations on enamel?

The sure way to remove this dangerous film is with Pepsodent, as that is the sole purpose for which Pepsodent was developed.

Pepsodent contains no pumice, no harmful grit or crude abrasives. It has a gentle action that protects the delicate enamel. It is completely SAFE . . . yet it removes dingy film where ordinary methods fail.

Have lovely, sparkling teeth! Be safe! Use Pepsodent, for no other way can equal its effectiveness.

* * *

Amos 'n' Andy America's most popular radio feature. On the air every night except Sunday over N. B. C. network. 7:00 p. m. on stations operating on Eastern time. 10:00 p. m. on stations operating on Central time. 9:00 p. m., Mountain time. 8:30 p. m., Pacific time.

Pepsodent —the tooth paste which presents you with the Amos 'n' Andy radio program.

Do These 3 Things

to have strong, healthy teeth

1. Follow this diet daily

One or two eggs, raw fruit, fresh vegetables, head lettuce, cabbage or celery. ½ lemon with orange juice. One quart of milk, and other food to suit the taste.

2. Use Pepsodent twice every day.

3. See your dentist at least twice a year.

Marie Earle

ESSENTIAL CREAM is so much finer it does the work of two ordinary creams

CLEANSES REJUVENATES

Think of the convenience of a single perfect cream for faultless cleansing and silken smooth unlined radiance. Marie Earle combines in lavish measure both these essentials for beauty in one matchless cream—Marie Earle Essential Cream.

AS A CLEANSER it is unlike the usual hydrocarbon cleansing creams which slip over the skin, removing surface dirt. Made with costly oils having a special affinity for the skin, it penetrates deeply into the pores. Instantly liquefying as it touches the skin, it loosens and flushes away *all* impurities and make-up, insuring a completely immaculate skin.

AS A TISSUE CREAM it is equally superior. Time, weather and city grime steal the natural beauty oils from your skin. The precious ingredients in Marie Earle Essential Cream are so like these lost oils that the skin eagerly absorbs them. Softening and feeding as only oils with a natural affinity for the skin can, your complexion acquires a clearer, purer hue, new silken smoothness. Lines and wrinkles begin to fade, youthful radiance and firmness return.

Marie Earle Essential Cream at the better stores $1.90.

For simplified rejuvenating home treatments Marie Earle's Basic Treatment Sets of Essential Cream, Cucumber Emulsion and Lotion for your type of skin, $6. Write the New York address for a complimentary copy of Miss Earle's complete beauty book "Understanding Your Skin." Marie Earle, 660 Fifth Avenue, New York; 15 rue de la Paix, Paris.

LO AND BEHOLD!

(Continued from page 136)

another baby in the world that ever went from New York to Paris, and then to London and then to Brussels and then to Southampton, and back to New York again before he was three months old."

But Bobby only said, "Yeah," and kept on thinking. He was really thinking about something that went deeper than just night clubs, but that was the top layer and it came out.

ALINDA looked up. She saw right off what he was thinking about. She was like that. "You know, Bobby," she said. "I feel different from you about Clare Fox."

Bobby winced, but Alinda went on. "I always have, sort of, but now I understand. She's like that, because it's her nature. I mean the way she is with men. My mother understands her better than I do."

"Oh, I understand Clare all right," Bobby was inclined to be bitter.

"No, you don't. You wouldn't say it like that if you did. But I'm not going to talk about her, except I don't hold that against her, and, anyway, I don't think—you see I know now. I've thought that all out and talked it over with my mother. And, anyway, she's gone off with Sam and I'm glad."

"You're glad what?"

"I'm glad for Sam. She will be just wonderful for poor old Sam. My mother says so, too. You see, Sam never has known love. And now he does, because for him Clare is love."

"Oh, Linda! She's on the loose."

"No, she's not. Not for Sam, anyway. She would be for you, or Jack Hines, or anybody else like that. But not for Sam. He loves Clare, Sam does, and she pities Sam, and that's almost love. And that's why she went with him. She is making Sam happy. Happier than he ever was before and ever will be again. Because nobody that is really lovely like Clare would even look at poor old Sam, unless to laugh. But Clare did. So you see."

Bobby didn't see, but he was trying to. It was a new point of view for him. A different point of view, because in one way it was too close home, and in another too abstract. It was all complicated in his mind with Ollie Thomas and with that gas bill and now with Sam. So he said: "I don't get it."

"That's because you are thinking about Ollie Thomas, but Clare doesn't really love anybody except Jack Hines."

"Jack Hines! Oh, come off, Linda. If I know anybody, I know Jack Hines. He knows Clare inside out, he always has, but he never . . ."

"That's just it," Alinda broke in. "Jack never would have Clare. And she never cared two straws for anybody else on this earth since she was twelve years old. And it's because she couldn't have Jack—" she stopped. She veered. "You know who Ollie Thomas really is, don't you, Bobby?"

Bobby nodded.

"*She* says it's the war. My mother says it's on account of the war. He was a prisoner. He's different. He's entirely different ever since. And she says—she says she can't—that she just can't go back. He wants her to."

"She shall not," Bobby rose up. "My father loves her. Freya is everything on earth to my father. He was dead. Ollie Thomas was dead. Why couldn't he stay dead?"

"He wasn't dead, Bobby; that was a mistake. He was just missing. He was a prisoner in Germany three years. He told my mother. Everything. It was awful. It was perfectly terrible. And for a long time afterward he didn't even know who he was. He didn't remember his own name. You've no idea, Bobby. And a lot more that my mother wouldn't even tell me. And she says she'll do anything on earth for him except go back. Anything!"

"What? What could she do?" Bobby was stumped and angry.

"Well, money, for one thing," Alinda was tentative. "Only he won't take any money. He's got hold of [illegible] money, somehow, but it won't last [illegible] she says. My mother wants him [illegible] have enough money always and go [illegible] to Canada. She thinks he might go [illegible] to Saskatchewan. He would, [illegible] for Sam."

"Damn Sam!" Bobby burst out.

"You needn't damn Sam. Your father thinks there is a lot in Sam. So do I. So does everybody except Sam's smart. Sam knows a lot. He knows about stones and silver and [illegible] Your father told Sam he could go as far as he liked on his ranch in Saskatchewan. Do anything he pleased."

"He did?"

"Yes. But that was before he knew about Ollie Thomas. Or was it? Maybe not. But, anyway, he did. He met Sam and Clare in Minneapolis or Milwaukee or Chicago, and Clare wanted to pay quite a lot of money back Sam. But your father would let her. He was going to, at first, but after he had talked with Sam, he wouldn't. He said it wasn't fair to Sam.

"And now you take Robert Alexander and I'll get up."

Bobby took Robert Alexander and roly-polied him around on the bed.

"You know, Alinda," Bobby said, "He's got a nice smell. Robert Alexander smells just like kittens, only nicer."

"Kittens! Oh, Bobby! My baby doesn't smell like kittens."

AFTER breakfast Bobby went over to the Greenbrook Club to play a couple of rounds of golf with Jack Hines, and when he got back, Brown, the yard man, had brought the morning papers from Waverley, and there was the mail. And there on the marble-topped console table in the hall was a letter for Bobby from his mother all covered with Swiss stamps. Bobby picked it up and stuck it in his pocket, but he might as well have tried to conceal the Woolworth Building. Everybody knew he had the letter, because everybody had already seen it on the table in the hall and if they hadn't, Bobby's face would have told.

Bobby's father didn't look up from behind his newspaper. He was half hidden down at the end of the room in a big chair by the bay window and only his legs showed and the top of his head, and the smoke from his cigar. But Freya looked at Alinda and sort of smiled and got up and went out of the room. And pretty soon she called Bobby's father, and he said "What," and she said, "Never mind, I want you," in that nice way she always talked to him, and he looked over the top of his newspaper at Alinda and then at Bobby, and got up and went out on the porch and took the paper with him.

Bobby felt awfully inhospitable, but what could he do? So he said: "I've got a letter from my mother. I'll bet it's a hot one."

That let Alinda loose. She was on the sofa where she had been curled up with the picture sections, and she left a brown wake of scenic New York all over the floor as she flew to Bobby's side.

"Let's see, Bobby. I don't care what she says about me, if you'll let me see."

"She won't. You don't understand my mother, Linda. It doesn't matter what she says; she loves you, no matter what."

And with that, Bobby sat down in a chair, and Alinda perched herself on the arm and leaned down on Bobby. He didn't want to read the letter, but he opened the envelope, and unfolded the four double sheets, which accounted for all those stamps, and a cheque fell out. Bobby glanced at it and handed it to Alinda. And while she was "ooing" and squeezing his neck and kissing the top of his head, he read the first section and handed it to Alinda and went on.

Bobby didn't like the letter [illegible]

(Continued on page 140)

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LO AND BEHOLD!

(*Continued from page 138*)

much at first and he hated to have anybody get that kind of an impression about his mother, but pretty soon he began to forget everything except what he was reading, because his mother was telling him something he didn't know, and making it very hard for him to hand Alinda that part to read.

But he had to. He couldn't crumple it up, or tear it up, or burn it, because Alinda would think it was worse than it really was. And he would have to tell her, anyway. He did wish his mother would not write such stuff. He knew what she meant, but nobody else would. Nobody else could. So he groaned and handed it to Alinda and read his next part as hard as he could.

"Oh, Bobby!" Alinda's voice was all hurt.

"Yeah! I'm sorry. Read it to yourself, Alinda. Don't make a row."

"But, Bobby. Oh, ooh, ooh! I think that's terrible. She'd no right! Bobby, she hadn't."

Alinda's little face was flaming and she was trying to hide it in Bobby's shoulder and not cry. And then she blazed out. "My mother never did. I'm going to ask her straight out. But she never did. My Aunt Sue was devoted to my mother; she loved her, and she loved me. And I did remember my mother and I was five, not four, when I went to my Aunt Sue, but I remember my mother perfectly well. I knew her the second I saw her. You know I did, Bobby. And she never took money from men. She always had plenty of money of her own. She had just as much money as her sister, my Aunt Sue. Why, Bobby! What do you think we lived on?"

"I know that," Bobby patted her head. "Don't talk so loud. My mother doesn't mean that, Linda—she doesn't really. She's just mad because she's found out that my father is rich and she always thought he was a spendthrift and down and out."

"But she sha'n't say that, Bobby."

"She doesn't, really," Bobby tried to smooth things out. "She says somebody told her. She doesn't know your mother, Alinda. How could she say it except that somebody told her. Anyway, they lied. Somebody lied to her. I'll tell her so. Now you must not read any more, Lindy. Anyway, you let me read it all first, then I'll tell you."

"I don't want to know any more. Your mother's cruel, Bobby. And she's not telling the truth. If I told just half what I saw with my own eyes—but I won't. I don't dish dirt, Bobby, no matter what. But that rotten little Prince Tullio she's got! Why, Bobby, he's only a year or two older than you."

BOBBY squirmed. Then his eye caught a sentence in his mother's letter that amused him:

"She says I owe her a month's wages for the nurse she hired for Robert Alexander," Bobby laughed to try to side-track Alinda's thought. "And then—oh boy! Listen to this, Linda. My mother says she's going to dispose of all her money and make my father support her, and that she's writing to her lawyer."

"She told me that," Alinda laughed. "She told me she was going to give her money to the Carmelite Nuns, and make your father provide for her in accordance with his means. Only she can't."

"Can't what?"

"She can't give her money away to anybody. I heard her tell that cake-eater of hers, that her fortune was in trust and she only has the income for life."

"I know that,'" Bobby grunted.

"You do?"

"Yes."

"Why didn't you tell me, Bobby? You never told me that. Why, Bobby. You never did."

"It's nothing to do with me." Bobby evaded. He was feeling very uncomfortable.

"It has everything to do with [you]. And Robert Alexander. Oh, Bobby, Robert Alexander will get all [the] money some day. When she dies."

"I suppose he will. Look here, Linda. I've got to talk this over with my father. You'd better leave this letter to me. I'll write to my mother. I'll tell her to lay off Freya and my father if she wants anything more to do with me. I won't have her nagging my father, just because she hadn't sense enough to hang on to him. I'll tell her that."

"You tell her what you like, Bobby, but I'll write her myself. She shan't say my mother took money from men or I'll tell her something that'll make her sit up. You just tell her Blue Cameos for me. Yes, Blue Cameos and Raymond. I was only with him nine days, Bobby, but she did everything on earth but talk in her sleep. She just can't help it, Bobby. But that will shut her up. Raymond and Blue Cameos. You tell her that."

"Blue Cameos?" Bobby folded his letter painfully and put it into his pocket. Something was just evading his memory. He knew about his mother's Blue Cameos perfectly well. He had seen them lots of times. But the connotation that was hovering did not come; and Alinda's mind was on a new scent. So he kissed her and told her to forget it all, and went out on the front porch to find his father.

But his father was not there. Only the nurse with Robert Alexander in his cage down at the end. So Bobby went and played with Robert Alexander, and forgot everything that his mother had written except one sentence:

"Your father has stolen you away from me, and he promised me on his oath that he would never come between us. I am desolate. I care for nothing on this earth but you. You are all I have."

That was apple-sauce, of course, and Bobby knew it. But it affected him just the same. His mother really did love him. Yes, she did. And she did care more for him than anything on earth except herself. And she probably did feel desolate. But she liked being desolate. She was desolate to the point of death, when he married Alinda. Anyway, she said she was. And she acted desolate. She shut herself up in her house for a week and wouldn't see a soul. But the moment he sailed and was actually gone, she suddenly recovered.

AND now she was desolate again. But it had nothing to do with his father. It had everything to do with Robert Alexander. Alinda had snatched Robert Alexander away from her. Snatched him away just when his mother was getting ready to concentre herself on him. His mother had made a mistake. She had started out to buy Alinda and then encircle Robert Alexander. But she lost her temper and attacked Alinda through her mother. That was the slip. Alinda did not stay bought. Whisk! She was gone, Robert Alexander and all.

"Didn't stay bought," Bobby laughed. "Two to one they won't stay bought."

But it was pitiful, too, in a way, because that was the only weapon his mother had at her command. To buy with money. Even in her defeat, in her desolation, she had turned right around and sent Robert Alexander a cheque. A last hope. Perhaps she could still buy. Bobby laughed again, but his heart ached for his mother. Father, son, grandson—slipped through her fingers, even though they were stiff with gold. It would not do the trick, her money. It would not.

Bobby retrieved his watch from Robert Alexander's clutches and was going back into the house, but as he passed through the screen door he caught the reflection in the hall mirror of his father coming up the driveway. He turned without premeditation, and

(*Continued on page 142*)

9J9124

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LO AND BEHOLD!

(*Continued from page 140*)

out to meet his father, and said: "My mother wrote me a nasty letter. But she doesn't mean a word of it. I just thought perhaps Alinda might . . ."

For a moment or two his father walked along slowly, thinking not so much what to say, as what not to say. "Your mother owes me a nasty letter or two, I guess. You got it, instead. It's all a question of the right to be happy."

"The *right* to be *happy*." Bobby did not repeat the words aloud; he said them to himself. He thought them. And they astonished him. Up to that moment he had never questioned anybody's right to be happy. He knew people weren't always happy. Lots of times he was a long way from being happy himself. Everybody is. But the right? So he said: "Everybody's got a *right* to be happy. It's in the Constitution."

Bobby's father burst out laughing.

"So it is. I never thought of that. But you know, Son, I've known some people—" he paused and chuckled, "but come to think of it, I haven't noticed you and your young friends denying each other the right to be happy. That's one thing you've got on us. We had to dare to be happy. You don't."

"You're happy," Bobby spoke out without thinking. "Freya makes you happy. That's what I told Alinda. That's why I say . . ." Bobby stopped. What a fool he was to go and drag Ollie Thomas back into everything all the time.

BUT Bobby's father just patted his shoulder and said: "When we get back from Santa Fé—and that will be in three or four weeks at the most—we'll talk about the right to be happy some more. It is an interesting subject and complicated. We—er, Mrs. Delaine and I, are taking Captain Thomas out to Santa Fé."

"But you're coming back," Bobby had a sudden moment of terror. "You will come back—here."

"I most certainly will. Come back here."

"That's all right, then," Bobby was relieved.

His father eyed him, a sidelong glance.

"I'm glad you feel that way about it," he said whimsically.

Bobby felt embarrassed. He always felt embarrassed if his father said anything like that; but he felt good, too. He wouldn't like his father not to feel that way. But saying it? Still, if his father didn't say it, how would he know? That was what he was thinking. What he said was: "What about Sam?"

"Sam?"

"Alinda said you were letting Sam have the run of your ranch. Digging around. Hunting for that stuff."

"Yes, I am," laconically.

"Do you think he'll find it?" Bobby wished now he hadn't said anything about Sam, because Sam really meant Clare Fox to him, and he didn't want any more talk about Clare Fox, for no matter how Alinda might feel about Clare Fox, he and his father didn't look at it that way.

But his father didn't say anything about her. He just said: "No, Sam won't find ludite. Because there isn't any up there. If there is such a thing as ludite anywhere on this earth, it's in the Andes. The Aztecs are supposed to have had it, and nobody else except, maybe, the Egyptians. But neither of them ever got it in Saskatchewan. That's certain."

"What's it for, ludite?"

"Sam says it's the alloy to harden copper. I don't know. But I do know that he won't do any harm hunting for it up there where he is now."

Bobby laughed at that and so at Sam, and felt a lot better; and they went in to dinner, because they heard the gong.

MONDAY morning before Thanksgiving everything was going along all right except that Freya and his father had gone to Santa Fé, to take Ollie Thomas to a sanatorium. But that wasn't so bad, because Bobby knew now that nothing could ever make him lose his father again, because they understood one another. And, of course, he couldn't have his father all the time, because, after all, he and Alinda had their own life to think about, and Robert Alexander. And his father had Freya and other business of his own.

And Bobby had his business, too. It was his business that he was thinking about right now, on his way to the station.

Two of his customers were on the wrong side of the market and one of them couldn't afford it. That worried Bobby. The market was booming and there was a lot of talk of some big Christmas dividends in the air, and why anybody would stay short of a market like that he just could not see.

Bobby was driving fast and turned the corner into the station square pretty close and just missed a big car that shot around the inside. The driver, a girl, gave him a dirty look and Bobby was all ready to laugh at that, when he saw who it was. The laugh died. It was Clare Fox. And when she recognized Bobby, Clare laughed and waved her hand.

Clare Fox! Where was Sam?

Bobby's thoughts were just hash as he drove into the garage, hopped out and ran across the square and got into his train. Jack Hines was in the train, so he told Jack.

"The hell you say!" Jack said.

"Yeah!" Bobby replied.

"Wonder what she did with Sam?"

"That's what I thought," Bobby said. But he knew, he felt, somehow, that Jack was feeling frightfully, no matter if he didn't show it.

So he told Jack about a letter he'd had from his father, and that his father was coming back the first week in December; and Jack said he'd had a letter from Freya and she said just before Christmas.

Bobby didn't like the idea of Jack Hines getting letters from Freya, so he changed the subject and asked Jack please to have his bootlegger send around a couple of dozen bottles of good champagne before Thursday. And Jack said he would.

Jack's bootlegger was perfectly reliable, and an awfully nice chap. He had been an aviator in the war, but after he got back from France he just could not settle down to anything. So Jack staked him to an airplane, to go back and forth to Canada, and after that he got on fine.

BOBBY was thinking about him and wondering who he was, because Jack never would tell anybody his name, when Jack said:

"I think I'll go out to Santa Fé!"

Bobby was dumb. Then frightened. Then mad.

"What for?" he finally asked.

"Clare gets on my nerves sometimes," Jack said. "I believe she would now. So I guess I'll go out and see your father and Freya. They probably need bucking up, anyway."

"They don't need you," Bobby said. "Clare gets on my nerves, too. I wish she had stayed up there."

"It's getting cold up there. Clare hates the cold. She told me once she couldn't see how the Eskimos make love. Can you beat that?" Jack laughed. "But she'll be going South soon. Maybe I'd better go up to Saskatchewan."

"Alinda says Clare is in love with you," Bobby wanted to talk about anything else on earth, but that's what he said. Jack just looked at him.

"Well, I'm not," Jack was definite. "Don't talk rubbish like that. Where you lunching?"

"Whitehall Club. I'm lunching with Jim Barnes."

"I'll join you." And Jack picked up the paper, and was dumb all the rest of the way. (*Continued on page 140*)

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LO AND BEHOLD!

(Continued from page 142)

At the office, the very first minute that he possibly could, Bobby put in the call for Alinda and dashed to the telephone when the bell rang.

"Linda? What do you think? Clare's back," he lowered his voice. "I said, Clare's back. I just saw her."

"I know it. She's here," Alinda's voice was dancing.

"Here!"

"Yes, here."

"Tell me!"

"I can't. I will tonight."

That was all. Alinda rang off, and Bobby stood a full minute dazed, gazing at nothing, and a clerk was by his side shoving a memorandum into his dumb hand. And when Bobby looked up, there was Katz.

"Hello, Bobby," Katz had on a brand-new suit and looked awfully cocky about something.

"With you in a minute, Katz," Bobby said and called up about the memorandum the clerk had given him. And he talked a minute or two with the man, and when he turned around Katz was still grinning. So Bobby knew, before Katz said:

"Saw our little friend last night."

"You did?"

"Yeah! Ran across her at the Montmartre. We had a swell time. They had supper with me."

"Good," Bobby wasn't very enthusiastic, though.

"Who's the nut, Bobby? He came in here one day, to see you. Bald head."

"Sam?" Bobby's scalp wriggled.

"That's him, Sam. Say, Bobby, it's a shame she's going to Paris so soon. She's a grand kid."

"Yeah, she is," Bobby agreed.

AT lunch Jim Barnes hadn't shown up and pretty soon a page boy brought a telephone message to Bobby that Jim couldn't make it at all. So Bobby had lunch with Jack alone and Jack seemed set on going out to Santa Fé.

"You don't need to do that," Bobby said, and told Jack what Katz said, about Clare going to Paris.

"Paris!" Jack looked sort of longing. "I haven't been to Paris in two years. I'd like to go to Paris. But I'm going with your father and Jimmy Blake to Carolina to shoot ducks New Year's week, and then I thought I'd go down to Cuba. Oh, yes, Freya said she was writing to ask Alinda to come to Monterey with her for February and March."

"Monterey? Alinda's going to stay home." Bobby was definite. "Still, I don't know. If she wants to be out there with her mother and Robert Alexander, I don't see why not."

Jack laughed.

"I can't get Freya being Alinda's mother, Bobby. Freya doesn't seem old enough. I could give Freya thirty-five at a stretch, but that would make her only ten when Alinda was born and that's impossible."

"Freya's forty-five," Bobby said. "And Alinda's twenty-four. Freya's older than her sister, Mrs. Martel. You know her. Alinda's aunt."

"She can't be," Jack was skeptical. "Mrs. Martel had grey hair. Her hair was grey, wasn't it? But I know it was. You remember that night when we all went to the Escargot d'Or in the rue Montorgueil, she said she thought she might dye her hair, and Alinda didn't like the idea a bit? Those were grand days, Bobby."

"Yeah! But Aunt Sue's hair always was grey, I mean for a long time," Bobby's mind was really not directing his words, or he never would have gone on. "It turned grey all of a sudden when her own baby and her husband died in the same week. That's one reason why Freya let her have Alinda. To save her reason. And, anyway, Freya was miserable and had already decided to leave Linda's father, and go to India with Ollie Thomas. So that made everything all right all around."

"Ollie Thomas!" Jack almost jumped out of his chair.

"Didn't you know that?" Bobby was surprised. "I thought Freya must have——"

"Wait a minute, Bobby, wait a minute!" Jack was reliving a distressful moment: He was dancing with Freya at that night-club and Ollie grabbed his arm and Ollie's fierce whisper in his ear, "You lay off her, Jack Hines; she's mine." And then fingers pressing into his throat.

But Bobby was heedless. He was upset. He was trying to evade responsible, so he said again: "She must have, Jack. Anyway, I thought——"

"It's all right, Bobby. It stops with me."

But Bobby had to tell now.

"She thought he was dead. Freya thought Ollie Thomas was killed in the war. Everybody did. She met his father two years afterward—at Honolulu. She was sick. She was awfully sick, Jack. Typhus or something terrible. She was a nurse. And my father got her out of that hole and took her to Malta, and she got well. And then he got sick and she nursed him. And my mother doesn't believe in divorce and Linda says my mother's lawyer keeps tab to see that my father doesn't get one either. But she doesn't really mean to be mean."

"Yeah, I do see," Jack's eyes looked as though they were seeing a good deal. "Bobby, I *got* to go out to Santa Fé."

"No, you don't," Bobby was determined.

"Yes, I do. Now you listen to me, Bobby. You tell me something. Don't be a damn fool and misunderstand. You just tell me this. Did Freya ever marry anybody? I got to know."

And Bobby knew, somehow, that Jack did have to know. So he said:

"Yes, she did. She married Linda's father first and then she married Ollie Thomas after a while."

"That's all right, then," Jack said.

"Of course, it's all right," It was Bobby's turn now. A whole set of ideas were chasing each other through his mind, and the one that stood out clearest was Clare Fox. He suddenly had an idea that the reason Jack asked about Freya was Clare Fox. Of course there wasn't any sense in that, but that was what was clearest in Bobby's mind. So he said: "What's Freya got to do with Clare Fox, Jack?"

Jack jumped.

"Nothing."

"Yes, she has," Bobby insisted. "Anyway, you were thinking about Clare. That's why you asked me that. There's something about Freya that always makes you think about Clare. Why?"

"What makes you say that?" Jack said, but he seemed very deep and thoughtful now. Bobby had only seen him deep and thoughtful, like he was now, once before in his life, and Bobby suddenly remembered everything about that time. So he knew. It was Clare. It was the time that Clare went off with Ned Elliott just like she went off with Sam. That was it. Bobby felt awfully sorry for Jack. So he said: "That's all right, Jack. Let's not talk about it any more."

JACK was sunk way down in his chair and didn't look up. And when he spoke, it was as if he was talking to himself. He said: "A fellow can't marry a girl that goes on the loose."

Bobby was inspired. He knew he was inspired.

"If you had married Clare, you wouldn't have. Once isn't on the loose. Anyway, that's what Linda says."

Right off Bobby realized he'd made a mistake. So he signed the cheque and waited.

But Jack just sat. So Bobby left him there.

All that afternoon Bobby felt frightfully upset. And when he got home, he was going to tell Alinda all about what had happened and what he had said. But she was out. The nurse said she had

(Concluded on page 146)

First Choice

When the great day comes at last, and the crowds are roaring, and the flags are flying, and the air is positively electric with suspense . . . what a thrill it is to be on the fifty-yard line, in first-choice seats, with a first-choice cigarette! For there's such a wealth of enjoyment and mellow fragrance in Camels that you will find them always in places of preference . . . in the pockets of people who know and demand good things.

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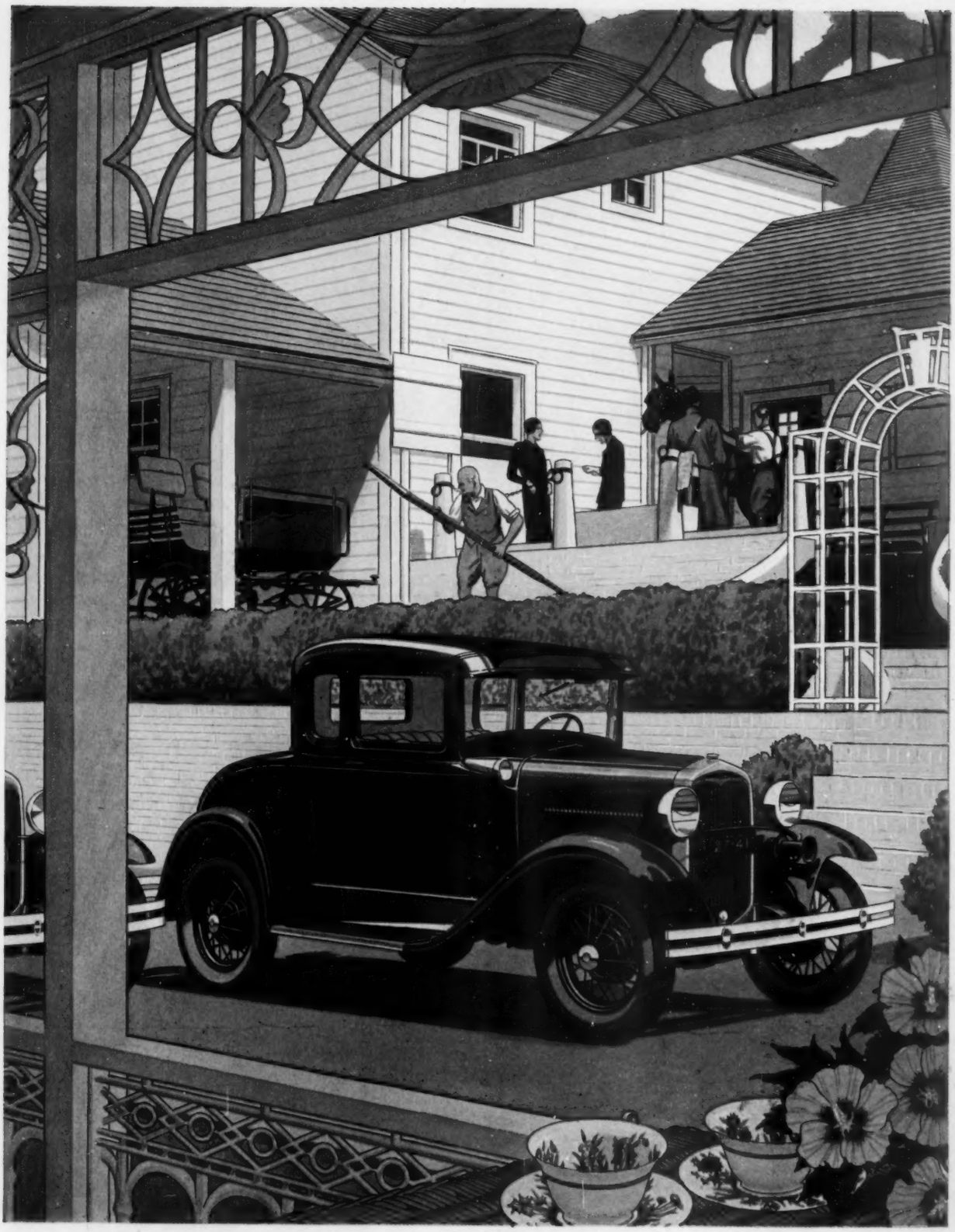


The New Ford De Luxe Coupe

THE new Ford De Luxe Coupe is a particularly good choice at this season of the year. Within its fully enclosed body you will travel in snug comfort through the winds and snows of winter, soon to come. The added strain that cold weather puts on a motor car will emphasize the mechanical reliability of the Ford and its good performance under all conditions. You will take pride, also, in the graceful lines of the new Ford De Luxe Coupe and the rich quality of its upholstery. In this body type, you may choose either tan Bedford cord or brown mohair. A variety of body colors is offered, in keeping with the latest mode.

Ford

THE NEVER-NEVER FOLK

LL the world over we are known as a race of go-getters. We must see sults. We come from Missouri and ist that Fate herself give tangible of that she is on our side. Half lights d shadows won't do; we demand the illiant sunlight, or, failing that, the ow of electricity. Success, and again ccess. And its one undeniable sign—ney. If your pan doesn't show col-, quit the claim and go elsewhere. ere's no room for failure, or for failures.

And yet . . . .

We have among us, to an extent no her nation approaches, a body of peo-, young, middle-aged, old, who re-ve all these dicta to toil, year in and r out, at labour which will never ng anything but disappointment and ustration. Eager, earnest, buoyed by conviction that needs no facts for a se, these never-never folk pursue and hieve failure as cheerfully and to all pearances as contentedly as the rest America pursues and achieves suc-ss. Observing, listening, never dar-g to pity, one wonders what it is that kes them that way.

Usually these people are writers who nnot write, painters who cannot paint, ng constructors to whose melodies no e will ever hearken. They appear in her forms, but these are the three main nses always with us in considerable, ally in appalling numbers. Especially e writers.

No village, no remote Main Street but ains two or three of them; hardly one thout its eager group studying books their chosen art, meeting to discuss d to criticize, milling in a circle of eir own that leads nowhere. Manu-ipts go forth, not to editors, but to ent, self-appointed critics and agents, ho for a certain fee read, annotate and turn them. Rewritten, rediscussed, n they go again to be submitted to the me process. Occasionally a new man-ipt is completed which, to come ven to brass nails, is still the same—e same feeble, ineffectual, hopeless ir, revealing in every part the fact at its writer will never, to the end f time, be a writer. All the re-hashing, e effort toward style, the conscientious erence to a host of rules the pro-ional has usually never even heard . none of all this can make the least ference. There is only sand in the n, and there will never be anything e.

Failures, these people, in a country at has no patience with failure. Fool's d their only reward for a lifetime's l. But are they downhearted? Do ir heads hang low? Do they think themselves as failing? Hardly.

Once, jogging on horseback over an Arizona desert, I came upon a barren hillside, made the more forlorn by untidy heaps of rocks and sub-soil turned up by a prospector after gold. Years of hard work had gone into those diggings that led deeper and deeper as time passed, that straggled always farther and farther to left and right, timbered with logs of mesquite and piñon brought from an ever-increasing distance on the back of an incredibly old mule, who hung a forlorn head over a cactus and stared at the hot dust in enduring misery. A tumble-down shack, aureoled by a circle of rusty tin cans, leaned drunkenly away from the prevailing wind.

As I approached, the head of an ancient man peered up through one of the holes like some queer variety of gopher. Unlike the gopher, however, the man climbed out of his burrow and came toward me. He wore tattered overalls the hue of the dust, a sagging vest that hung open, being buttonless, a collarless shirt of dingy flannel. His tangled hair reached his shoulders, his beard reached his chest.

We exchanged a few amiable words and I asked him how the claim was coming on. At that his eyes glittered with happy pride, with a firm conviction that expressed itself additionally by a sudden squaring of the shoulders and lift of the head.

"I've hit a vein that's bound to pan out rich, ma'am," he asserted, in that faint and sighing voice which is the mark of those who seldom speak to a fellow creature. "Don't know how come I missed it all this while . . . but I allus knew I'd hit it."

"Been here long, Old Timer?"

He blinked, smiled.

"I come here when Cochise was still on the war-path. But I'll bid you goodby, ma'am. I'll be gittin' back to my diggin'. Ain't but a few more yards now. . ."

Cochise! Fifty years since that great warrior had beaten and baffled all the troops sent against him.

What would the old desert rat do should he by some miracle find the gold his whole life had been spent in seeking? No greater calamity could befall him. His return was immeasurably beyond that which the best-paying vein in any real mine could yield; his gold the ore of undying hope, endless seeking and secure conviction. He was happy beyond the understanding of the most successful go-getter on earth, bathed in the bliss of complete failure that never knew it failed.

HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE.

BLURRED PICTURE

IT BEING evident I loved you well
More time ago than would appear from time,
I cannot judge you fairly now, to tell
Your virtues or your vices, nor to rhyme
Your name as synonym for anything
Except a flower that never came to bloom,
Except a song that echoes from a spring,
Except a long untouched and dusty room.

What you are I cannot pretend to know:
Something between my vision now, and then:
Ephemeral as any winds that blow,
And solid as the solidest of men,
More strange for being cherished once. And you,
To what dim ghost of me are you untrue?

Sheila Stuart.

LUXITE NOBELT* STYLES *end these annoying experiences*

Gone is the embarrassment of slipping waistbands on bloomers with old-fashioned elastic; gone its bunching and curling, destroying the smooth lines at the waist, leaving pressure marks at night; gone the bother and annoyance of elastic needing constant replacement. » » » Now smart women everywhere are wearing bloomers and panties by Luxite with exclusive NOBELT* waistband. You cannot feel this smooth, wide waistband but its resilience keeps it in place. It never curls, bunches or wrinkles, and best of all it withstands repeated washings,—lasts as long as the garment. *THERE IS NO ELASTIC TO CHANGE.* » » » THE LUXSHIELD†, a patented, seamless, frictionless crotch reinforcement is another exclusive Luxite feature. It adds to wear and comfort.

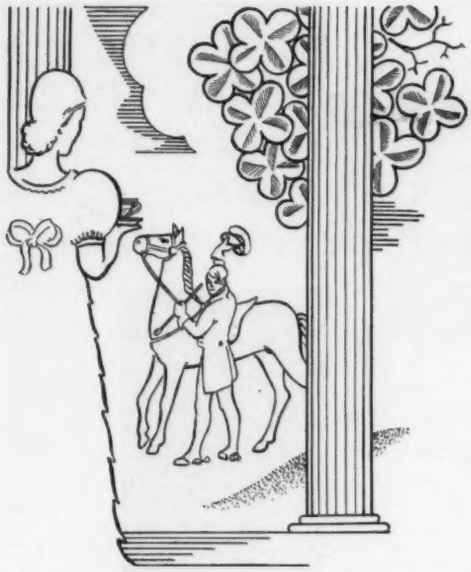
LUXITE LINGERIE

The Luxite NOBELT waistband is a broad, flat band of live sheet rubber encased in glove silk. It is under no tension, except while being worn. Specially treated against deterioration from washing. » » » In ordinary elastic a few tightly stretched rubber threads encased in webbing provide the only elasticity. Naturally these will break, causing binding, curling, uneven pressure and discomfort. Ordinary elastic cannot stand repeated washing as NOBELT* does.*

†PAT. 1,643,980 *REISSUE PAT. 16,641

Luxite Silk Products Company
MILWAUKEE WISCONSIN
1107 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY

ORIGINATORS OF WOMEN'S LINGERIE WITH NOBELT WAISTBAND



. . . the parting guest

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57

HEINZ

THREE OF THE 57 VARIETIES:
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Heinz Cream *of Pea Soup*

©H. J. H. CO. '30

LO AND BEHOLD!

(*Concluded from page 144*)

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And, as an escape from winter's wind and snow, there is a travel article by Prunella Wood, "The Beautiful Blue West Indies."

A lasting natural wave can be *trained* in Straight Hair

Amazing discovery of Paris Beauty Salon now released to American Hairdressers

FOR years, smart Parisiennes have worn a path to the door of the little salon at 47 rue des Mathurins. Its owner, M. Gerard, possessed a precious lotion which magically, gently, trained a soft, smooth, *natural* wave into straight locks. Hair of any type or color — even stubborn hair — responded to this amazing treatment.

American travelers persuaded M. Gerard to bring La Gerardine to this country. And now, after a few months, thousands of smart, metropolitan women are besieging their hairdressers for these simple treatments which create such incredible result.

Healthful Treatment—No "Miracle"

Numerous rigid tests on different kinds of hair have proved that La Gerardine is not only harmless, but that it is a healthful treatment for any hair.

The treatment requires no machine. The waving lotion is applied by hand, with a brush. The ingredients of La Gerardine have long been highly esteemed by hair specialists. The precise combination which cultivates waviness was discovered during experiments for a new, better hair tonic.

La Gerardine is non-alcoholic, non-oily, non-sticky. It leaves no powdery deposit on the hair. Because it does not affect the color of the hair, it is the safest way to wave white, bleached or dyed hair. So harmless is La Gerardine that it may safely be used on a baby's head. In fact, many mothers use it to train young children's hair.

The La Gerardine treatment, though very simple, must be followed regularly and faithfully to produce the best results. At first it is applied each day, then less and less frequently, until you need only an application after the shampoo. From the first treatment, you will see an improvement in the lustre, softness and manageability of your hair.

And then what joy! When the wave appears, and grows deeper and deeper, you will know that it will remain *naturally* and *lastingly* your very own.

The right to give La Gerardine treatments is granted to hairdressers only by franchise after thorough instruction. Proof of La Gerardine's real contribution to hair beauty and health is the fact that New York's leading salons on Fifth Avenue and on Fifty-seventh Street were the first to apply for this franchise.

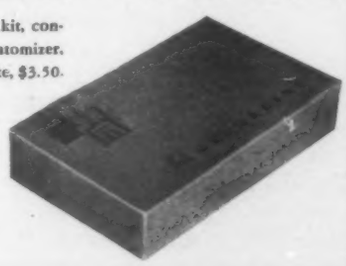
For women who prefer to take the treatment at home, La Gerardine, with a book of instructions, is on sale in the toilet goods departments of leading stores. Price, for 8-oz. bottle, $2.00. If your favorite shop cannot supply you, address La Gerardine, Inc., 122 East 42 St., New York.

Your hairdresser will apply La Gerardine with a long handled brush, so that every hair shaft gets the benefit of the treatment.

While the hair is still moist, the wave is set either with combs or the fingers wherever it appears. Because La Gerardine is absolutely harmless, it is the best way to wave white, dyed or bleached hair.

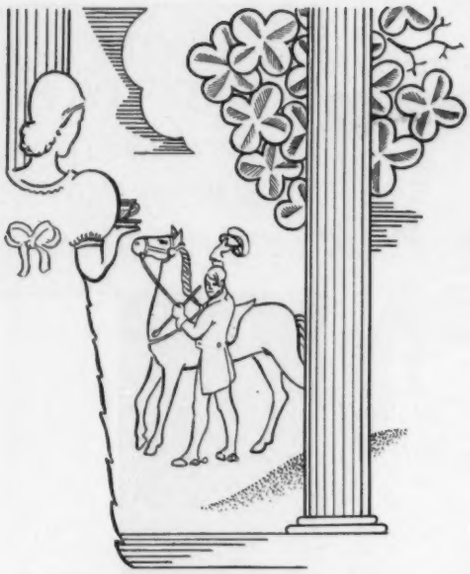
Between treatments spray La Gerardine on the hair. *Finally* . . . La Gerardine is needed only after a shampoo. Combed out and patted into place, your hair has the alluring softness of *naturally* wavy hair, a wave that is actually deepened by rain, a swim, a hot bath!

Special! Attractive treatment kit, containing bottle of La Gerardine, atomizer, imported brush and bowl, complete, $3.50.



La GERARDINE

Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., Sales Representatives, New York



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Stories for a winter evening at home include one by Alec Waugh entitled, "There Must Be Something More," a young girl's quest for a love that was different—a story in which reader and author may smile at the expense of the heroine. "A Great Lady," by George Broadhurst, tells of the successfully directed ambition of a clever and beautiful woman, a woman who played her cards well. Olga Hall-Brown's story, "A Director of Destiny," suggests the eternal conflict between love and fame for a woman.

The joys and vicissitudes of young married life, as portrayed in the serial "Lo and Behold!" by Charles J. Pelton, will reach a happy calm in the concluding installment; and that aristocrat of the dog world, "Chi-Chi the Chow," will finish his memoirs of distinguished people and foreign lands, as presented by Mrs. E. Berry Wall, his owner.

And, as an escape from winter's wind and snow, there is a travel article by Prunella Wood, "The Beautiful Blue West Indies."

A lasting natural wave can be *trained* in Straight Hair

Amazing discovery of Paris Beauty Salon now released to American Hairdressers

FOR years, smart Parisiennes have worn a path to the door of the little salon at 47 des Mathurins. Its owner, M. Gerard, possessed a precious lotion which magically, gently, trained a soft, smooth, *natural* wave into straight locks. Hair of any type or color — even stubborn hair — responded to this amazing treatment.

American travelers persuaded M. Gerard to bring La Gerardine to this country. And now, after a few months, thousands of smart, metropolitan women are besieging their hairdressers for these simple treatments which create such incredible result.

Healthful Treatment—No "Miracle"

Numerous rigid tests on different kinds of hair have proved that La Gerardine is not only harmless, but that it is a healthful treatment for any hair.

The treatment requires no machine. The waving lotion is applied by hand, with a brush. The ingredients of La Gerardine have long been highly esteemed by hair specialists. The precise combination which cultivates waviness was discovered during experiments for a new, perfect hair tonic.

La Gerardine is non-alcoholic, non-oily, non-sticky. It leaves no powdery deposit on the hair. Because it does not affect the color of the hair, it is the safest way to wave white, bleached or dyed hair. So harmless is La Gerardine that it may safely be used on a baby's head. In fact, many mothers use it to train young children's hair.

The La Gerardine treatment, though very simple, must be followed regularly and faithfully to produce the best results. At first it is applied each day, then less and less frequently, until you need only an application after the shampoo. From the first treatment, you will see an improvement in the lustre, softness and manageability of your hair.

And then what joy! When the wave appears, and grows deeper and deeper, you will know that it will remain *naturally* and *lastingly* your very own.

The right to give La Gerardine treatments is granted to hairdressers only by franchise after thorough instruction. Proof of La Gerardine's real contribution to hair beauty and health is the fact that New York's leading salons on Fifth Avenue and on Fifty-seventh Street were the first to apply for this franchise.

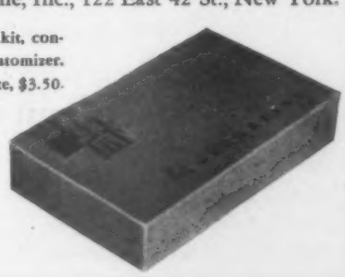
For women who prefer to take the treatment at home, La Gerardine, with a book of instructions, is on sale in the toilet goods departments of leading stores. Price, for 8-oz. bottle, $2.00. If your favorite shop cannot supply you, address La Gerardine, Inc., 122 East 42 St., New York.

Your hairdresser will apply La Gerardine with a long handled brush, so that every hair shaft gets the benefit of the treatment.

While the hair is still moist, the wave is set either with combs or the fingers wherever it appears. Because La Gerardine is absolutely harmless, it is the best way to wave white, dyed or bleached hair.

Between treatments spray La Gerardine on the hair. *Finally* . . . La Gerardine is needed only after a shampoo. Combed out and patted into place, your hair has the alluring softness of *naturally* wavy hair, a wave that is actually deepened by rain, a swim, a hot bath!

Special! Attractive treatment kit, containing bottle of La Gerardine, atomizer, imported brush and bowl, complete, $3.50.



La GERARDINE

Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., Sales Representatives, New York

Eleanor Beard inc.

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Trapunto—that exquisite Italian quilting famous for centuries,—gives delicate loveliness to Eleanor Beard's "Lung' Arno" Spread. To enhance its beauty, one may order a length of the same material quilted to match, for the head and foot board of the bed... a complete expression of smart individuality and good taste! The Cover alone, (lined in Satin and warmly padded) is $125. in sunfast Taffeta, three-quarter-bed size.

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236 *Book Bldg.*	24 *de la Guerra Studios*	*Bullock's-Wilshire* *Wilshire Blvd.*	120 *Heyburn Bldg*

BE WISE AND BEWARE

(Continued from page 80)

you propose to order must be made on straight and simple lines, depending on its collar and cuffs for both elegance and chic. The more choice the fur, of course, the smarter your coat's appearance. Don't, for morning wear, attempt anything not of a woollen texture. There are any amount of crepellas, jerseys and tweeds to choose from.

There is also a specially soft new fabric, or, rather, quite an antiquated wool fabric, which has, of late, been modernized and reintroduced.

Why not a black gown? It is always useful in dull winter weather. Remember that on a black frock the eternally new cross-over front is as becoming today as it was twelve months ago, especially when edged by a tiny band of white piqué. (Lingerie effects on all gowns are much accentuated this fall.)

Your morning skirts had better be all cut *en forme*, but if you prefer flatness, introduce box plaits, or at least godets, from the knees downward.

WHATEVER you finally settle upon, be sure not to decide on anything in a hurry, for when you can afford only a few clothes, the few must be more perfect than the many. However hard up you may be, don't ever attempt to pick up your clothes at a sale. The coat you might get would not harmonize with your gowns; it would besides, and this without a shadow of doubt, be a last season's model. Your having paid little for it would be sure to make you dislike it all the more, and you'd end by ordering another. Result: much waste of good money.

For the afternoon, select from among crêpe romain, marocains, heavy satins, and cotton-backed or silk velvets. Peculiar to note is the change most textures have undergone this season, all of them having gained additional weight.

Crêpe bilitis, a georgette, for instance, has become as heavy as crêpe marocain, and nothing but triple georgette is acceptable. The newest kind of satin is heavy, almost stands alone, to use an old-fashioned term, while straight pile velvet is considered newer than many of the older supple varieties.

Should you decide on a velvet suit, combine it with a deep-toned, string-coloured lace blouse. Both black and Bordeaux velvet make stunning suits, surely elaborate enough for any afternoon occasion.

For evening wear the trend undoubtedly points to costly-looking fabrics, to originality in gossamer weaves, and to gold and silver patterned lamés.

However, as you must not be extravagant this year, I suggest your having a lace gown made. Nothing, by the way, is considered more elegant this season. Such lace gowns are shown in all Paris collections, in every imaginable colour. New York importers, therefore, should have a wide range to select from. Be careful, however, not to buy anything cheap as, remember, lace is not flashy and therefore depends on quality for smartness. Some lace models require the lace to be treated by some stiffening process, though I, personally, prefer it to hang natural and soft with merely a light horse-hair lining to prevent the skirt from flopping.

THE majority of Paris evening dresses are sheath-like above and developed into a bell-like, billowy expanse from the knees downward, a style hardly suitable, however, for any soft lace gown. In your case, I should start tiers of lace flounces at the belted waistline and carry them down to the hem. Or you might try the two-tiered skirt with both flounces flaring, placed over a foundation tightly drawn, in hour-glass fashion, around the knees.

If you intend being in New York this winter, why not get yourself a really fine breitschwantz coat? Believe me, it is a great step toward looking well dressed. Forming an all-black ensemble, with dress and hat, the slim and elegant breitschwantz wrap is the most dressy town costume imaginable.

Therefore, if you can possibly [illegible] it, I should advise you to buy the [illegible] quality of breitschwantz coat you [illegible] find and add to it either a [illegible] sable or a silver fox collar. Unquestionably smarter is to leave a black coat entirely black. But then soft fur next face seems to me always so flattering.

What was it you wanted to know [illegible] mink? I forgot. To be really [illegible] while a mink coat should be as dark the best Russian sable, with no yellowish or foxy tint about it. In fact should have a silvery sheen on its brown hairs. After the quality of its most important feature in workship.

A mink coat should never be [illegible] with either velvet or brocade, its suitable lining being a supple matching fabric—marocain, for choice. Such a coat, as you say, suits all occasions, can be worn at all ages. Should you decide on such a coat, be careful to your shoulders clear of the collar. cape effects, if you please. Capes a propensity for making even young women look like their own grandmothers.

Why not a full length astrakhan coat? Even though weighty, it is always smart. Remember, though, however hackneyed it is classically chic only in black. By all means, go on wearing that short evening coat. The one you mention that was once long but was shortened last year.

Dyed ermine, too, is still very smart. It makes very slim coats for in-between seasons.

For day wear: beige, silver-grey, jet-black ermine look well, but for evening nothing can beat spotless white.

For country wear and travel (I purposely avoid the term "sport"), I suggest your getting a nutria coat. Beaver, to my mind, looks better. Squirrel is good and so is caracul kid.

When deciding on your country coat be sure not to mix furs. Elaborateness ruins the looks of what is meant to be serviceable. Let your coat rely on plainness for chic.

Your enquiring about lingerie has caused me a sleepless night. It presents a problem I could not solve (not without having given the subject much thought). I went, therefore, to consult Madame Annek, and I had a long talk with her. I now feel I've learned a good deal.

I WAS, to start with, told: That modern lingerie always follows present styles; undergoes some sort of change every few months; and is varied, according to the silhouette.

That after an extended period of emphasized plainness, elaborate lingerie is coming in again.

That not only the shaped gown, the normal waistline, as well, have their close-fitting princess combinations more popular than any other. That the combination comprises chemise and "unmentionables," cut all in one.

That satin seems predominant this season. That, in fact, all heavier textures like triple georgette have ousted all transparent qualities.

That because of accentuated [illegible] every kind of frou-frou has been [illegible] ously banned. No frills of any [illegible] countenanced.

That all talk about corsets and whalebones you seem so afraid of is piffle.

That opaque fabrics cut out and applied onto sheer ones are used with increasing success, as well as [illegible] tions, *à jour* work and hemstitching.

That lace on lingerie, for some [illegible] neglected, is reappearing in [illegible] colourings; rosy-greys and almost [illegible] looking beiges, being combined with matching fabrics in a slightly [illegible] tone.

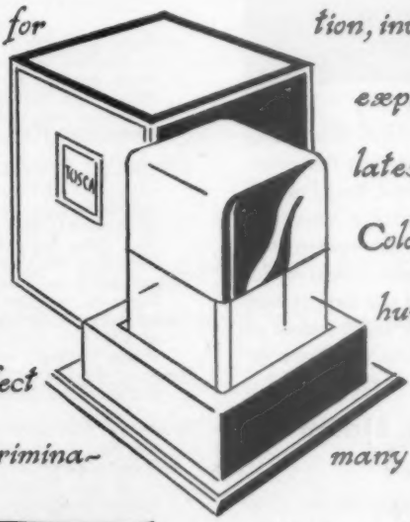
That the ever-popular string-coloured laces seem to have acquired a golden tint, thereby harmonizing better with black than before.

That black Chantilly on black [illegible] or crêpe chemises and butter-[illegible]

(Concluded on page 150)

The Perfume of Romance

Its entrancing odor is too subtle for words to define. It weaves the same mystic spell that won for Puccini's operatic masterpiece the world's acclaim. & Its part in polite society is to accent personality and to reflect the degree of refinement and discrimination, invariably associated with things that express quality. & TOSCA is the latest creation of Ferd. Mülhens, of Cologne °/Rhine, who, for over one hundred and thirty-eight years, has contributed to continental Europe many of its most delightful toiletries.



Tosca

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U.S. BRANCH: FERD. MÜLHENS, *Inc.*, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Three 30-DAY Mediterranean Morocco-Riviera Cruises

The Continental's Winter Playground

ETCHING OF THE CHELLAH, RABAT BY W. DOUGLAS MACLEOD

THIRTY-DAY "Mediterranean-Sahara-Riviera Cruise" with live young moderns, off for the sun by the South Atlantic . . . circling the azure sea at its smartest . . . eight ports » » Not a dull moment, the *"France"* starts her gayety with her engines . . . Casablanca for a Moroccan interlude, Oasis, Sultan's paradise, the winter capital of modern sun-worshippers . . . gay Algiers and the Garden of Allah . . . Italy at its loveliest . . . the Riviera and Roman France when the sky that arched over the Caesars is blue with the first spring days » » The freedom of independent travel with unlimited stopovers, or return via Havre or Plymouth . . . a ship that is the last word in luxury and chic.

"France", January 10, February 14, March 20

"Barbary Land Cruises" through Morocco, Algeria and Tunisia . . . a fleet of high-powered motor cars . . . 57-day itinerary **$1750;** 13-day itinerary **$200.**

Sixteen-day West Indies Cruise by "Lafayette", December 20 to January 5

French Line

Information from any authorized French Line Agent or write direct to 19 State St., New York City

BE WISE AND BEWARE

(*Concluded from page 148*)

Alençon laces on white satin are specially suitable for evening wear.

That the most fashionable colourings for the day are peach and apricot tones, egg-shell, pale sky green and, of course, flesh and beige.

That beige lingerie harmonizes particularly well with tweed and jersey clothes, in which drabs and fawns still have a way of predominating.

That all lingerie under most up-to-date and really elegant women's gowns is generally of a shade matching the gown.

That the very softest pale-blue satin underwear is particularly becoming to blondes.

Yes, Alice, evening gloves are gradually taking on some importance. The new kind, of course: the loose ones, the ones not meant to fit, but to wrinkle.

Close-fitting gloves are, of course, antiquated. 1930 gloves are sometimes slipped on with no buttons to be seen anywhere. Still to be met with is the very long glove with its to-be-buttoned opening at the wrist (called *le gant mousquetaire* in French). Among horrible sights, appalling when met with today, is a hand slipped out at this same opening, with the glove fingers tucked in at the wrist. It is reminiscent of early days when disgusting habits prevailed, such as women at dinner stuffing their gloves into wine glasses, thereby indicating to footmen: "I never drink with my meals."

As a matter of fact, in sophisticated 1930, not every glove can possibly be worn with every kind of gown. Not unless some noticeable concord between them exists, such as a colour border, a metal gleam, a spangled edge. I am told royal-blue gloves, violet, or green ones, look smart with an all-white ensemble; and that georgette, crêpe de Chine, satin, even black velvet gloves are quite usual, as well as some made of ermine or breitschwantz to harmonize with one's wrap.

I suppose you'll be wondering how I personally feel about so much novelty.

Well, to tell the truth, I have h ever found that such remarkable lu accessories give any woman a pa larly well-dressed appearance. I pale-coloured gloves, pink and flesh by no means unpleasant to look though a sky-blue pair I've seen seemed to me a perfect eyesore.

Light fawn shades, as well as c still seem to me smarter for eve wear than the ones featuring cont ous colours. The fact is the most el women in Paris, known to launch exclusive styles (the Forty, or i merely a dozen?) have not, so far cided to adopt them. This, how does not prevent my having seen a number of gaily hued gloves wor restaurants, looking, if not exactly gant, at least sufficiently attractive.

As to that floppy summer hat mention, it is by no means dead, as say. On the contrary, it seems t taking on new life. The popular, c fitting hat is being, in fact, shown quite a wide-looking brim. A dec able brim, by the way, quite inde dent of the turban-like cap. For inst a spotted or figured black and white terial is made to fit the head, w detachable black velvet brim plac its individually most becoming

Milliners seem to use less felt taupés. They replace them by fab stitched in an all-over pattern of li or by velvet, used either plain, stit or shirred.

The popular beach hat shape, for stance, is being transposed into stit velvet and, though its brim may be moderate than for the summer, it h chic worn with day coats in which neckline is not encumbered by fu

It seems to me, my dear Alice, I've replied to most of your quest To the ones mentioned in your let hope some of it may be useful.

Let me hear how you've actually f

Ever yours,

GAY

SOCIAL CALENDAR

(*Continued from page 114*)

Luncheon at Hotel Pierre, New York City, by Mrs. Frederick Lathrop A of 11 East 68th Street, New York City, and Mrs. Enno Greeff of 1 Fifth Avenue, New York City, for their respective débutante daugh Miss Laura Carlisle Allen and Miss Beatrice de Bavier Greeff.

Tea dance at the Country Club, Boston, Mass., by Charles H. Macomber Framingham Centre, Mass., for Miss Helen Macomber.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15—Supper dance at the Ritz Carlton, New Y City, by Mr. and Mrs. Dudley B. Lawrence of Bronxville, N. Y., introduce their daughter, Miss Katharine Van Duzer Lawrence.

Dinner dance at the Hotel Bellevue-Stratford, Philadelphia, Pa., by Mr. Mrs. John Story Jenks of Chestnut Hill, Pa., to introduce their daug Miss Ann W. Jenks.

Supper dance at Hotel Pierre, New York City, by Mr. and Mrs. Will Raymond to introduce their daughter, Miss Marian W. Raymond.

Dinner dance at Sherry's, New York City, by Mr. and Mrs. Dudley H. Peab of 139 East 79th Street, New York City, to present their daughter, Helen Peabody.

Dance at the Milton Club, Milton, Mass., by Mr. and Mrs. Joseph O. Proc Jr., for Miss Mary Proctor.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 18—Wedding of Miss Hope Richardson, daughter of and Mrs. Courtlandt Richardson of 156 East 79th Street, New York City Howard Frederic Whitney, in St. Bartholomew's Church, New York City.

Dance at the Women's Republican Club, Boston, Mass., by Mr. and Joseph D. Leland for Mrs. Leland's daughter, Miss Katharine Be de Pierrefeu.

Luncheon by Mrs. Gifford K. Simonds of Boston, Mass., for Miss Prisc Simonds.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 19—Luncheon at Sherry's, New York City, Mrs. Edgar Rickard of 1148 Fifth Avenue, New York City, to pre her daughter, Miss Peggy Rickard.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 20—Wedding of Miss Marion Maxwell Dar daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Thomas Walter Darrah of Baltimore, to Warren Dwight Brewster, in the Protestant Episcopal Church of Redeemer, Baltimore.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22—Supper dance at Hotel Pierre, New York C by Mr. and Mrs. Duncan A. Holmes of 117 East 72nd Street, New City, to present daughter, Miss Barbara Holmes. (*Continued on page*

IS REVOLUTIONIZING SKIN CARE . . .

his clear, simple
nswer to the new
eeds of today —

. cleanser
. tissue-oil
. astringent

in the cream that washes away—

lachine-age dirt—it burrows deep and clings... Dry, drooping skins!
make-up saps their oils... Sluggish circulation!—that needs rousing
brisk life: these are Today's problems. And here is Today's answer:

o simply, so clearly, this luscious Cream of Pinaud's meets the new needs of today... all by itself! rst it cleanses—exquisitely, deeply (cleanses so perfectly, in fact, that once you've felt that delicious clean-pore freshness, other creams seem simply stifling!) Its delicate oils are so rich, so swiftly-sorbed, that it supples dry, starved tissues even while you spread it on! Then, as you splash on ts and lots of plain clear water, Pinaud's Cream dissolves and *washes away!* Even the deep-lying tle "plugs" of grease and dirt at the bottom of the pores are gently loosened and "floated" to the rface... even droopy, drawn tissues are freshened into tingling, vivid life, like your body after cold shower... even the busiest woman can give her face scientific care! For perhaps the nicest ing of all about the treatment is its simplicity: Smooth the Cream on—then wash it away! Try this mous French method now revolutionizing skin care the world round. PINAUD, Paris—New York.

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LOVE at first sight

...and second

...and third

CALL IT personality. Call it style. Whatever it is that's needed to capture the smart woman's fancy, Truhu has!

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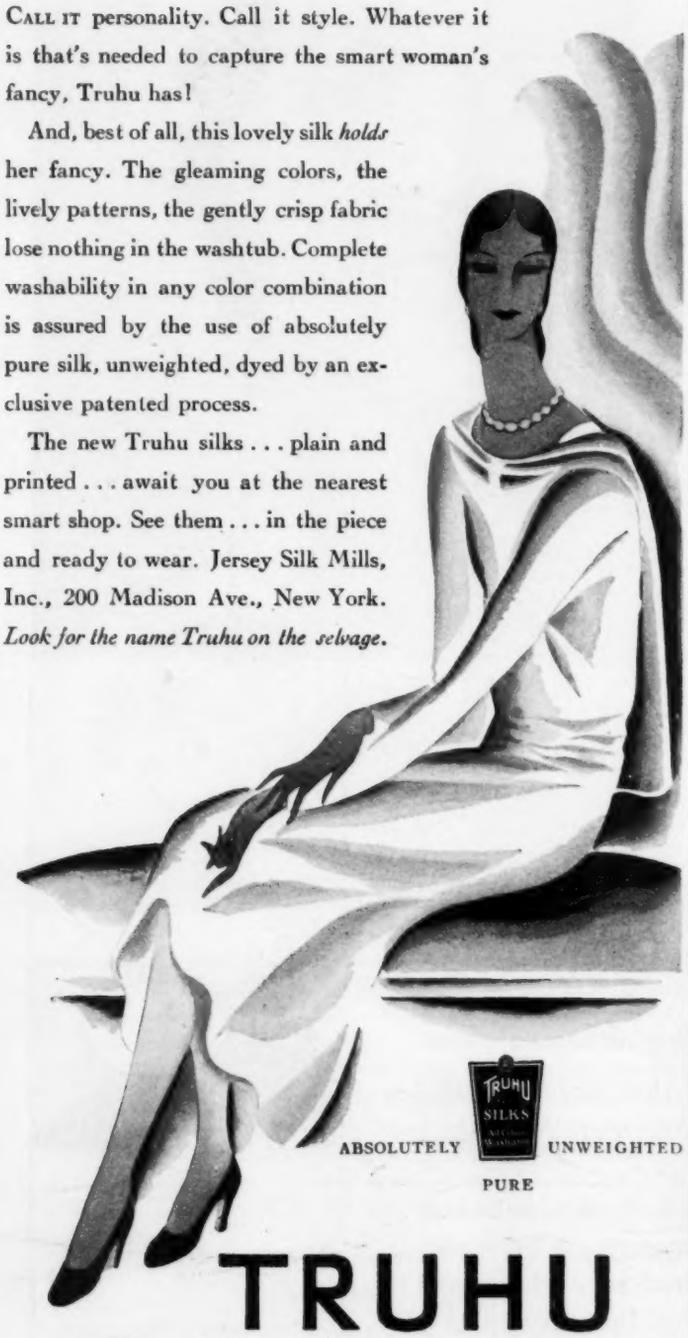
The new Truhu silks . . . plain and printed . . . await you at the nearest smart shop. See them . . . in the piece and ready to wear. Jersey Silk Mills, Inc., 200 Madison Ave., New York. *Look for the name Truhu on the selvage.*



ABSOLUTELY TRUHU SILKS UNWEIGHTED PURE

TRUHU *Washable* SILKS

IF IT'S TRUHU IT'S WASHABLE

"Janot," above, a one-strap walking-shoe, comes in black satin kid, black suède, and in brown suède and giboa.

"Hecate," the trimmed opera pump at the top, right, comes in many shades both for daytime and informal dinner wear.

A one-strap cut-out slipper, called "Rosalind," comes in colours and materials both for evening and daytime wear.

The opera pump at the right, "Jeanette," is simply trimmed and comes in patent kid, brown kid, and brown suède.

This kid shoe for the woman driver is decoratively trimmed with nails which keep the heels from being scraped.

Five Shoes from Pinet

IN STEP WITH THE MODE

The Delman slippers below are worn with jewelled clips from Marcus. Front clip, diamonds with a star sapphire; the side clip shows diamond baguettes.

In the photograph at the bottom of the page, Delman shows a new spectator sports shoe in brown suède combined with brown calf. Matching bag.

The same photograph shows a Delman walking-shoe to be worn with a tailored suit. It comes in the various fall colours, both kid and suède.

Tab

FLY YOUR OWN COLORS . . .

Now you can suit towel colors to your own private person and taste and temper. If your scheme has grown too tiresomely white, bring in bold splashes of brilliance . . . or tone down a bright bathroom with subtle half notes . . . or, when you build, use your own pet shade throughout. * In short, your bathroom can be *becoming!* New Cannon towel designs are decisively smart—at once graceful and restful. All-color, of course, in subtle pastels refined from the rainbow's best. Carried into straight-line patterns, florals, polka dots, or whatever you need to be happy. And carried through to matching face cloths and bath mats. * Feel their soft, firm texture. Test their thirstiness. Try to wear them out! Cannon towels have a fine, long cotton fiber . . . a close, even weave . . . a top quality that you simply can't find in others at the same figure. All Cannon towels —even these proud beauties—are ready to do a day's hard work every day all year. So fair but not so frail! * You can be smart, and practical, too. Here's a good way to save something on your bathroom buying. The Cannon label does it, *always!* . . . Cannon Mills, Inc., 70 Worth St., New York City. *Makers of* CANNON LAVENLAWN, *the world's finest sheet—using long-staple Egyptian cotton.*

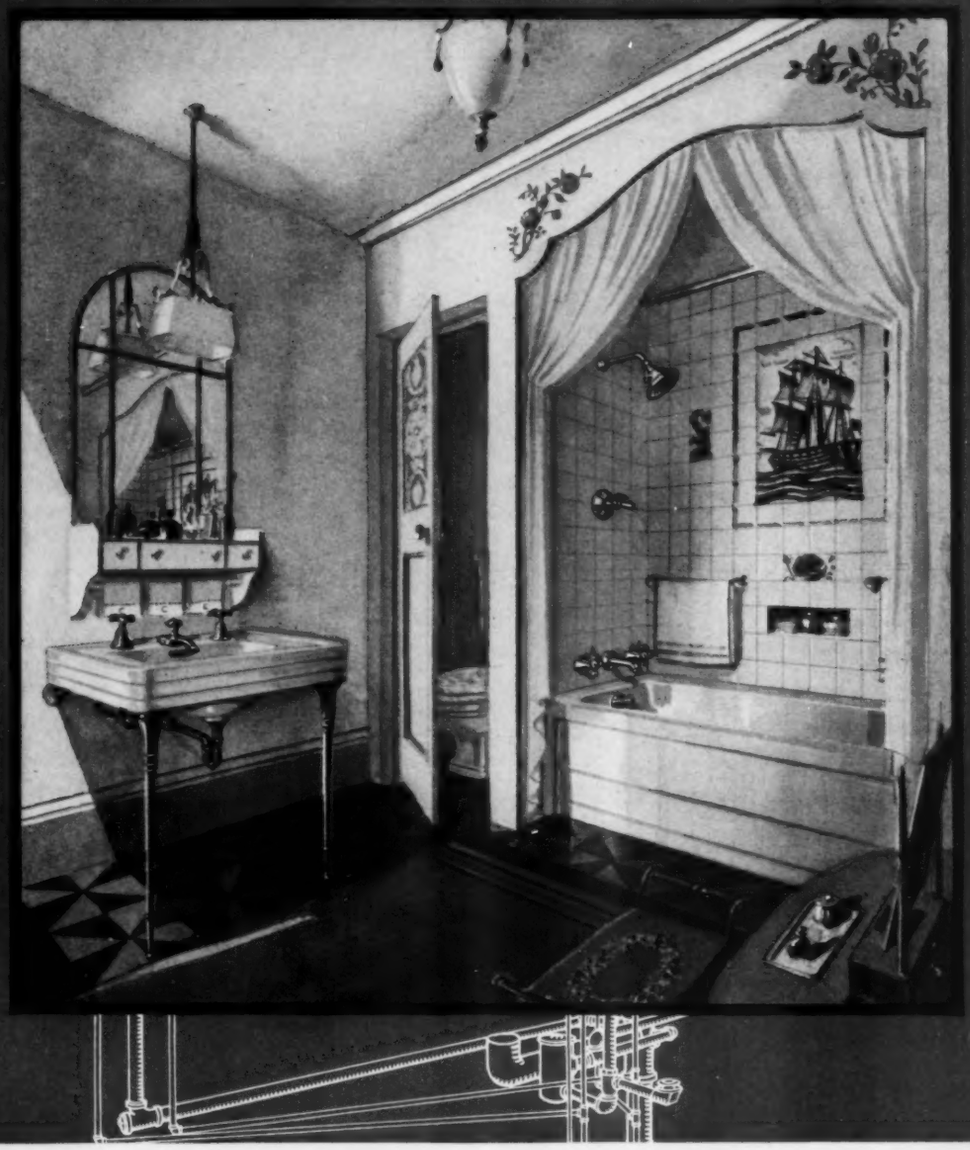
IT'S A SUPERB CHRISTMAS GIFT . . .

A smart, friendly gift for any one. The new Cannon ensemble sets contain matching bath towels, guest towels, face cloths and bath mat—tied with ribbons and wrapped in transparent Cellophane. Your own store has a good selection of gay, simple, all-over patterns in soft pastel shades. At most places, prices for full sets range from $4 to $7. . . . Fair enough!

THESE ARE THE CANNON TOWELS *that captivated Fifth Avenue. They come in all-over colors and modernized designs—with face cloths and bath mats to match. They have two right sides, two bright sides—both equally decorative. New colors are maize, jade, orchid, peach, rose, turquoise—guaranteed fast. Typical Cannon values —59c and more for the bath towels—at your own store or shop.* (Other Cannon styles—*from* 25c to $2.50.)

CANNON TOWELS

1855 · SEVENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY · 1930



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Women who love beauty in their surroundings and cultivate it in themselves are always enthusiastic about Crane bathrooms. To this temple of health and charm, Crane ideas have brought a beauty of decoration and design worthy of the purpose. From a purely practical standpoint, Crane plumbing is no less desirable. In town house or suburban cottage, it adds value far past its cost, saves many dollars in upkeep, puts off by years the time when obsolescence endangers the whole investment. Ask your architect. Buy from a Crane Qualified Contractor-Dealer, always a highly skilled master plumber or heating contractor. For a view of all new plumbing possibilities, write for the book, *Homes of Comfort.*

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XII

Christmas Portraits

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PETAL-KREPE

THE DOUBLE GEORGETTE

Criterions of the Couture World having decreed an opaque mode, demand *much* georgette, especially the new *double*-georgette, Petal-Krepe, which has a heavy fall, lightness of texture, and a hand-finish as soft and subtle to the touch as the flower petals the name suggests.

HAAS BROTHERS

NEW YORK PARIS

FROM PARIS AND POINTS SOUTH

(*Continued from page 91*)

Château life has also begun again with the opening of the shooting season. These passing Parisians are wearing their simplest clothes, with many tailleurs and many bérets.

I really should have called this article "Points Southeast and Southwest," but I sacrificed accuracy for the sake of euphony, as the French sometimes do in their language. Biarritz has enjoyed a most prosperous later season, with lovely weather; Monte Carlo and Cannes were much fuller in the autumn than they were in the summer; and St. Moritz's summer season assumed great importance, both in personalities and numbers. The latter is interesting to us, in connection with fall country fashions, on account of the freshness of the bright mountain air, which calls for more autumnal dressing than Biarritz or the Midi. Many fashionables now divide their summers between the sea and the mountains, for reasons of health. Sports dress also plays a more important rôle at St. Moritz, for, at the beaches, there is little to be seen in the daytime except pyjamas and bathing suits. The great recreations in the mountains are golf and tennis, and the summer surroundings are lovely with pine forests, flowery meadows, emerald lakes, and rushing mountain streams.

The most striking observation in daytime clothes at St. Moritz was the importance of knitted material or tricot. This was seen in both suits and one-piece dresses. There was a wide range of fabrics and colours, with no special outstanding note except the little jackets of jersey, like cardigans, which everyone seemed to own. Often they were navy blue, though sometimes red with white frocks. One saw, in addition to the knitted materials, wool crêpes and crepellas, light tweeds, and fancy woollens. Only one suit in linen, and this white. Little shantung, but a great deal of crêpe de Chine for simple frocks, in white, or in pastel colours, pale green, pale blue, or pale rose. Little red or yellow, and no purple or violet. Quite a number of sweaters, mostly in fine horizontal stripes, but of no particular colour. Skirt lengths, about thirteen to fifteen inches from the ground, though Princesse Boncompagni wears hers as short as last summer.

Seventy-five per cent. of the hats were turban-bérets of the Agnès type in knitted or crochetted materials, in silk or wool. A few straw hats were seen, but not many; quite simple, with a ribbon band of colour. Topcoats, made necessary by the keen air, were in roughish tweeds with collars of bristly fur, such as wolf or badger. Not much fox or lynx, as it is too formal, and few separate furs. A few collars of crossed fox on topcoats. Sports shoes unchanged. Nothing new in bags or stockings.

AS TO hair, as many women wore it short as long. It was not cropped, or shaved on the neck, but the majority kept a neat "hair line" in the back, with more fulness and length at the sides. Fingernails of deep red with white tips were still quite often seen both here and at Biarritz. The Duchesse d'Albe, who began this fashion, has not abandoned it. One reason may be that rose or coral shades fade directly in strong sunlight.

As to individual women, Princesse Boncompagni wore black and white, black broadcloth skirts for choice, very short, with a white blouse or a black and white sweater and a white silk scarf. With this, she wore a beige woollen topcoat lined with gazelle. The Princesse Kapurthala wore three-piece crêpe costumes, with dress and short jacket, one in pale green with a raffia hat and pale grey pumps. Mrs. Robert Glen, a devotee of the Palace at St. Moritz both winter and summer, wore white crêpe frocks with a scarlet jersey jacket, a handkerchief bordered with red tucked into a breast pocket, and a white Milan straw hat with a red and white dotted ribbon band. Señorita de Alvarez wore sometimes a rose-coloured frock of mercerized cotton with a jacket of cretonne, cream ground with rose flowers, and a hat of the same material with a brim. Sometimes she wore a jacket and skirt of finely striped jersey with a white satin blouse and scarf.

IN THE evening, one saw formal gowns, worn long, often with trains, and when there were trains the cut was princess. Dancing frocks, on the contrary, were even all round, and just covering the ankles. The great majority of gowns hugged the figure to the knees, and spread in widening flare to the floor. Bodices were usually simple, with few capes, boleros, berthas, or jacket effects, though a great many evening scarfs were worn. The square décolleté in front was in high favour, and the most popular back décolleté was the deep V. The silhouette, in general, was an extremely slenderizing one, with great fulness at the hemline. As to fabrics, laces lead, in black, white, or pale pastel colours, particularly greens, pinks and blues. The greens were almond, lettuce, or apple, with a slightly yellow cast. Pinky ivory tones were also seen, but there was no definite leading colour. White, both in georgette and in soft satin, was seen a great deal; there were a good many velvets, printed chiffons, of course, plain georgettes and a good many plain and flowered taffetas.

In accessories, there was nothing new in bags or stockings, but many huge chiffon handkerchiefs, matching the slippers in many cases and forming a [illegible] colour contrast with the gown. O[ld] jewellery, pearls were decidedly [the] in favour; Princess Colonna w[ore] necklace of three strings of pearl[s] diamonds used together. The [other] necklaces were short and worn cl[ose] the throat, often with round pearl rings. Splendid diamond necklace[s] diamond earrings were worn, wit[h] eralds second in favour. Very litt[le] tume jewellery in the evening, b[ut] odd necklace of onyx and smooth beads with black dresses, worn b[y] eral women.

One of the best evenings, as [far] fashions are concerned, was the r[ec]ital given by Rosa Ponselle of the M[et]ropolitan in the Embassy Room [of] Palace Hotel, for the benefit of [the] children in Switzerland. It was [her] first appearance on the Continent [out]side Milan and was an immense s[uc]cess. Three distinguished Italians sold programs. The Comtesse Gui[do] Pavoncelli wore a princess gown of heavy black crêpe de Chine, with fringes, half-hidden, inset near the [hem]. She wore no necklace, but magnificent hoop earrings at least two inches [in] of diamonds suspended from di[a]mond chains. She also wore diamond [brac]lets over her black suède elbow [gl]oves. Signora Centurini wore printed [chif]fon in greys and white, with elongated [drop]s of diamonds in her ears, elbow-[length] black suède gloves, and black suède pumps. Comtesse Visconti Viviani [della] Robbia, the third of the trio, wore [white] satin, a princess model with a train, an apron effect in front lined with [gold] lamé, and gold slippers to match. She wore a short string of large white pearls and button earrings of black pearls, and her shoulder a cluster of orchids. Duchesse d'Albe wore a gown of [black] over white lace, floor length; Mrs. Robert Glen was in almond-green [satin] while there were a good many [other] coloured georgette gowns, often in [black]

(*Continued on page 156*)

The FLAVOR LASTS

THERE IS A SPARKLE to youth as glistening and infatuating as a gleaming star - just as young lips, whether possessed by Grande Dame or Debutante, are always appealingly lovely. It is the lack of chewing in the ordinary daily diet which steals the youth from your lips by letting delicate mouth-muscles grow soft and flabby. But if you chew WRIGLEY'S, if for only ten minutes every day, your lips will always stay lusciously rosy and delightfully young in shape. Try PEPPERMINT-FLAVORED Double Mint.

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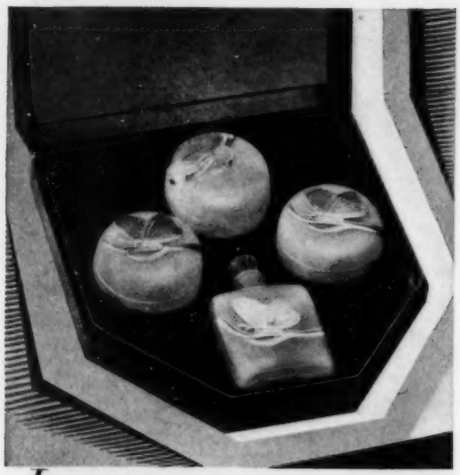

THE DISTINCTIVE GIFT

La Princesse Beauty Boudoir Box

. . . holding Alabaster Glass containers embossed with genuine Danish Pewter . . . re-fills inside.

Here is the gift distinctive . . . something that will be enjoyed thru the passing years . . . something beautiful yet practical. And you may secure this attractive Beauty Boudoir Box at a very special introductory price.

Save $5 . . *Take Coupon to Your Department Store*

Simply present the gift coupon to your favorite department store and you will receive the Beauty Boudoir Box for only $10 (regularly priced at $15). Truly a de luxe gift at an economical price!

The Alabasters harmonize with any color . . . the Danish Pewter designs will never tarnish. They may be taken out of the modernistic black-and-silver box and artistically arranged on your dressing table. When the re-fill jars inside are empty, simply purchase La Princesse fillers, using the beautiful Alabasters as permanent containers.

La Princesse Skin Tonique
A pure astringent liquid to accelerate skin tissue circulation. Tightens skin.

La Princesse Cold Creme
Extra fine texture. Antiseptic. Removes impurities, leaves skin clear, velvety.

La Princesse Supreme Poudre
Pure, soft, powder to harmonize with skin. White, brunette, flesh.

La Princesse Massage Creme
Heavy texture. Pure. Smoothes, soothes, and nourishes the skin.

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20th century toiletries

In the nineteenth century a romantic Frenchman was inspired to create a line of alluring cosmetics as a gift to his sweetheart. Today those same secret formulas are used in preparing La Princesse cosmetics. Let La Princesse give you the enchanting beauty of Les Parisiennes.

To Department Stores: This coupon properly filled-in entitles bearer:

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to our introductory price of only $10 for the $15 Beauty Boudoir Box (only one box per customer). *Contents:* Four Alabaster Glass containers embossed with Danish Pewter, holding La Princesse Supreme Poudre, Cold Creme, Massage Creme in re-fills, and Skin Tonique.

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Coupon will be redeemed by:

LA PRINCESSE 20th Century Toiletries
Charles T. Hayward Co., Sole Sales Agents
19 South La Salle, Chicago

The sands of the Miramar plage are the décor for Countess Salverte in beige flannel and black jersey.

FROM PARIS AND POINTS SOUTH

(Continued from page 154)

some in tulle, some in black lace, and one, at least, worn by the Princesse Maria Pignatelli, in rose lamé shot with silver.

At Biarritz, the fashion story was somewhat different, suited to the climate and the life of the place. Biarritz is one of the most difficult resorts in the world for the chic hunter. The places where one may see smart women are widely separated up and down the coast, and whenever one goes to one of them, the important women seem to have decided to be at another. It reminds me of the baseball player who "hits 'em where they ain't." The newest place, this year, is the Canot Club at Bayonne, which is very smart in the afternoon. Here we saw Mrs. Arthur Vincent wearing a white silk dress from Patou, who always dresses her, with a hat and scarf and short coat in navy blue. She also wore a pyjama suit, with white trousers and waistcoat of woollen material, and white silk tuck-in blouse. The jacket was of heavy navy serge, with brass buttons. Her béret and large flat pocketbook were of white felt with two C's making the monogram of the club, and patent-leather bands in blue and red. Her scarf was of heavy red and blue silk with inserts of white at the ends. The Gold Club at Chiberta is usually profitable in the afternoon at teatime, but on Sunday it is deserted, for every one goes to San Sebastien. There is polo every Sunday afternoon at five, and on certain days this, too, is a good field for the fashion observer. During International Polo week, Jean Charles Worth offered a cup representing Pegasus, in silver, designed by Cartier.

One sees pyjamas on the Miramar beach in the morning, but people do not wear them in their villas, and Biarritz is villa-land. Here they wear ordinary morning clothes, of crêpe de Chine or other summery materials. People do not spend their entire time on the beach as they do at the Lido; there is so much else to do, and they are not so anxious to become "living bronzes" as they are at either the Lido or at Cannes. The Chambre d'Amour is excellent for the mid-day bathing, as is the Côte des Basques. Here there is a new bar, called the Silver Grill, which is also good at the mid-day cocktail hour. The Bar Basque is tremendously frequented from seven to nine. Those who have spent the day in their own or their friends' villas begin to appear there about seven. In the evening there are galas and charity events innumerable, sometimes at the hotels, the Palais, or the Miramar, and sometimes at other places, the Pavillon Royal, or Chiberta. But there is a great deal of private entertaining. Later in the night, Casanova is the resort of every one worth seeing. Even private affairs are given here; for example, Miss Beth Leary took over the whole place for a supper. The great event of the season was the dinner given at Chiberta, with ball afterward, presided over by the King of Spain.

AS TO clothes, in the daytime white crêpe, often with navy or red, is the biggest factor, with a pale watermelon pink second. Countess Salverte and the Marquise de Paris were both seen at Chiberta wearing white crêpe frocks, with short scarlet coats and white hats, and with brown and white sports shoes. The Marquise also wore several strings of red beads. Countess Drogheda and her daughter, Lady Patricia Moore, also wore white silk frocks. The latter no longer wears her hair in braids, but short in the back, with long points at the sides. Mrs. Florence Bache also wore white silk with a navy and white Reboux hat and scarf. There were many wide hats of straw, with irregular brims and narrow ribbon bands matching the dresses, or with plain black bands. Many large flat envelope bags of white patent leather, carried with white, as well as with pale coloured frocks. Fewer real bérets, and more of the Agnès compromise turban-béret type, in knitted material or in a fabric. Not many scarfs in the daytime. Coats mostly short. Dresses simple, sleeveless, with matching or odd jackets, in red or navy.

Stockings almost invariably worn, in contrast to the modes of the Midi, so thin and so exactly matching the skin that one has to look twice to see them. There were no knitted things in the daytime, and little shantung, but toward evening at the Bar Basque there were some thin woollen frocks, often in white crêpey woollens, jersey, or thin brocade cloth. All this is good advance information for Palm Beach, I imagine.

Very little costume jewellery either in the daytime or in the evening. I

(Concluded on page 158)

THE EUGÈNE SACHET

She decided on curls!

She loved the wave in her hair a Eugène waver put there last summer. She determined to keep it there forever!.....Your competent hairdresser can maintain curls in your hair all through the year, *Fall, Winter, Spring and Summer*—by the Eugène Method. ....As the growth of new straight hair displaces your wave, you merely have the new hair Eugène-waved, close to the scalp, in flowing undulations, to match the remainder of your previous wave! . . . . . .

Eugène Sachets give the hairdresser control of the steaming process in permanent waving—making it possible to wave the new growth only. ....From their patented perforated steam-tabs come tiny jets of steam, of the proper intensity, and confined to the proper area to avoid unnecessary double waving....Thus you may have a Eugène Wave two or three times a year, if given with genuine Eugène Rewave Sachets, for your hair is protected and kept in perfect condition....Be sure that your hairdresser uses the genuine—you will know them by the Eugène Trade Mark boldly stamped on each sachet....We will gladly send you one for your inspection together with a copy of our interesting new "Eugène Beauty Book."

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IS THE SECRET

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DEAN'S MINCE PIES—famous for over 90 years may be shipped successfully anywhere. $1.25—$2.00—$3.00—$5.00

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CRISPNESS!

IN WINTER we are apt to get hungry for something crisp. Why not wake up lazy appetites by serving oven-fresh, crunchy-crisp Kellogg's Corn Flakes for breakfast?

How good they'll taste—golden toasted flakes of corn! Serve with milk or cream. Add canned fruits or honey for an extra treat. An ideal dish for the children's supper. At your grocer's in the red-and-green package. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

Kellogg's

Corn Flakes, Rice Krispies, ALL-BRAN, PEP *Bran Flakes, Kellogg's Shredded Whole Wheat Biscuit, Wheat Krumbles, Kaffee Hag Coffee — the coffee that lets you sleep.*

FROM PARIS AND POINTS SOUTH

(Concluded from page 156)

the evening, many long gloves, mostly white, but some black suède. Hair is decidedly longer than last year, but it is fifty-fifty between long and short. Fingernails are frequently dark red, with a few in pearl, or nacré. Donna Vera Mazzuchi has her nails done in pearl colour, and wears her hair rolled up all round, as do many of the Italian women, though there are more heads with the hair short in the back. Something new is the wearing of short glacé white kid gloves, without buttons, with sleeveless dresses at the Bar Basque. There were a few with outside seams, stitched in black. In contrast to St. Moritz, few big handkerchiefs were carried in the evening.

As to individual women, the Marquise de Urquijo was seen in a navy crêpe de Chine Chanel frock, with white crêpe collar and cuffs, and a long, navy coat of heavy soft woollen material. Madame Raymond Tartière wore, at the golf tournament, a fine white jersey skirt and jumper, with turn-over collar and loose wide cuffs. With this she wore a jade-green béret and jade canvas shoes. Mrs. Williams wore rose tussore with a sleeved jacket of the same. The Marquise de Jaucourt was seen coming from the Canot Club in a Chanel sports suit of light-weight navy tweed, the skirt about twelve inches from the ground, the jacket with four cut-in pockets in front in Chanel's new "shooting jacket" fashion. Her hat was of knitted navy material and she wore lizard shoes and white gloves. At the Bar Basque, Madame de Muñoz wore a printed silk suit in mottled beiges and Reboux's shirred turban. Lady Patricia Moore wore, at the same place, a beige jersey frock with inserted diamond motif in almond-green, and a necklace of big rough crystals in white and almond.

IN THE evening, Princess Illinska was seen in a Lanvin gown of black taffeta, with flounces at the hem, one above the other. She wore a diamond necklace, and black satin slippers with diamond buckles. There was an unusual number of large rhinestone buckles, square, round and oval, with both black and coloured slippers in the evening. Her wrap was a short coat of black satin with a wide band of black fox at the hem, and a huge collar standing above her head, with wide deep cuffs, like two muffs, of the same fur. Mrs. Florence Bache wore white tulle and lace, charming with her grey hair. Mrs. Robert Poole wore Chanel's model in black lace with yards of real pearls. She has the same gown in rose lace, and it is one of Chanel's big successes. The skirt is made of ten flat ruffles graduated in width, ankle length, and stiffened underneath with crinoline material in Chanel's new fashion of treating both lace and chiffon, to keep the material away from the feet. The bertha collar is off-the-shoulders, and the gown is belted at the top of the hip-bone. Three other gowns were seen with stiffening, or even wiring, at the hem. Mrs. Harry Brown, of Pittsburgh and Washington, who has just received the Legion of Honour, wore white satin with a flared skirt and a white ermine coat. Her jewellery was of diamonds, and her slippers were in purple crêpe de Chine.

Princess Theodore of Russia wore a long dress of black crêpe, tight to the knees, and flared in many godets below. With this she wore the thinnest black stockings and black pumps. (Quite a number of important women are now wearing fragile black hose with their black evening gowns. The silk is so ephemeral that the stockings barely last one evening. They are a mere film over the skin.) Her jewels were pearls. Her gown, from Lelong, had a flared peplum banded with white ermine. Quite a number of gowns are touched with fur, ermine on black, or georgette with sable. This use of precious furs is in keeping with the new sumptuousness of the evening mode. On page 88 you see a Molyneux model drawn by Dynevor Rees and trimmed with chinchilla.

MRS. FAHNSTOCK wore Chanel's new model in black and pink lace. The gown is in three sections of the two colours, used horizontally, with the black in the centre, and long oval motifs of the black lace running down onto the pink part, like the loops of long bows. The Marquise de Urquijo wore another of the new Chanel models in smoky-grey chiffon, ankle-length in front, longer in the back, with a great deal and much elaborate detail of tucking and stitching about it. Donna Vera Mazzuchi was seen in Patou's pink organdie, with a deep circular flounce onto the skirt with fagoting. This skirt also touches the ankles in front and is longer in the back. She wore with it three strings of small pearls and long white gloves. Her shoes were silver with square jewelled buckles. One of the new Molyneux models, with the much discussed Empire waistline, was worn by Mrs. Walter Dunkels of London. This was in brilliant red lace, with no belt in the back, but a string belt across the front tied with a bow and long ends in the centre of the very high waistline. The skirt has circular flounces running up the front to the waistline, and the bodice has a close-fitting, short Empire bolero, both back and front. Her coat was in a darker red, very brilliant velveteen, three-quarter length, with wide bell cuffs to the sleeves. Large shawl collar of two skins of creamy beige fox. Miss Beth Leary wore Patou's pale opaline georgette frock, called "Daisy," and also his "La Peur du Froid" in dark red georgette. Mrs. Arthur Vinc[e] was seen in Patou's white georgette called "Djenane." Georgette was, perhaps, the leading evening material.

ON PAGES 92 and 93, are a study gown from Louiseboulanger, and two dinner pyjamas from Ardanse and Mary Nowitzky. It is interesting that this year all Louiseboulanger's study gowns have skirts. She makes them combinations of several different materials, and they are extremely feminine in type. Mary Nowitzky makes both teagowns and pyjamas for wear in the evening. The one sketched by Charles Martin is in a novel colour combination of blue-mauve, silvery lavender, cyclamen pink, and lemon yellow. The one from Ardanse looks exactly like a gown and it is only in movement that you see the bifurcated skirt. Many of the new dinner pyjamas are far more like divided skirts than trousers. But this type, whether it be made with a skirt or with trousers, forms as important a part of the wardrobe of many smart women in winter as beach pyjamas do in summer.

On the Last-Minute pages, you have those little things that mean so much, that can be so desperately wrong, or charmingly right. You see how important sleeves are becoming; you note the variety of hats and their new, many varied shapes; you are shown some remarkable gloves, new fur cuffs, new scarfs, and a new neckline. There are some new bags from Erwin, and I am asked to call your attention to the "Saracen" embroidery, new because it is so very old. This revived stitch was introduced into Europe by the Moors in the eighth century! It is close and smooth and makes a silken fabric, and is exclusive with Erwin.

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ink of it!—a non-poi- ous mouth wash abso- ely harmless, pleasant to ste, healing to tissue; *yet h power to destroy germs the millions.*

Such is Listerine, for fifty rs the outstanding anti- ptic and germicide for al hygiene.

Every type of dangerous rm swiftly succumbs to Among them are the reptococcus Hemolyticus, e organism associated th sore throat, Micrococ- s Catarrhalis (catarrh), found fre- ently with colds, and the Pneumo- ccus (pneumonia).

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Enemy of infection

en Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) and acillus Typhosus (typhoid), germs ecified for test purposes because of their resistance to germicides, yield to it. Listerine kills them in counts ranging to 200,000,000 in 15 seconds (fastest killing time science has accurately recorded).

Now you can understand why full strength Listerine is so successful in guarding against colds, sore throat, and other infections. Why, also, it combats these diseases once they have gained a foothold.

Reduces mouth germs 98%

The moment Listerine enters the mouth it attacks the millions of bacteria breeding there—kills them outright. The number of bacteria on the surfaces of the mucous membrane is actually reduced 98%.

This has been clearly demonstrated by repeated tests made under methods employed at Johns Hopkins, Pennsylvania, and Yale Universities.

Gargle every 2 hours

Make a habit of using full strength Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle every night and morning. This treatment, under normal conditions of health, is considered sufficient to keep mouth germs under control and maintain a clean and healthy condition in the oral tract.

When, however, you have a cold or sore throat consult your doctor and increase the frequency of the gargle to once every two hours.

Thus you give nature an extra attacking force, needed when body resistance is low, to keep disease germs under control. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U.S.A.

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KILLS 200,000,000 GERMS IN 15 SECONDS

Petchell
INCORPORATED

Continuing the flattering vogue of black, this gown proposed by Petchell for dinner and Sunday night occasions is developed in softly molding silk velvet. A deep collar of Alençon lace, appliquéd in front, constitutes the only trimming. Its exquisite workmanship is of course apparent.

·19E·56th·

F. L. Hamilton

A cave along the rocky shore near Hungry Bay, Bermuda.

BERMUDA: AN EDEN JUST SOUTH OF US

(*Continued from page 99*)

whole attitude toward life: two nights and a day and a half on the water, and then those dear and blessed isles reveal themselves, rising softly out of the blue sea, almost seeming to call out, "Come, come to us!" You see them all before you set foot upon that green earth; you encircle them, as you slowly approach their richness and enchantment. The coral roofs, of which you have always heard, are there, like icing on tiny cakes; and the undulating hills look like green waves—petrified, stationary, everlastingly there.

To see all this for the first time in dazzling sunlight must be wonderful. But I saw it through an early-morning mist. Even so, it was beautiful. And as we threaded our way through that unbelievably narrow channel which leads to Hamilton, I saw the spires of that dreaming little city as one might see a lovely woman through a veil. And I fell in love with that shrouded face, because I could see the coral cheeks and the languorous blue eyes, and the whole contour without a flaw. No veil of mist could completely hide the charm and beauty of this princess of the southern seas. And one wondered what lay far, far beyond.

The English flag floated in the air, and English names greeted me; and I was glad to know, on that first dim morning, that even the chief druggist —I mean chemist—of the town, was happy to welcome me, though there was nothing very personal in his sign, placed with others atop those foreign-looking buildings near the wharf where we were to land. Yet it gave me a comfortable sensation; and I felt at once as if all Bermuda had stretched out a friendly hand.

IF YOU drove through Queen Street, and suddenly found yourself at an inn called Pomander Gate, wouldn't you feel as if you were established on British soil? And if your host, certain that you were a little tired after your journey, should offer you sherry and biscuits, wouldn't you feel that your own United States were far behind you? Such human and kindly courtesy are part and parcel of the charm that lurks in every green lane of Bermuda. It is only one manifestation of that large leisure which we in America are losing all too fast. On foreign soil, I immediately felt, paradoxically enough, more at home than I had in my own city; for, as Stevenson once said, it is the little superfluities of life that serve to make it more bearable.

I was to learn that there were no counties in Bermuda: only parishes. And again the old English names delighted me, as I heard them mentioned: Somerset, Pembroke, Devonshire, Warwick, Paget, and so on—an old-world litany to waken memories in the heart. And every parish has its church, or churches, with mossy graveyards and crumbling stones. And if one dies in one's parish, one must be buried there, not in another. So there is a local loyalty which says, in effect, that if one has lived happily in a certain spot, one should certainly be willing to sleep there forever.

My own way of seeing a new city or a new land may not be yours, dear reader. I like to jump upon an omnibus in London, for instance, and have it take me where it will. I like getting lost. But one could not easily lose oneself in compact, civilized, trim and orderly Bermuda. The main island, as no one had ever bothered to tell me, is only about twenty-four miles long and, at its widest point, six miles wide; and a half-hour's study of an entrancing map made by two young ladies, the Misses Shurtleff and McMillin, would convince you that here, of all places on the earth, you must not hurry. For Bermuda spells peace, if ever an island did; and whoopee is as remote from its spirit as anything could possibly be. And so, falling into the ways of this languid place, I took unto myself an open fiacre with a black driver, and, pointing vaguely to the east, told him to drive thither; or, if the mood was on me to go west, so I directed him. The result was that, having no plan, no schedule, I came upon unexpectedly lovely little byways for the most part lost to the average tourist. These will always drive or cycle on the shore road; yet there is a half-hidden middle road equally entrancing, upon which some of the inhabitants prefer to dwell. You come upon rich gardens and flowing lawns and dream-like houses, half concealed by the semi-tropical foliage; and as you drive along, or cycle, or walk, with that sense of quietude which inevitably comes to you on this enchanted island, you are heartened by the knowledge that no thundering motorist will plunge around yonder curve and frighten your horse, or throw you from your wheel, or instantly kill you.

"Tell them how, early and late,
Glad ran the days with me,"

I said to myself, on many a lazy afternoon under those blue skies, beside that bluer sea, never once looking at a newspaper, never once using a telephone, never once thinking of the panic and terror and confusion that are forever a part of the honeycomb of Manhattan. To find a spot so blest with peace; to find a place so packed with quiet; to realize, in the midst of a necessarily hurried life, that *this* could go on, this could definitely be, brings balm to the soul and spirit. And it has been going on for centuries. It is going on now. That rush of waves in Somerset; that placid curve of the beach as one goes to the Mid-Ocean Club; that white sail against a red and

(*Continued on page 162*)

TAR
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that
OFFEND

TOBACCO
YELLO
HOLDER

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Smoke the next three packs of cigarettes with a TOBACCO YELLO Holder. Then open the Holder and your own eyes see the "dark brown evidence—the sticky TAR on the tachment instead of on your lips, gers and teeth. Your TOBACCO YEL Holder is guaranteed to show y Or your money will be refunde

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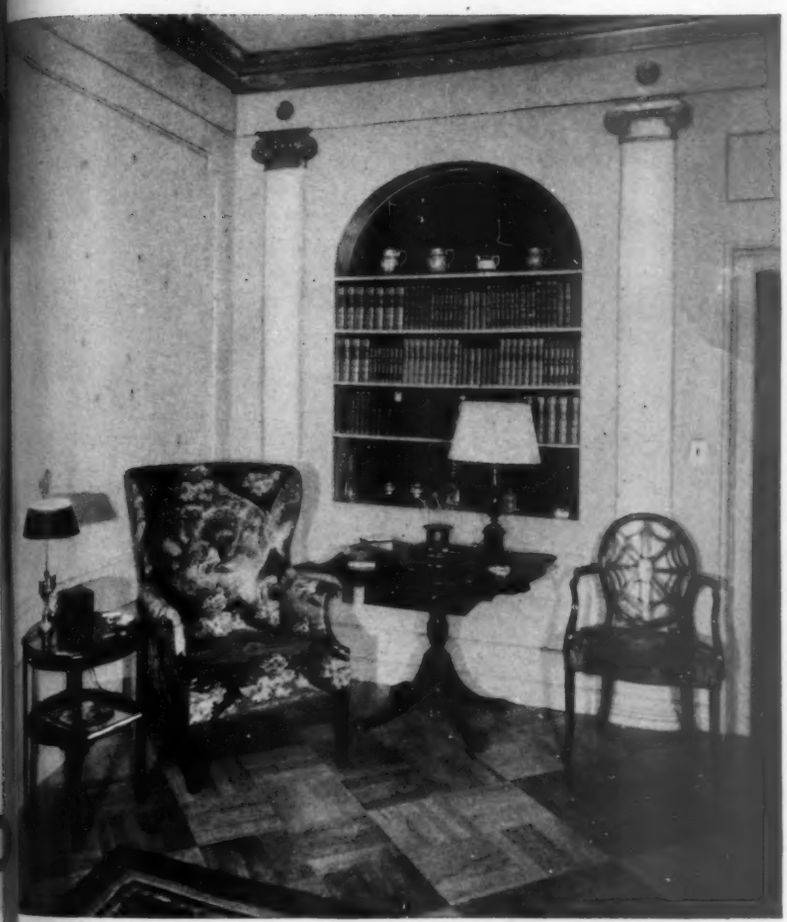

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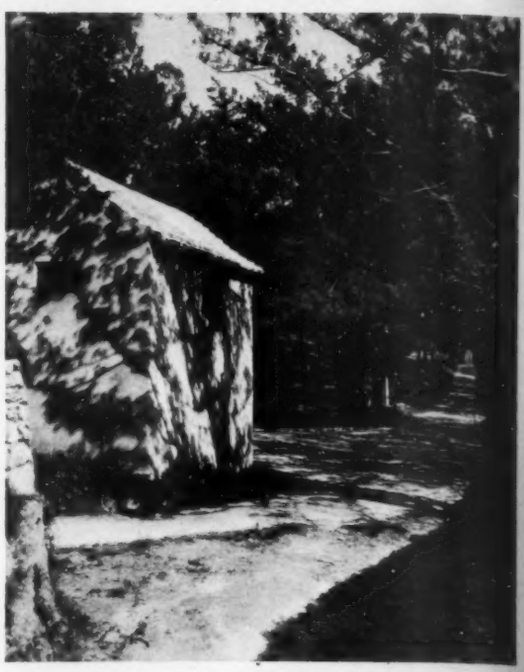


Lovers' Lane, in Paget, Bermuda.

BERMUDA: AN EDEN JUST SOUTH OF US

(Continued from page 160)

purple sunset—these things do not change; they endure, waiting for us tired mortals to come and drink in their long-lost loveliness. Why do we fret and hive in our cities, when we might be partakers of such serenity, or, at least, spectators of the great drama of Nature in a theatre where the curtain is never rung down? It is one of the human mysteries; and man is forever excusing himself by crying out that he cannot get away. Yet, if he knew how he would be renewed, not only physically but spiritually, he would seek these accessible paths, away from the hum and discord of his average days.

I had expected Bermuda to be more like soft and delicate Devonshire; and, to my surprise and joy, I discovered that in many places it could take on the aspect of rough and uncouth Cornwall. Indeed, the variety of these small islands is what pleases the visitor most. A gentle inlet here, and only a few miles distant the ceaseless roar and foam of the passionate ocean; a lonely pink house in Somerset, with a decaying wall in front of it, and the busy murmur of Hamilton and St. George not so many leagues away; a desolate cemetery which would cause Thomas Gray to meditate again, and a sudden turn of the r bringing a sweep of sunlit beach, a fashionable golf club in the offi such are the pleasing contrasts of muda.

And in this semi-tropical land, course, the foliage is beautiful beyo words. The oleanders nod from roadside; and often the small wh face of the narcissus will smile at passerby. Cedar trees grow in p fusion, and the mangrove thrives alo the shore; but the palm, and even t royal palm, are most in evidence.

It is no wonder that Thomas Moo the Irish poet, visited these island loved them, and remained for mo months. The cottage where he spe so many days is pointed out with pri and even the public room, where no one may order delectable lobsters an drink cool beer, is filled with memori of the poet. It is true that only a fe of his lyrics, and those not among h best, were composed here; but it is eas to see how one of his temperame would love and cherish these islands an wish to make them his home. He mu have bathed often in that half-hidde pool near his house which now boas

(Continued on page 166)

Photographs by F. L. Hamilton

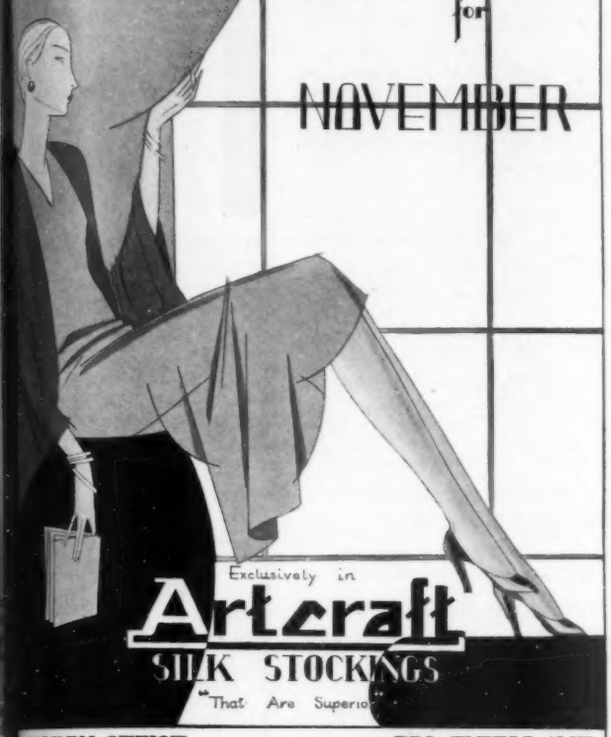
A sweep of sunlit beach on the South Coast, Bermuda.

COBRA

"Color-Of-the-Month"

for

NOVEMBER



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Have tapered ends to do away with all bulkiness.

And the finest department stores in the country recommend them.

Fashionable Shops and Services

SOCIAL CALENDAR

(Continued from page 150)

Dinner dance at the Hotel Pierre, New York City, by Mrs. Amasa Stone Mather of 510 Park Avenue, New York City, to present her daughter, Miss Katherine S. Mather.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 24—Tea dance at the Mayflower Hotel, Washington, D. C., by Mr. and Mrs. Devereux Greene to introduce their daughter, Miss Devereux Greene.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 25—Tea dance at the Hotel Mayflower, Washington, D. C., by the Assistant Secretary of the Navy and Mrs. Ernest Lee Jahncke, to present their daughter, Miss Adele Jahncke.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 26—Ball at the Hotel Mayflower, Washington, D. C., by Mrs. Elizabeth Edson and her father, John Joy Edson, to present Mrs. Edson's daughter, Miss Elizabeth Edson.

Dinner dance at Ritz Carlton Hotel, New York City, by Mr. and Mrs. Henry McComb Bangs of 19 East 62nd Street, New York City, to present their daughter, Miss Elinor Bangs.

Supper dance at Ritz Carlton Hotel, New York City, by Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Auchincloss of 12 East 71st Street, New York City, to introduce their daughter, Miss Josephine L. Auchincloss.

Début of Miss Reba Stevens Kendall, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward H. Kendall of Babylon, L. I., at Hotel Pierre, New York City.

Dinner dance at the Colony Club, New York City, by Mrs. Grinnell Martin, Mrs. George E. Brewer, Jr., and Mrs. Leighton H. Coleman for their débutante sister, Miss Sarah Fraser, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George C. Fraser of Morristown, N. J.

Luncheon at the Hotel Plaza, by Mrs. John L. Dudley of 27 West 55th Street, New York City, to present her daughter, Miss Edna M. Dudley.

Dinner dance at Hotel Pierre, by Mrs. M. de Peyster Charles of Plainfield, N. J., to introduce her débutante daughter, Miss Mary de Peyster Charles.

Dance by Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Woolsey Elwell at their home in Worcester, Mass., for Miss Jane Elwell.

Tea dance at the Country Club, Boston, Mass., by Mr. and Mrs. Miles W. Weeks for Miss Lois Weeks.

Dance at the Country Club, Boston, Mass., by Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Pope for Miss Betty Pope.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 27—General observance of Thanksgiving Day.

Supper dance at Sherry's, New York City, by Mr. and Mrs. Alonzo Potter and Mr. and Mrs. Starling Childs, to introduce their respective daughters, Miss Margaret Potter and Miss Barbara Childs.

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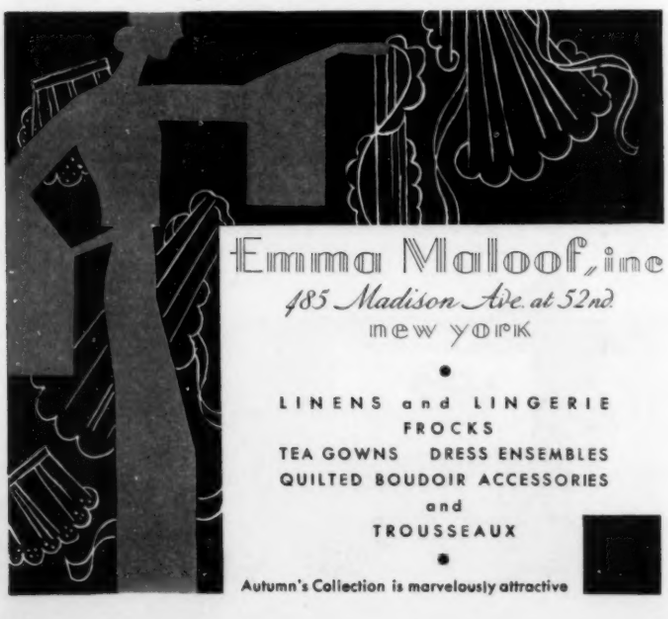

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Tea dance at the Hotel Plaza, New York City, by Mrs. George H. Kuper of 156 East 79th Street, New York City, to introduce her daughter, Miss Helen D. Kuper.

Dinner dance at the Hotel Pierre, New York City, by Mrs. John E. Rousmaniere of 115 East 65th Street, New York City, to present her daughter, Miss Frances Rousmaniere.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 28—Dinner dance by Mrs. Emlen M. Drayton of "Meadow Spring," Glen Cove, L. I., at Sherry's, New York City, to present her daughter, Miss Betty Neustadt.

Supper dance at Ritz Carlton Hotel, New York City, by Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Dillon of 117 East 71st Street, New York City, to present their daughter, Miss Dorothy Anne Dillon.

Début of Miss Helena Allaire Crozer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel A. Crozer of Chestnut Hill, Pa.

Tea dance at the Colony Club, New York City, by Assistant Secretary of the Treasury and Mrs. Walter E. Hope of 43 East 70th Street and Washington, D. C., to present their daughter, Miss Marian T. Hope.

Dinner dance at the Hotel Pierre, New York City, by Mr. and Mrs. James Mott Hartshoren for their niece, Miss Louise Leeds.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29—Dinner dance at Hotel Ritz Carlton, New York City, by Mr. and Mrs. John V. Bishop of Columbus, N. J., to present their daughter, Miss Alice Bishop.

Dinner dance at the Hotel Pierre, New York City, by Mrs. James A. McCrea of 447 East 57th Street, New York City, to present her daughter, Miss Agnes McCrea.

Dinner dance at Sherry's, New York City, by Mr. and Mrs. Floris Ter Meulen of 1049 Park Avenue, New York City, to present their daughter, Miss Beatrice Ter Meulen.

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Having made a lifelong study of hair, I create many distinctive coiffures and bring out the true beauty and natural loveliness of varying hair textures, in accord with latest modes.

My newest, most becoming **Transformations**, made of the finest selected hair in the Continental manner, are absolutely undetectable, light and comfortable. Famous for over 20 years. Write for Booklet B.

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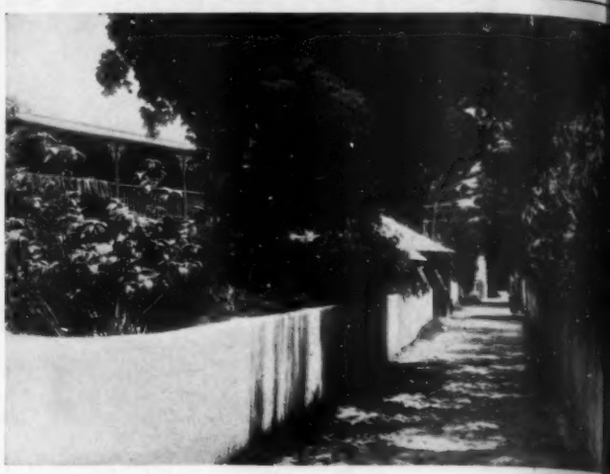

F. L. Ho

A picturesque and tranquil lane in St. George, the oldest town in Bermuda, which reminds one of a quaint old English village.

BERMUDA: AN EDEN JUST SOUTH OF US

(*Continued from page 162*)

of the fact that into its blue wonder there dipped the lovely and modern Annette Kellermann. A sign proudly proclaims this fact; but there is no positive record that Moore plunged into those cool waters. Coral caves are many in this neighbourhood; strange subterranean passages where one must stoop to view the still tides. The stalactite formations are wonderful, but even the quiet and unprogressive natives could not resist the temptation to place electric bulbs in these mysterious dark domains. The result is a theatrical effect which will please you, or fail to please you, according to your temperament. As to the marvel of the caves, there can be but one verdict rendered. And if you like aquariums, there is a wonderful one in Bermuda, the best, with the exception of that in Naples, which I have ever visited. The rarest fish are exhibited in all their jewelled splendour; and I saw an octopus of such dimensions and sinister, baleful beauty that I can never forget its evil eye, as it peered through the glass which happily separated us.

Six or seven years ago, over toward Tuckerstown, in the parish of Smith's, though the coral roads were in fine condition and much traversed, there was dense woodland, a vast acreage which had never been touched. A man of vision came along, and saw the splendid possibilities of this locality for a golf course and a club. Charles B. Macdonald dreamed his dream; and then, being a practical Scotsman, he proceeded to put his dreams and his plans into execution. The result is the popular Mid-Ocean Club, with links that are unsurpassed. But it was to be expected that the sportsman who laid out the Grand National course at Southampton would not fail to create an equally fine links in Bermuda. His own house stands royally perched on a hillock overlooking his handiwork; and to be entertained in that enormous, comfortable living-room of his is something to remember all one's days. For Charles Macdonald is the perfect country gentleman, dispensing hospitality with old-world grace and charm. Here one meets the genial Robert Chanler, painter and citizen of the world; or Gari Melchers, who has made some lovely landscapes of these islands; or Owen Johnson after his morning's work on a novel: in fact, anyone of distinction who comes to Bermuda will be bound to appear, sooner or later, in that vast Macdonald drawing-room.

THERE are wealthy Americans all through the main island who have erected fine houses and laid out beautiful gardens. They come for a long season. Contrary to the general impression, Bermuda is delightful during all the year. The Ledyard Blairs have built what might be termed a miniature palace; and so have the Ford Johns of Rumson. And writers find Ber a perfect climate for their creative Everyone knows how Eugene O fell in love with a certain spot o inlet, and placed a yellow jewel projection of land, with a wide which gave him a view of distant H ton. And Sinclair Lewis wrote "worth" in Frascati's inn, remainin entire year until he completed the Now, one finds Hervey Allen out S set way, so secluded that he has visitors; and F. W. Bronson, Strode, Tom Cushing and Elm Sanxay Holding are also eloqu their praise of East Paget as a pl accomplish the serious business o ducing books and plays. There i enough social life to give an auth from work, if he desires it; and h take advantage of the several gulf that dot the main island, or he ca or fish, or swim at Elbow Beach, the ocean rolls in with its full m and makes one forget even the pl little murmur of the few bustling not far away.

AND two of these towns—or citi they prefer to be called—Ham and St. George, have sufficient li them, if one is looking for the same of gaiety one finds in abundance city like New York. There are gri Hamilton where the bands play terminably; but there are likewi in all such places, quiet restaurants hotels for those who do not care "night life." And on certain morn in the Par la Ville a military band for any audience that gathers aroun stand. The people flock hither, s informally under the trees. Po programmes are given, and these truly British atmosphere in this s setting.

St. George is the oldest city in muda, and it was originally the ca but owing to the more central loc of its rival, Hamilton, the latter bec the civic centre. And now St. G seems quite content to dream in the and wind, to look out over the ocea one side and St. David's Island on other, and keep impregnable its British streets and its very British a tecture. Here is a town in which will like to wander, if you have any at all for English villages; for there tiny hill streets, as narrow as the rowest lane, inaccessible to your and impossible for your bicycle, good to stroll upon if you have st legs and a liking for views. The church keeps its weather-beaten d always open; and, strolling in, you find the ancient wooden pulpit, lit candles sheltered within glass scr and those wonderful solid silver ch which were a gift from William III.

(*Concluded on page 172*)

Something luxuriously NEW

THE NATIONAL HOTEL OF CUBA
HAVANA ~ CUBA

Under the direction of
FRED STERRY, *President*—
The Plaza, NEW YORK
WILL P. TAYLOR, *Manager*

OPENS
DECEMBER
15
1930

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And when you're not gaming at the casino or playing crack golf on palm-edged courses . . . or swimming in the private pool . . . you'll be dancing on polished parquet . . . in gatherings notable by a sprinkling of diplomats. In fact, the National's paraphernalia for smart-world pleasures simply cannot be exhausted. Obviously you should arrange to be in Havana this winter . . . and at the hotel where gaiety and gracious living have found a new zenith in the tropics.

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and the

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a smart and delightful Winter Season interlude

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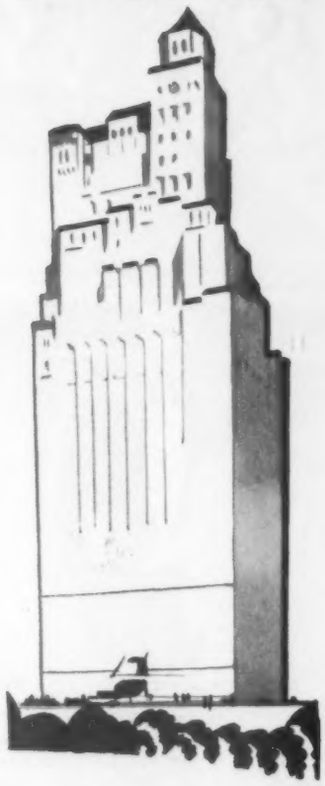

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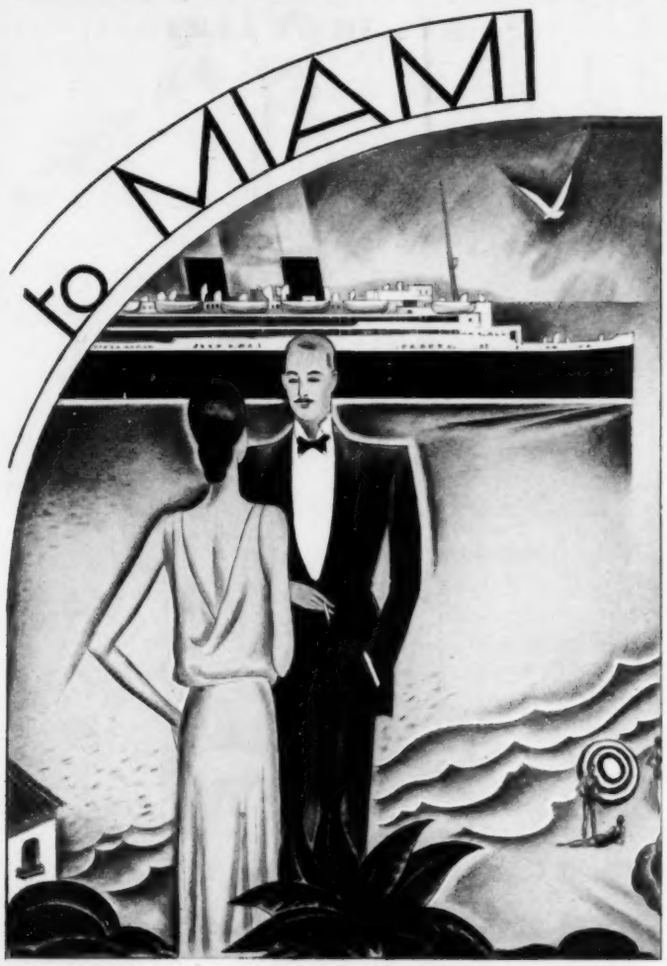

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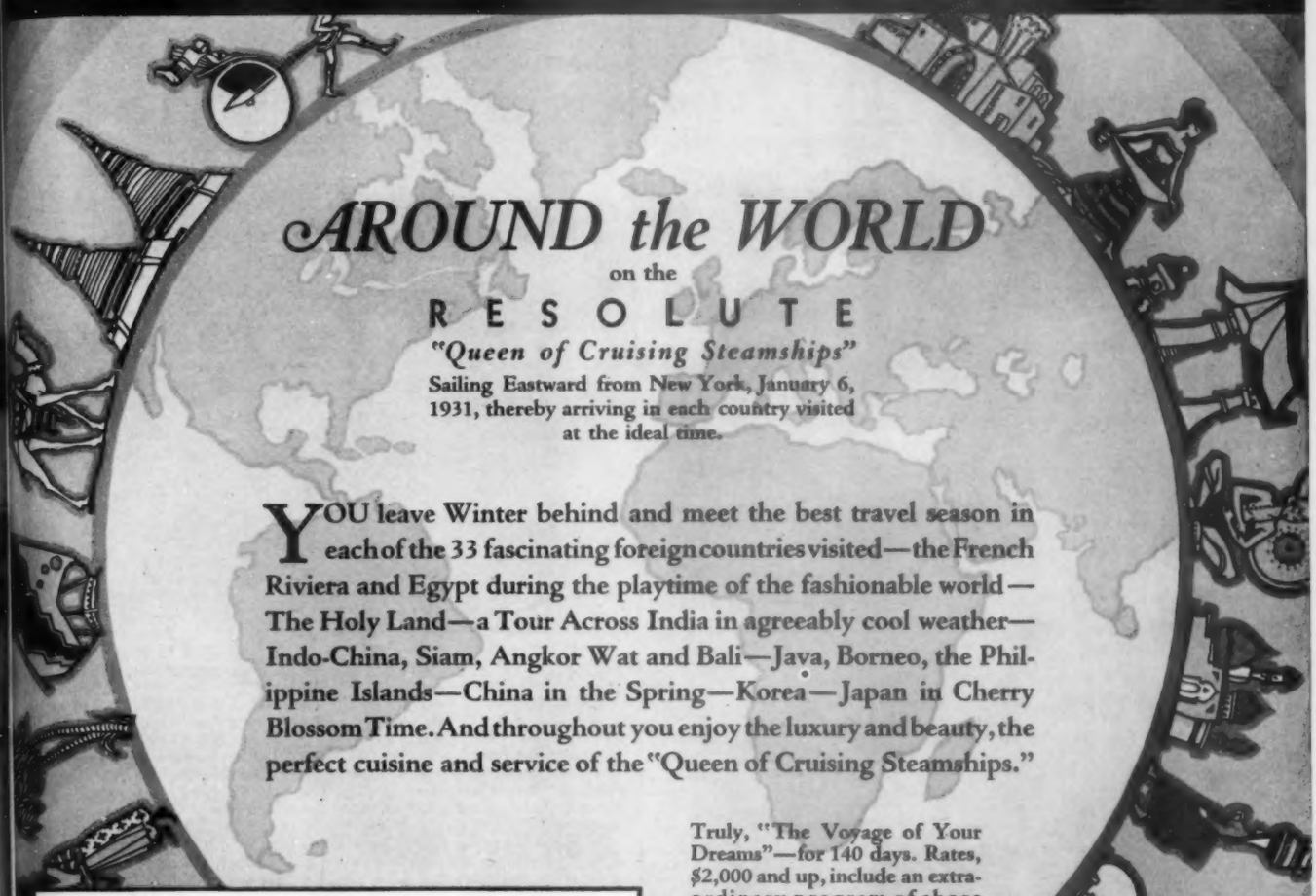

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CUNARD

BERMUDA: AN EDEN JUST SOUTH OF US

(Concluded from page 166)

Charles II., preserved with tender and reverent care in the sacristy. The moss-covered graves bear inscriptions so old that they are scarcely decipherable; and the gnarled trees form a graceful canopy for the folk who, so quietly and peacefully, slumber here.

BERMUDA reminded me of nothing so much as a grand-opera setting, arranged by tidy and industrious stage-hands. The sea was the orchestra, and sometimes one could hear the harp of the winds, as one hears it in a theatre. And one performed on this stage, drifting through the quiet drama of its dreamful days, happy that no rude audience was looking on. The twists and turns of the roads are often divided by thin coral walls, resembling the old-fashioned wings we used to see in any playhouse; and one disappears behind them, or between them, in the manner of actors making an exit. As in all semi-tropical countries, the twilight lingers but a few moments. It is broad daylight, and then it is sudden darkness. I remember one afternoon driving from Somerset toward East Paget, when the sun disappeared behind one of those particularly beautiful clouds which seem to linger lovingly over these islands, and in another instant a gentle rain was falling. But the coral road gleamed like a railway track before us, and the soft drops would do us no harm. Then, in a trice, darkness fell. There seemed to have been no interval between light and dense shadow; and our darky driver stopped his team and got down from his perch to light the oil lamps on either side of the carriage. I had not seen or thought of oil lamps for many years, and as they sputtered in the delicate wind, and gave out their faint glow, I could not help wishing that I might always drive with them; and how appropriate they were here, on this desolate road, and how out of keeping electric bulbs would have been in this little country that had seemingly counted the world well lost.

The rain ceased as swiftly as the daylight had died down; and there came a burst of stars above my head. Such a processional of flame I have seldom seen. Out of the rich blue depths of the heavens it seemed as if the stars were gems to be plucked by the mere lifting of one's hand. How close they were! And out over the ocean, as we threaded our way along the shore, I could see their pale reflections in the still waters; and I wondered how any moment could be more filled with beauty than this. And then—the moon lifted a curved ivory shoulder over the horizon, and soon was spilling her silver coins on the sea and the land; and I held my breath at the bounty that is in the heavens, and wondered what I had ever done to deserve such a plethora of loveliness. It was as if all the gods had combined, in a few moments, to bless this radiant island; as though they had said, "Let us give as we have never given before." And the miracle was done.

But the main island is not the only one to hold interest and beauty for the traveller. There are small bits of land beyond the reefs which unimaginative visitors might not consider worth putting foot upon. But William Bee found one which has been named after him; and here he keeps a shack and comes down to make his fascinating discoveries under the sea. One may go out in a motor-boat from the Mid-Ocean Club, and then take one of those row-boats with glass bottoms and see the glowing world beneath the ocean, with its mysterious coral formations, its queer fish and its stranger subterranean passages that wind about in circles and semi-circles like some endless cosmic puzzle. And there is Castle Island, with its old fortress, long since crumbled and battered by many a storm and wind; and Nonsuch and Cooper's Island, where the white beach melts down to the blue ocean and where, on a certain perfect day, a party of us took our lunches and wondered why there weren't more times like this for tired mortals sick of the stress and strain and panic of the land we had left for a while.

And there is Prospero's Cave, in Hamilton Parish, with its legend that this is the actual scene of Shakespeare's *Tempest*. Close by is that little district which they call The Jungle, still thick with the vegetation and strange growth which once ran riot everywhere. Harrington Sound remains docile and sweet and peaceful under the Bermudian sun and no matter which road one takes around its still edges, there is that sense of serenity which I have found in few other spots on this earth.

YET one does not like to write or speak of any certain thing in Bermuda, since every portion of it seems to be beautifully tranquil. I think one moment of Gibbs Hill, with its huge light-house; and then I remember Ely's Harbour, with those cozy homes and sloping lawns, and the rural bridge, with a true British signpost just before reaching it, on which is stated, as an official warning: "The bridge *may* be open—be careful." Yet if it were, it would be only a few inches—just enough to allow the sail of a boat to pass through. There is everything in Bermuda built in miniature; thus is everything what the Germans would call *gemütlich*. And I recall certain glimpses, certain gestures of Nature in her happiest moments when she lifted a white hand over some coral roof and bade us look toward the sea, or through a group of trees, if we wished to appreciate what she could do. I think of fleecy clouds, and purple and mauve sunsets; and I hear the twilight chimes from the Cathedral tower in Hamilton, floating over that slip of water which is rough or quiet, as Nature commands; and I wonder which day or evening in Bermuda was the loveliest. I look back, and ponder, and I cannot decide; for all the days and evenings were full of that perfumed peace which is beyond rubies. For Bermuda is the Garden of Eden; and if an iron serpent in the guise of a makeshift railroad is to crawl through it, which I doubt, it can not despoil the glory of this green spot which lies so softly on the blue ocean breast.

F. L. Hamilton

A panoramic view of beautiful Hamilton Harbour, Bermuda.

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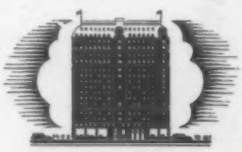

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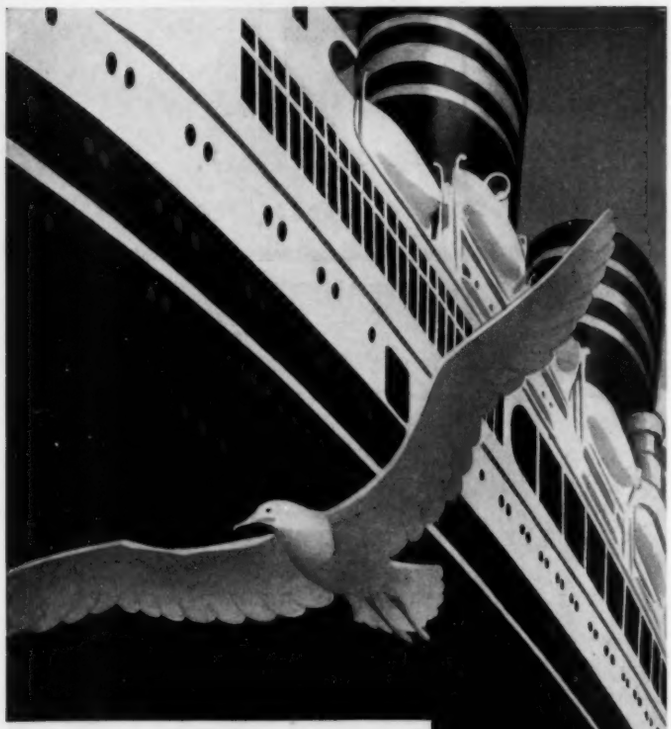

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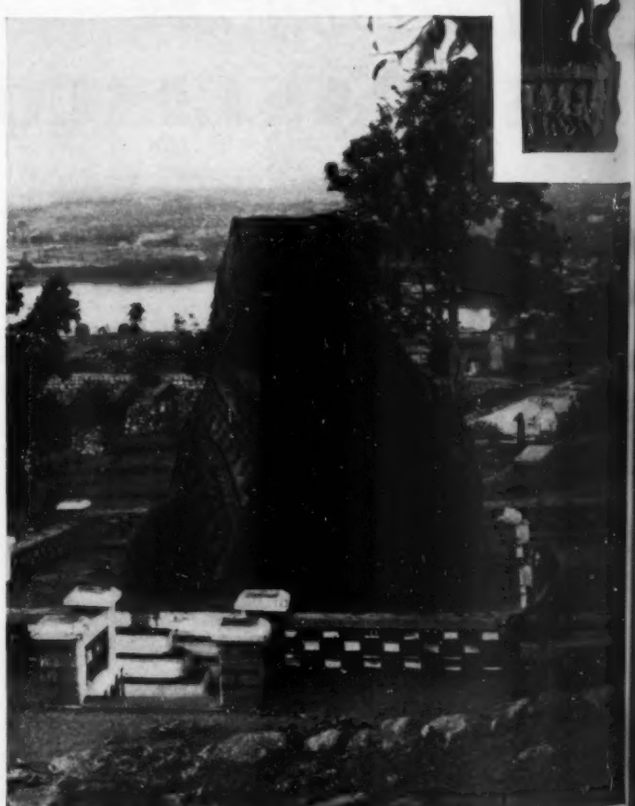

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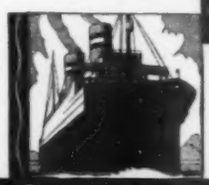

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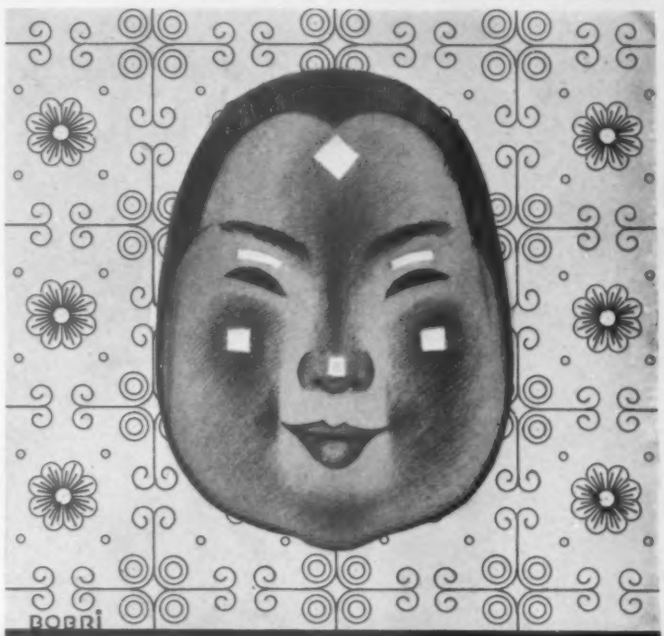

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